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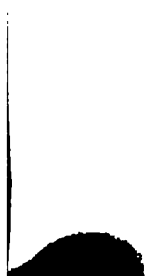
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THE END OF THE WORLD

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FOR  
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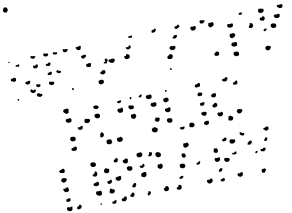
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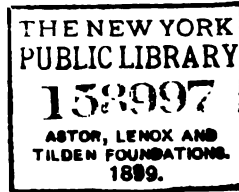
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BOSTON:  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & COMPANY.

1853.





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THE ONLY DAUGHTER, . . .	F. CHRISTIAN, . . .	A. H. RITCHIE.
YOUNG HAIDEE, . . . . .	G. BROWN, . . . . .	A. H. RITCHIE.
THE GUITAR, . . . . .	GEO. HAYTER, . . . . .	A. H. RITCHIE.
THE MAID OF SARAGOZA, . . .	J. F. LEWIS, . . . . .	A. H. RITCHIE.
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THE  
SOUVENIR GALLERY.

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COUNT VOISIN'S ONLY DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

Now wake a legend, old and wild, of France in wicked  
prime,  
When haughty Charles the Catholic ran riot in his crime ;  
For not a deed of woful name, but wrought the cruel  
king,  
And down the track of ancient days their grave-stone  
shades they fling.

Count Voisin was a Huguenot, who with his daughter  
rare  
Had worshipped God for many a year, with simple faith  
and prayer ;  
He loved his Bible more than man, yet feared his king  
withal,  
But reckoned it a blasphemy on papal saints to call.

King Charles he feared Pope Gregory more than the Lord  
    of Hosts,  
And hated he all Protestants within his spreading coasts :  
But loved he well Count Voisin's child, the peerless  
    Imogene,  
And cursed her Calvinistic creed with bitter curse I  
    ween.

The maiden was a witching flower to feast your eyes  
    upon,  
Nor wonder was it that her charms the monarch's heart  
    had won ;  
A very Juno's were her eyes, that melted in the gaze,  
As if her heart concealed a fire that changed them in its  
    blaze.

Not Grecian Venus could unfold such captivating grace,  
As, like the moonlight on the lake, dwelt in her beauteous  
    face ;  
Her hair sometimes in raven folds with simple pearls  
    inlaid,  
And sometimes o'er her swelling bust in easy dalliance  
    played.

Two fragrant rose-buds, bursting out, upon her bosom lay,  
That rose and fell, as throbbed her heart, all rich and  
    pure as they ;  
And proud was good Count Voisin found to see his only  
    child  
Grow up to beauteous womanhood, an angel undefiled.

Her father was a valiant man, who well could wield a  
lance,  
And mingled in wild battle din on many a field of France,  
When false Lorraine and bloody Guise held most unholy  
power,  
And bade war's thunderbolts leap down like lightning in  
a shower.

Like lightning on a midnight cloud, like bellowing thun-  
der's crash,  
So rung the deadly cannon out, so blazed the lightning  
flash ;  
But ever in the hottest fight was heard Count Voisin's cry,  
" Strike home for Faith and Liberty, strike home for God  
on high ! "

And Montmorency's legions quailed, the Duke of Guise  
gave way,  
Where'er in Condé's gathered host Count Voisin led the  
fray ;  
For bravely waved his pennon folds, and proudly reared  
his steed,  
And not an arm but boldly struck where he might bear  
the lead.

Now Charles he feared the powerful Count, but loved his  
daughter more,  
And sought by wily stratagem to win their friendship o'er ;  
He gave them gifts, he gave them gold, and royal favors  
free,  
But so fell they as dashing spray on some old rock at sea.

But still the monarch's lust increased, and courtiers fanned  
the flame ;  
For much they wished to bring reproach upon the old  
Count's name,  
That shone, at that licentious court, as shines the noon-day  
sun,  
And blacker made by its pure light what guilt it shone  
upon.

Then fell revenge with passion's flood so swelled the  
monarch's soul,  
That, surging o'er each better thought, they swallowed up  
the whole :  
And in his wrath he raised his hand, by God's wounds  
then he swore  
The maiden fair his bed should share, or wake war's wild-  
est roar.

He pressed her with his lecherous suit, he used each royal  
art,  
But proud the maiden made reply, "Thou king of brutal  
heart,  
Know that the Lord Jehovah reigns ! I fear and worship  
him !  
Nor serve I thee though rack and wheel shall tear me limb  
from limb !"

Then flashed his eyes with anger wild, with fury coursed  
his blood,  
As flash volcanoes' fitful fires, as streams the lava's flood ;

And in his wrath he answered her, with burning words,  
that flew  
Like death-knells through ill-fated France on Saint Bartholomew.

“Proud maiden! know that thou hast roused a tiger’s  
vengeful wrath,  
And henceforth shall his bloody spring be round thy  
secret path!  
Thy father’s blood shall answer it, each Huguenot shall  
fall,  
And know, ’mid murder, rape, and fire, that thou hast  
caused them all!”

“’T is false, thou mocking fiend of hell! Thou dare not  
do such deeds,  
But thou assum’st the devil’s shape, and ’t is the tempter  
pleads!”  
“I dare and will!—But yield thee now, and save thine  
honored sire;  
Refuse—and Death shall walk abroad, with sulphur, steel,  
and fire.”

“I will not yield—so help me Heaven!”—and with that  
piercing shriek  
A signal from the palace flew, and bade the tocsin  
speak:  
It sounded from the hoary dome of old cathedral high,  
And from the streets went up a shout, like earthquake, in  
reply.

“To arms! to arms! the hour has come! strike for our  
zealous king!

Ho! faithful to his holiness! your crowding legions bring;  
With fire and sword strike for the Lord, and kill as best  
ye may,

Where'er you find a Huguenot within our realm to-day!”

And cannons pealed, and muskets roared, and swords all  
wildly gleamed,

Where groans went up and noble blood like river's tor-  
rents streamed:

And on that day of dire dismay such horrid deeds had  
birth,

As never yet had equal rank among the crimes of earth.

Count Voisin heard his daughter's cry, and rushing to her  
side,

A death-shot through his faithful heart let out its living  
tide;

And from the court-yard, far below, came up the brutal  
cry,

“Throw down the corpse! — and let us see how that old  
saint can die!”

And up the fiends they lifted him, and threw him to the  
crowd,

Who gave a yell like fiends of hell, with awful curse and  
loud:

It roused the maiden from her swoon, her burning words  
fell fast,

And quailed the king as if beneath the hot sirocco's blast.

“Thou perjured man ! the deeds ye do are entered by this  
blood,  
That rolls its wave of crimson guilt up to the throne of  
God !  
Vengeance is due—and thou shalt feel how hell can find  
a rest,  
With mental fire and living death, within a monarch's  
breast !

“I meet thee once again, false king ! and hear thee what  
I say,—  
I'll haunt thee like a demon's shade upon thy dying day !  
Thy power shall wane—thy throne be lost—and I will  
come to bear  
The summons to thy guilty soul, for doom that waits thee  
there !”

She pointed to the dome of heaven, and while they heard  
in awe,  
She glided out, unnoticed, through the murky clouds of war,  
And not again 'mid haunts of men the beauteous maid was  
seen,  
Nor knew the monarch what befell the stricken Imogene.

They sought her near, they sought her far, but all in vain  
they sought,  
For though they rode the kingdom through, no true report  
they brought :  
Some said she perished in the fray, and some, an angel  
came,  
And bore her, like Elijah old, to heaven upon a flame.



Now rose a knight in armor dight, of youthful mien  
was he,  
And yet with some archangel's strength he seemed  
endowed to be :  
His falchion flashed with rapid stroke, as it were Gabriel's  
blade ;  
And rode he forth victoriously in many a bloody raid.

They flocked around the unknown knight, in good Count  
Voisin's stead ;  
And well he stood within his lot—the living for the  
dead,—  
And conquest perched upon his arms till Charles was  
forced to yield,  
And papal king and squadrons brave were routed from  
the field.

Then went the voice of triumph forth in pæans long and  
loud,  
That echoed from the hills of France to every mountain  
cloud,—  
“Now glory to the unknown knight that drove our foes  
afar,  
And glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all triumphs  
are!”

The monarch in his palace heard these high rebukes of  
Heaven,  
And deep remorse the wretched man had nigh to madness  
driven :  
Disease upon his life fast preyed, and ere a year had fled,  
His heart was but a sepulchre of hopes and passions dead.

Ah! then the maiden's woful words, her looks of holy  
scorn,  
Burned in his soul like living fire from nether hell  
upborne;  
And ever present when he waked, and ever in his  
dreams,  
He saw the dead sire's bleeding wounds, he heard the  
maiden's screams.

Oh living death! Oh agony! The king would glad  
have lain  
Upon the most accursed spot of the most accursed slain.  
But vengeance slowly burned away, as't ever must for-  
sooth,  
And each black sin men revel in becomes a serpent's tooth.

Now Henry of Navarre had been from Charles estrangéd  
long,  
And on his head the monarch heaped full many a deed of  
wrong:  
But as his doom in deathly gloom came on with lagging  
pace,  
By holy need he summoned him to meet him face to face.

'T was fearful to the brother prince, the summons that he  
heard,  
For much he dreaded treachery, despite the royal word;  
Nor would he go till he might know the king but wished  
him nigh  
To bless him with forgiving voice — whose echoes live on  
high.

Good Henry hastened then with speed, though all his  
pathway lay  
Through bristling ranks of arméd men, in all their stern  
array ;  
Around the royal couch there bowed the great men of the  
land,  
And, kneeling down, he wept, and kissed his dying brother's  
hand.

“ My brother ! I am dying now ! ” the sinking monarch  
said,  
“ And heavily weighs my guilty crown upon my guilty  
head :  
Thy wrongs are many, and I thought to make them sorer  
still,  
But vain is e'en a king's behest against Jehovah's  
will.

“ My sins are black, and mountains high they rise upon  
my soul,  
And crush my haughty spirit down where seas of anguish  
roll :  
But take thee, brother, from my hand the sceptre that I  
bear,  
In God's name take my kingdom now !—so shalt thou  
answer there ! ”

His words were done—life's tide was run ; but while he  
gazed on high,  
Forth from the throng of arméd men rose one tumultuous  
cry :

“He comes! he comes! the Huguenot—the unknown  
mailed knight!”

And all transfixed they gazed on him, as fearful of the  
sight :

And o'er the dying man he stood, as flashed his naked  
steel,

And writhed the king as if a worm beneath his crushing  
heel :—

“I meet thee once again, false king, and hear thee what  
I say,

My father's blood is well avenged upon thy dying day!

“The unknown knight of mailed steel is but a maiden  
mild;

And know, proud monarch, that you meet Count Voisin's  
only child!

Thy power is o'er, and evermore thine empire's rising  
star

Shall bring all glory to our king, young Henry of  
Navarre!”

Then wailed the king a dying wail, and in the tumult  
there

The knightly maiden passed away as if in melting air;  
Nor yet again mid haunts of men was knight or maiden  
seen,—

But lives she long in deathless song, the peerless Imo-  
gene.

# A TALE THAT WAS TOLD TO ME.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Restore the dead, thou sea."

MRS. HEMANS.

AMID all the scenes of strange adventures, dauntless daring, appalling dangers, and unimagined perils, I believe every one, from the idiosyncrasy of his or her own mind, finds a peculiar interest in some one particular range of subjects; and it may be that the eagerness with which we read or listen when such scenes are described is the evidence of a taste which, with over-indulgence, would grow morbid, or of an enthusiasm quite capable of becoming extravagant. I confess to such a weakness myself. I can listen with comparative calmness to the most exciting narratives of all land expeditions and adventures, whether they include an Alpine ascent or an encounter with banditti; a lonely march on the wild prairie, or the passage of a caravan across the scorched and scorching desert. But directly the wanderer lifts his foot from the dry land, and trusts himself to the slumbering OCEAN, a new train of feelings has birth, and the interest in a stranger's safety quickens into something really approaching personal sensation.

Let the red earth of battle-fields proclaim trumpet-

tongued *their* story, and the trampled human clay rise up in judgment to bear it witness. The tale is blazoned on history's page through the long course of the rolling centuries; the courage of action always, and — of endurance sometimes. But the glittering tinsel wreath of Glory only hides the ghastly Moloch-idol War; and I am dull at perceiving the subordinate heroism whose leading spring is mean ambition, avarice, or hate. Such heroism, too, finds always a chronicler; but Ocean is for the most part the keeper of its dread secrets, and only from the faint breath which now and then floats across the waves may we guess at the human agonies the remorseless waters have at once created and extinguished! Perhaps it is this vagueness — the certainty that stranger tales remain untold than any which rumor has caught and echoed — which lends so strong an interest to stories of shipwreck or disasters at sea, appealing to the unsatisfied imagination until it aches with the realization of the scene. And yet what deeds of self-denial and noble self-devotion *are* registered and stand forth in their lovely radiance, to redeem and vindicate mankind; alas! beside those awful revelations of brute selfishness to which it would seem that inferior natures are reduced in the hour of imminent peril! But this is a long exhortation to "the tale that was told to me."

There were more passengers on board the good ship Falcon than I should care to number. Many were young, and for the most part buoyant with hope, as became the living freight of the "outward-bound."

India is not looked upon exactly as it was even fifteen

or twenty years since. People are not quite sure that gold is to be picked up there for the stooping, or that diamonds are showered down at the feet of Europeans ; but still there is a prevalent notion, vague enough sometimes, that fortune is more easily wooed beneath the orient heavens than under that sober sky which canopies the spot of earth called England — a spot indeed ! rising from the blue waters just large enough to be a throne whence delegates are sent to rule the world, and to which her children-wanderers look up with loving loyalty. Well is it that youth is prone to build its fairy castles, and does *not* dream of early death, or lingering, life-sapping disease, or of enervated mind—the irremediable penalties too often paid for all that the tropics can give. And so the ardent cadet has more often a vision of knighthood and crosses of honor than of “sick-leave” and blighted hopes ; and the merchant thinks less of an arid and forgotten grave than of returning in manhood’s prime with the gold that he teaches his heart shall recompense love for its long and lonely martyrdom.

Among the passengers of the Falcon, however, was one not exactly belonging to the usual category of outward-bound adventurers. Mr. Francis Rayton had made his fortune in India, and that in a very few years. He was something under forty, and had suffered less from the climate than most English residents in Calcutta. Nevertheless, his physicians had recommended the long sea voyage in preference to the overland journey, since it was absolutely necessary that he should return for a few months to wind up mercantile affairs in which tens of thousands of

pounds were involved. His active, energetic mind demurred at this decision for a while ; yet he gave way, for health had never seemed so precious as now that fortune had made hope reality, and all the beautiful things of life were opening to him. Francis Rayton was not a common character ; and eagerly, almost greedily, as he had sought wealth, he had never sought it as an end.

Caroline Smythe was a girl of twenty, the daughter of a general officer, going out under the protection of a widowed friend, to join her parents. She had the beauty of youth, and a little beauty besides ; with all the pride of what the Spaniards call “blue blood,” and that pride, in addition, which I never yet found wanting in a soldier’s daughter. She would not have married a merchant if life and death had hung in the balance, for she would not have suffered her own heart to touch the beam ; but she was a coquette to that heart’s core, and Francis Rayton was by far the handsomest and most intellectual man on board the *Falcon*. How was it possible she could refuse to gratify the chief *besoin* of her existence ?

Helen Seymour was making the voyage without other protection than that of the blunt but kind-hearted captain. Perhaps she did not require any at all. She was not very young ; sometimes she looked about five-and-twenty, at others you would have taken her for thirty at least. She was neither handsome nor beautiful—far less could she have been called pretty ; that term would have seemed at once a something too much and too little to award her. Yet she was not plain. Her figure was good ; she had a small, white, well-shaped hand, and most people thought



she had a "nice" face ; but few knew the expression which, when happy or animated, beamed through her eyes, flushed in her cheek, and quivered round her lips. Few, because happiness had been doled out to her most scantily, and she was not of that lucky temperament which can find excitement in trifles. Helen had already outlived her nearest relations, and she was poor ; going out to India to educate the children of a second cousin, who entertained the romantic notion of bringing them up in one of the healthier northern settlements, instead of following the commoner plan, and tearing her own heart-strings by sending them to England.

Two more individuals will complete the cluster it is necessary to describe. James Lawson had been for some years a confidential clerk or agent to Mr. Rayton, and was now going out to be left in a situation of considerable trust in the Calcutta establishment. His wife and infant child were with him ; and as they made home of any spot of earth, he did not pretend to sentimental regrets at leaving his native land for a long and indefinite period. The young couple had struggled through the early trials of poverty ; and their affection had previously been tested by absence and a long engagement ; but now, after three years of wedded happiness, and bright fortune shining steadily in the horizon, life seemed something more precious, more soul-satisfying, than even youthful dreams had pictured it. The Lawsons were quiet and retiring in their deportment ; for, with a feeling which has quite as much pride as humility in it, they were conscious that they were only recently lifted a step or two in society.

But Helen Seymour had an intuitive knowledge of character ; and knowing them very speedily, could not help being interested. Scarcely cultivated enough in mind to be congenial companions to her, she yet honored them most truly, and in witnessing their affection felt as if something in which she had before half blindly believed was now made known to her. There was a manly tenderness in his behavior towards his wife, as far removed from lover-like adulation as it was deeper in its springs and dearer to her heart—manly, for that same tenderness, the very exhalation of true heart love, is an attribute that never does emanate from the vain, selfish egotist ; or the frivolous butterfly of the world ; or from the not more manly slave of his own ardent passions. And then, on little Fanny's part—for she was a little creature, and looked up to him literally as well as figuratively—the entire devotion, and perfect, unbroken, unclouded confidence, were something beautiful to witness ; and with the constant ministering of each to the other made up a spectacle the most delightful in the world to the quick eye of the poet-philosopher ; and Helen, however humble in the ranks, yet, like many others who have never “penned their inspirations,” belonged to that class.

It would fill a volume to detail, scene by scene, how intimacies were formed between some of the parties I have named. Amid the nearly incessant occupation of his past life, Mr. Rayton had had very little opportunity of mixing in female society, or perhaps that with which he had met in India had not been sufficiently attractive to induce him to make opportunities and cultivate it. Even while in

London, business had pressed so heavily upon him, that some of his oldest and most valued friends he had neglected to visit. But life on board the *Falcon*, where at least no post came in or went out, was comparative leisure; and he was hardly sensible how much of that leisure was in reality filled up by conversation with Helen Seymour. Some mysterious affinity of feeling and opinion seemed to have drawn them together; and yet there were two or three of her attributes against which he had entertained a positive prejudice. For instance, he had always thought politics quite out of the scope of a woman's reasoning; yet when he found Helen's mind familiar with the great truths of humanity—those truths to the exposition of which his ardent yet half-secret ambition lured him—the earnestness of life, and the thousand topics which must branch from such conclusions, he could not but acknowledge, though not without surprise, that her sympathy and companionship were none the less delightful because she was a woman.

It was not in a coquette's nature to look calmly on while the object she had selected for a flirtation showed an evident preference for an "old-maidish" rival. Caroline certainly knew nothing of politics beyond having been taught to scorn, with all the hate of ignorance, the very party to which Rayton belonged; if, indeed, one of so wide and comprehensive a mind could have narrowed it to the jealousies which seem inseparable from party feeling or connection. But she had a trick of appealing to him for information, and throwing herself on his forbearance, in that pretty, confiding, feminine manner, that is by no

means without its fascination ; and it was not easy to meet the glance of her soft, large hazel eyes, as, with a toss of her head, she threw back her clustering ringlets, and make acknowledgments, at the same moment, of any mental deficiencies. Caroline had nothing in the past but school-girl days—her numerous conquests—to remember, and the present seemed made to enjoy according to her fleeting inclinations. Helen had felt, and seen, and suffered—had *lived* all her past, and for the future was brave to endure and high principled to act. Francis Rayton stood between a good and an evil genius, and had he questioned his own heart he would have discovered the fact. But he did not do so—he had always looked on love as an episode in a man's life, and one that should only be indulged in on a proper occasion. Now this occasion he had for years been accustomed to consider his final settlement in England ; and so he suffered himself to be swayed by the impulse of the moment, and what is so very foolishly called chance.

Weeks had passed—they expected to touch at the Cape in a day or two.

“Pray take my arm for a turn on deck this delicious evening,” said Mr. Rayton, approaching Helen, who was standing near one of the lady passengers. Helen never sought any particular attention from him, but perhaps she did not quite conceal that it gave her pleasure to receive it.

“I never beheld so beautiful a sky,” she exclaimed, pointing to the horizon, where the moon was rising, like an orb of gold, out of the dark waters. “And the sea,”

she continued, "slumbering like a gentle friend, instead of the cruel tyrant which we know an hour might make it."

"Nay," said Rayton, "do not let us think of storms and danger. Our voyage has hitherto been so prosperous, and I have such faith in the Falcon, that I do not suffer myself to dream of disasters."

"You speak with all the confidence of an old voyager," replied Helen, smiling; "but beyond a steam boat excursion of a day or two, this is my first acquaintance with 'blue water,' and I am not yet sure how far I confide in it."

This allusion to steamboat excursions led to reminiscences of Helen's continental travel; and though she had often spoken on the subject before, to Rayton's ear there always seemed something new to tell, for she described scenes he had ardently longed to visit. Possibly some vague notion crept into his mind that she would be a charming companion amid the ruins of empires, in the galleries of art, or wherever the spirit of poetry hovered. Talking of art led—I cannot tell how, though it often does—to the subject of love; and Helen spoke with the frankness of a true-hearted woman, who was far too honest to feign either indifference or ignorance of the theme. And so they conversed earnestly, not flippantly, on the great lottery of life, from which so few prizes and so many blanks are drawn—or, rather, over which it would seem some evil destiny presides to mismatch the assorted pairs. It might be fancy, but each thought there was a slight quiver in the voice of the other, and a

modulation that made the tone different from that of ordinary discourse. There was something, too, in the solemn grandeur of the moon-lit ocean, that well accorded with the sentiment which ruled the hour; for if the loveliness of nature fails among coarser clay to awaken the loftiest sympathies of humanity, its contemplation always "feeds the flame" where once it is kindled. Again Francis Rayton and Helen Seymour spoke of tempest and shipwreck; but now the theme was blended with stories of heroism and devotion, and of the loving hearts that had gone down together. Even Rayton—the busy money winner, the man of the world—though capable of deeper sentiment and purer passion than he himself was aware—acknowledged that there might be cases in which such a death would be sweeter than all life could give to the solitary survivor.

"Of this I am sure," he exclaimed, "that the impulse of the moment, while it ruled the conduct, would be the test of the heart's affection."

Was it impulse, or accident, or absence of mind, that made him press for an instant, almost with an interlacing of the fingers, the ungloved hand which rested on his arm!

On the second finger of that hand Helen constantly wore a beautiful emerald ring, nearly the only ornament of value which had been remarked about her, and which she had on one occasion spoken of as her dearest memorial, that of a dead sister.

Rayton's little finger was encircled by a curious antique cameo.

They were silent ; but the silence to one heart at least had a delicious meaning. It was broken by a voice close at hand.

“Oh, Mr. Rayton,” said a tall cadet, a boy in years, but longing beyond all things to be considered a man, “oh, Mr. Rayton, pray come and try your persuasions with Miss Smythe ; she won’t touch her guitar for all we can beg and implore. But every one says a word from you will be sufficient.”

“Really, they do me honor,” replied Rayton, hesitating, and not at all grateful for having his *tête-à-tête* broken.

“Pray go,” said Helen, with a beautiful smile ; for she was one of those women as incapable of feeling mean, petty jealousy, as she was of herself giving cause for it.

He went ; and the sullen beauty relented at what were after all but common-place compliments. She sang several French and Spanish love songs, now archly, now pathetically, and as the evening waned Rayton found himself drawn into the vortex of frivolity, and lavishing all his *petits soins* on the coquettish Caroline. Helen was not present, either to share his attentions, or distract him from them. Fresh from that interview, she could not have joined the general society of their fellow-passengers. She lingered for some time on deck, and if—as she leaned her head on her hand and gazed upon the heaving waters—her reverie had been translated into words, it would have run thus :

“So good—so noble !—so *true*—I am sure. Oh, that we had met years ago—I could have made him happy and

helped him to be great. Yet now, if it were possible"—and she pressed her hands to her side, as if to still her heart's wild beating, then covered her face with them—"at least it will be happiness enough for me to love him—yet could I endure he should love another?" And reverie melting into prayer, she ejaculated, "Oh, God, have mercy upon me! the first love of ignorant youth is faint and flickering—now I know that it is the *last* love which is destiny!"

But the breeze had freshened; for long unnoticed by Helen, till she shivered in her light mantle, and then she sought her cabin, and her flushed cheek pressed the pillow, while still the one reverie prevailed—the beautiful reverie of the ideal made palpable—dissolving from time to time, as before, into the devout petition, "Oh, God, have mercy upon me!"

And the breeze still freshened; but those who were wearing away the hours with song and mirth and idle speech heeded it not, and in a few hours even they sought slumber; and all were dreaming, sleeping or waking dreams, save the watchful crew who guarded and guided the floating palace.

But the breeze still freshened; and there were heavings and rollings of the stately vessel, that made rest and slumber difficult or impossible. And there were noises overhead; and the trampling of many feet, and the hauling of ropes, and the quick command—sometimes the angry word and muttered imprecation. And behold, when morning dawned there was a murky sky above, chequered from time to time by the swiftly-driving clouds, that



seemed but the servants of the fierce capricious winds. The treacherous ocean, lashed to fury, heaved and foamed in monstrous billows round the devoted ship ; and the shrieking cry of the sails, as they split like paper, was scarcely to be distinguished amid the roar of the TEMPEST ! Terror and anxiety had set their seal on every countenance ; brave men grew pale and silent, and timid women wept and prayed aloud.

Very few were so calm as Helen Seymour ; she spoke words of hope and encouragement to the fearful and fainting ; exhorted even the rough sailors to do their duty with brave composure, and seemed by her own example to instruct all to meet with resignation the will of Providence, yet to use all human means to avert disaster. A terrible calamity was at hand ; the skilful captain and two men at his side were swept by one huge and sudden wave into the surging waters. In a desperate attempt to rescue them, a boat and more lives were lost. For a while the very will of those who were next in command seemed paralyzed, and confusion reigned. It was during this time that Helen applied herself to assuaging the sufferings of a poor woman who had been injured by the fall of a mast, rending her own dress to bind up the bleeding arm.

Francis Rayton gazed at her from time to time, and spoke to her occasionally ; but, mingling with his admiration, a feeling almost of awe crept over him. She seemed something above himself—even beyond his comprehension ; yet ever, as her eyes met his, there was a light of

faith and trust and almost gladness shone from them, which was more divine than that of any earthly hope.

Lawson and his wife sat hand in hand; at intervals large, silent tears rolled down poor Fanny's cheeks, which more than once he kissed or wiped away; and he had wound a large scarf around her in such a manner that it supported the infant in her arms, and held it inextricably there. Caroline Smythe had been of the crouching, weeping party, though possibly too ignorant to be really conscious of their absolute peril; and sometimes she appealed to Rayton, as if his word were a fiat, or clung to his arm, as if there dwelt protection.

One disaster followed another, till the Falcon, like some noble animal maimed and shorn of its limbs, lay almost a helpless log upon the waters; and soon the catastrophe dreaded from the first was fatally realized. The ship struck upon the rocks, and the only hope of dear life rested with the boats. The crash of noises, cries and prayers, and bursts of passionate agony, made up a scene of terror, such as sharers or witnesses have often attempted to describe.

"Quick—quick, Miss Seymour," said Rayton, approaching Helen and taking her by the arm, "there is not a moment to be lost—think not of property, let us save only ourselves."

"Let me," replied Helen, (*as she was nearly saying,*) "wait for the second boat—I can be of use here."

And she spoke truly;—she was of that great use which a calm and superior mind always is in swaying inferior natures. She was exhorting to composure and cheer

ing with hopeful words a party of steerage passengers, who, but for this influence, might have added to the struggle and confusion around. At this moment, wild with terror, yet looking very beautiful nevertheless, Caroline Smythe rushed towards Mr. Rayton, and sank almost fainting into his outstretched arms. The profusion of her rich dark hair, which curled in natural ringlets, fell over his shoulder, and, borne by the tempest-blast, streamed across his face. Helen Seymour looked up, but she met not his gaze; Rayton's eyes were fixed on the chiselled features of the deathlike countenance that almost touched his cheek. "Speed—speed," was the cry on every side, and, swayed by the "impulse of the moment," Francis Rayton placed Caroline in the boat, and, yielding to her murmured persuasion, stayed beside her!

Now seemingly engulfed in the waters, then rising on the crest of a foaming billow, the first boat sped on towards the shore, while the second was rapidly filling with half-desperate fugitives. There was a general cry that the women should be saved first.

"My love—my life!" exclaimed Fanny Lawson, clinging to her husband with passionate agony; "swear to me that we shall not be parted; swear that you will not urge me to enter the boat if there be not room for both."

But for only answer, while he supported her with one arm, he pressed the other to his eyes, as if he dared not look upon her. "Come—come," said a sailor, attempting to lead her away; but Fanny had fainted, and Lawson taking her in his arms, as if she had been a child, pressed a frantic kiss upon her motionless lips, and bore her away

towards the boat. Like a bale of merchandise, was she passed from hand to hand, while Lawson flung himself upon the deck of the fast-filling ship, in the utter prostration of his agony. A sailor was assisting Helen Seymour to step across masses of cordage and fragments of various kinds; her countenance was of a deathlike paleness, and her lips were compressed by some firm determination. Yet, even in this hour of life and death, she stooped to pick up an object which had rolled towards her feet: it was Francis Rayton's cameo ring, which must have dropped from his finger.

"Lawson!—come—quickly," said Helen, speaking rapidly, yet with wonderful calmness. Then, as they approached the edge of the vessel, and addressing the crew, who were only waiting for her, she continued: "I yield my place to James Lawson;—let not two loving hearts be parted."

There was a hush of wonder and admiration, even amid the terror of the moment; but events might have changed their course, had not Fanny recovered her senses, and seeing only that her husband hesitated joining the fugitives without comprehending why, she stepped on the edge of the boat with the gesture of one who would fling herself from it. By an instinct rather than a process of reasoning, her husband stretched towards her, and, falling back, she drew him after her.

"Do not grieve for me," said Helen Seymour, as the boat was loosened from the wreck; and—for the tempest had lulled—her clear tones were heard distinctly. "Do not grieve—there is still a chance of rescue for me; but

if I die, I do so willingly. Yesterday life was precious—to-day, it is valueless.”

Alas! the one remaining chance was desperate; as, indeed, her generous heart foreboded. The last and smallest boat was not sea-worthy; it filled and went down even in the attempt to launch it. Some three or four sailors still remained on the wreck, and warmed to self-sacrifice by Helen's example, they tried to construct a raft for her security; but materials were wanting, and, with blank countenances, they gave up the attempt in despair. “Waste not time and strength for me, my friends,” said Helen, in a clear, low tone; “you are strong swimmers, and have a chance of life. For me it is the death hour; and though death comes with few terrors, I would meet it alone—in silent, prayerful thought. It is sweet to know the father is not torn from wife and child—three human beings made happy.” And while she spoke she wreathed one arm round so much of the shivered mast as remained, as if she had taken her final stand in the sinking ship. One of the sailors clung to her hand, and kissed it, swearing it were best to die with her, and seek her angel intercession at the gates of heaven; and another implored her to trust to his strong arm, that should struggle with her towards the shore.

“No life shall be risked in saving mine,” she said, firmly; and indeed the few minutes which had remained for parley were soon over, and as each, by the strong instinct of self-preservation, sought some stay among the floating spars around, the last object they beheld was

Helen's white dress and upturned countenance, as she sank, without a struggle, into the deep waters.

No matter how the boats careered landward, and the strong swimmers reached the shore with life—a trembling, grateful band uplifted their souls in praise and thanksgiving.

Helen's corse was washed to the beach with the next flow of the tide ; that form which had enshrined, perhaps, a greater heart than dwelt among the rescued. Her action—her words had been repeated from mouth to mouth ; and many were the tears shed around her—many the kisses pressed upon her pale cheek and brow. Fanny Lawson flung herself beside the body in an attitude of worship ; and her husband's lip quivered with manly emotion. Even the child was made to kiss the dead, and a strange hope indulged that it might remember the scene. Francis Rayton had requested that he might look upon her remains—alone.

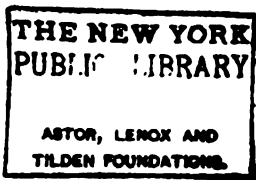
He entered the shaded chamber, where she lay in white garments, her rich light hair, still dank from the ocean baptism, parted from the forehead, and reaching in long lines below her waist. Her countenance bore an expression of angelic serenity ; and she looked young—oh, so much younger than when swayed by the hopes, and the fears, and the passions of life ! On her finger still rested the emerald ring, but next to her hand, and guarded *by* that precious memento, was Rayton's cameo, evidently in the death hour yet more dearly cherished. Rayton had not shed tears since boyhood, but as he gazed he burst into a

passion of weeping ; then, when something like calmness was restored, he drew away the emerald, and placed it on his own finger. To the authorities he intimated that he would pay to her representatives any price which might be set upon it ; and requested that the cameo might not be removed from the dead. No one disputed his right to direct ; and by his order a monument of white marble has been erected above that African grave, bearing the simple inscription :

“ TO THE MEMORY OF A MOST NOBLE WOMAN.”

Rayton did not proceed to Calcutta in the same vessel which conveyed the remainder of the passengers ; it would seem, indeed, that he purposely avoided their companionship. He returned to England as speedily as possible ; is still unmarried—immersed in politics and speculations. Once, when a most dear friend questioned him on his mode of life, he answered bitterly, slightly transposing a glorious line from Tennyson’s passion-kindled poem :

“ ‘ I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair ! ’ ”







G. Brown

1891, 1892

## THE YOUNG HAIDÉE.

BY BYRON.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
Beloved and fair Haidée,  
Each morning, where Flora reposes,  
For surely I see her in thee.  
Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,  
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,  
Which utters its song to adore thee,  
Yet trembles for what it has sung ;  
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,  
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,  
Through her eyes, through her every feature,  
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
When Love has abandoned the bowers ;  
Bring me hemlock, — since mine is ungrateful, —  
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.  
The poison, when poured from the chalice,  
Will deeply embitter the bowl ;  
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,  
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.

Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee  
My heart from these horrors to save :  
Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?  
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances  
Secure of his conquest before,  
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,  
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.  
Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish  
By pangs which a smile would dispel ?  
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,  
For torture repay me too well ?  
Now sad is the garden of roses,  
Beloved but false Haidée !  
There Flora all withered reposes,  
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

# THE BLIND MAN AND THE CHILD.

A LEGEND OF DANZIG.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"A melancholy legend, dim with the lapse of years,  
And scarcely to be read for dust — *and tears*. — E. V.

It was drawing towards the close of a dull, autumnal day, when an aged man, led by a little fair-haired child, entered the city of Danzig, whose strange, grotesque-looking buildings appeared gloomy enough in the gathering twilight.

"At last!" exclaimed he, between his clenched teeth. "Ah, they never thought I should have found my way back in the dark!"

"Have we friends in Danzig, grandfather?" asked his young companion, eagerly.

"No, nor anywhere else on earth, poor child!"

"Well, well, we have God, and one another!" was the cheerful reply. "And now, what am I to do next?"

"Inquire our nearest way to the Alt-stadt; and then you must look out for some quiet lodging. We shall rest here for some time—you must need rest, Löttchen."

The little girl did as she was desired; while gradually, as they walked slowly on, according to the direction given them, the streets narrowed, and became close, and dirty, and ill constructed. It was quite dusk when they

reached the old town, and a cold, drizzling rain fell fast and heavily. But there were cheerful lights burning in many a humble dwelling, and glancing and flitting mockingly on the wet pavement without. Here and there a sunburnt mechanic, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow, lounged idly against the door-post, smoking ; and, at one house, a widow woman, with a cap as white as snow, was looking dreamily out into the twilight, who started, and glanced pityingly towards Lotte and her companion, as they went past. And when the girl turned back instinctively, won by that kind look, advanced to meet her with the ready sympathy of a warm, benevolent heart.

“Can I be of any service to you, my child?”

“Oh, yes, if you could tell me where we might procure a night’s lodging. Perhaps you let lodgings?” added Lotte, timidly. “I should like to live with you.”

The widow was touched by her confiding simplicity.

“Do you come from far?” asked she, turning to the old man.

“Yes, hundreds and hundreds of miles away—I cannot tell where.”

“But you must remember the name of the place, surely?”

“How should I, when I never knew it.”

“Hush,” whispered Lotte, gently ; “he is blind !”

The good woman asked no more questions ; and, without even pausing to ascertain whether she was likely to be remunerated for her trouble, immediately led the way to her humble dwelling ; where she was soon busily

employed in preparing for the accommodation of her unexpected guests. Lotte was half asleep before she had finished, with her head resting against her grandfather's knees, who sat buried in thought, but grew quite lively again after she had eaten her supper, and profuse in her grateful thanks and blessings: so that we may be sure their kind hostess already thought herself overpaid.

The old man was lodged in a little room by himself, refusing all assistance, as was his wont. And then Margaret, for that was the good woman's name, would insist upon undressing Lotte herself, drying her damp feet, and smoothing out her long, tangled hair, with all a mother's tenderness. And when the child had repeated her simple prayers, in which she did not forget this new friend whom Heaven had sent her, and laid down in her neat little bed, with its snowy hangings, she felt too happy to sleep, and begged that Margaret would not leave her just yet. That night Lotte related the simple and touching history of her young life; but we prefer giving it in our own words.

The only home she could remember was a lonely hut, situated on the banks of a river, with a dense wood behind, where she used to go and gather flowers, and listen to the singing of the birds. But she never ventured far in; for there were stories told among the fishermen of people being lost there, or eaten up by the wild beasts; and it was very gloomy, the sun never shining even in summer, by reason of the thick trees that would not suffer its beams to penetrate. Sometimes she went with her mother to search for amber, but it was frequently weeks and weeks before they met with any success. The fisher-

men trading on the coast were always glad to purchase it of them, when they found any. She recollected once finding a piece as large as an egg, which sold for a great deal—or what seemed a great deal to them.

Lotte never saw her father, but understood that he died of a fever soon after she was born ; and her mother, finding it lonely without him, had gone home to reside with her aged parent. She never heard her called anything but Lotte, like herself. She was little Lotte or Löttchen, then, to distinguish them apart. The poor woman was never well ; and, latterly, the child could almost see her growing paler and paler, and thinner and thinner, day by day—but she never complained. Sometimes she would weep all of a sudden, shuddering and wringing her hands, and might frequently be heard to cry out in her troubled sleep—“My father ! my poor father !” She was very gentle with the old man, and had a strange influence over him in his wildest moods. Just before she died, she called Lotte to her bedside, and made her promise to supply her place, as far as she was able, to her aged grandfather ; and love and bear with him, for he had suffered much, and was an injured man, whom God would avenge in his own good time.

But somehow, after her mother’s death, a change came over him, and he grew peevish and querulous ; while the child remembered her promise, and bore with him for her sake who was no more ; never leaving him, even to look for amber, or flowers, or hear the birds singing in the old wood ; for she was afraid lest any harm should come to him in her absence ; for he had grown feeble and restless, and

would walk up and down their little chamber, muttering wildly to himself, by the hour together. One day he told her that they were going a long journey, and she must pack up what little things she thought might be useful, and not too heavy, and he should dispose of the rest among his neighbors ; which was accordingly done ; those who could afford it paying him for what they took, while the wives of the poorer classes sought to make it up by numberless kind offices and sage advice to the poor motherless child. The house looked so desolate at length, that Lotte was glad to quit it ; having first knelt and prayed beside her mother's grave, the only thing she regretted leaving.

For many days they walked straight on by the banks of the river where she used to go and look for amber, resting at night in some lonely hovel. And then, by her grandfather's instructions, Lotte began to ask the nearest way to the city of Danzig. A great many had never heard of such a place ; while others looked compassionately upon the blind man and his little guide, and never thought that either would live to reach the far-off place of their destination. But Lotte was stronger than she seemed, and had a brave heart ; while a stern determination of purpose lent fresh energy to the feeble frame of her aged grandfather. Just at first Lotte's feet were sadly cut with the stones, so that she could scarcely manage to limp along by the side of her companion ; and was often half tempted to rejoice that he was spared the pain of seeing this, with many things beside that the little child cheerfully endured ; but after a time they got hardened, as she called it, and



she contrived to get along pretty well. She was obliged to have her wits about her, in order to recollect the various directions she was constantly receiving; and for all that, had frequently the mortification of hearing that they had come many and many a weary mile out of the right road. Whole days were often lost thus; while her grandfather's restless impatience at such delays broke wildly forth. Occasionally, too, he was ill for weeks together; and once she thought she should have lost him; but he struggled through it, and they again pursued their sad pilgrimage—sometimes in a canal-boat—sometimes on foot—or assisted by a lift in an empty cart or wagon. As Lotte said, every one was kind to them—who could help being so?—and her grateful heart pronounced it to be a good and beautiful world; adding, with a sweet and simple piety, that, doubtless, God put it into their minds to help her and her poor old grandfather.

She never heard the name of the country from which they originally started, and did not think that the old man knew it either. Neither had she any idea what made him undertake so long and perilous a journey, or what he purposed doing, now that they had at length reached the place of their destination; for he had told her only that very evening, in answer to her inquiries on the subject, that they had no friends at Danzig, or anywhere else on earth! During their journey they had subsisted almost entirely upon charity; although, as the child said, that need not have been, for she knew that her grandfather had much gold concealed about his person, the produce of the amber which they used to find.

Margaret trembled as she listened to the innocent revelations of her little companion, and felt thankful to Providence for having led them to seek shelter beneath her humble roof; for there were many in the Alt-stadt who would not have scrupled to murder them both for the sake of this same gold of which she spoke with such fearless confidence.

And now Lotte began to wander in her little history; and to talk at random of the old wood where people lost themselves, and where the sun never shone; and of her mother, her gentle, ever-sorrowing mother, who lay buried there, hundreds and hundreds of miles away; and yet, by a strange mystery, might be even now looking down upon her poor wearied child—and so, smiling, and folding her hands prayerfully together, she fell asleep.

The following day the blind man made arrangements with his kind hostess to remain there for some weeks, in order to recover from the fatigues of their late journey; and truly they both needed rest bad enough. Lotte clapped her little hands for joy when she heard that they were to stay; while the good Margaret, whose heart already yearned towards the little stranger with all a mother's tenderness, felt equally glad that they were not again to be separated, at least for the present. A few days' quiet and careful nursing made Lotte look quite a different being. Her clear blue eyes sparkled with animation, while a faint color began to steal back to her fair sweet face. Margaret noticed the improvement to her grandfather, hoping it might induce him to prolong his stay; and the old man, although he said but little, seemed

pleased, and still more that he should have found so kind a friend.

For the first few weeks after their arrival, he confined himself almost wholly to his own apartment, except at those hours allotted to exercise ; when he might have been seen pacing, or rather loitering, up and down the stone-yard belonging to his hostess, with a patient perseverance, muttering to himself the while ; but no one paid much heed to what he said. At his own request, and for which he offered to pay handsomely, they lived well ; and the old man's sole object seemed to be the recruiting of that failing strength which age and fatigue had well nigh utterly exhausted. Lotte frequently went out with her new friend, but her grandfather had not hitherto left the house. One evening, however, he proposed that they should walk together as far as the cathedral. Margaret's suggestion that it was almost too late for that was unheeded ; but when Lotte had kissed her, and they had both gone forth, her heart sank within her, and she grew at length so restless and uneasy that she could not keep within doors, but must needs go and meet them on their return.

From constant exercise, Lotte's organ of locality must have been pretty large ; but she was puzzled by the command given her to go by the back streets where there were not so many people ; her grandfather meanwhile carefully concealing his face in his cloak, as though he feared being recognized—a very unlikely thing, one would imagine. The consequence of this was that she lost herself more than once, and had to ask her way, at which the old man

grew peevish and impatient ; and then, forgetting his ill temper as they once again got upon the right track, began to tell her all about the wonderful astronomical clock which they were going to see.

“What a clever man that artist must have been !” said Lotte.

“It was the work of a life-time.”

“His fellow-citizens doubtless were very proud of him, and rewarded him handsomely for his genius.”

The old man laughed aloud ; and so wildly, that many turned back wonderingly to gaze upon him ; while his grandchild shuddered involuntarily. They proceeded in silence, for she feared to speak again. And the evening twilight began slowly to gather over the city.

“Now we are at the cathedral, grandfather,” said Lotte, at length.

“Hark ! what was that struck ? It must be getting dusk.”

“Yes, quite fast ; we had better not stay long, or Margaret will be uneasy.”

“Just about here,” said the old man, without heeding her, “should be a low, arched door.”

“Here it is, grandfather.”

“Let us knock, then, and ask for the keys—and remember that I am no longer blind ; I can see as well as you or any one else !—Löttchen, do you heed me, my child ?”

“Yes, yes,” replied his companion, feeling like one in a strange dream ; and so confused by his knowledge of

the place, as scarcely to be quite sure herself whether he were blind or not.

The sacristan refused to admit them, on account of the lateness of the hour ; nor could all the old man's eloquence induce him to alter his resolution.

"You must come again," said he, "by daylight."

"Ah, that is impossible; I am no sight-seeker, but one who has made mechanics the study of his life. It is not the cathedral, but the clock, I wish to see. That wonderful clock, of which I have heard so much!"

"Then you must see it outside."

"No, no," said the old man; "it is the works—the mechanism, I would behold; and I will give you a broad golden piece for every moment that I am permitted to gaze upon them." He drew out a purse as he spoke, the contents of which glittered temptingly in the fading light.

"He must be mad!" thought the sacristan.

"Well, what say ye? We must be quick, for it grows darker and darker every moment." Lotte wondered how her grandfather could tell that, and her little heart beat fast with terror and excitement.

"After all," thought the sacristan, "there can be no harm in gratifying the old man, who is doubtless some half-crazy artist; and there is little fear that he will ever live to rival our great master-piece, even if he should have genius sufficient for the attempt. Even now he seems more like a shadow than a human being. So meanly clad, too, and with all that bright gold!—Heaven preserve us from the evil one!" At this moment his

glance fell on the pale, sweet face of the little fair-haired child ; at sight of which the superstitious forebodings awakened by the strange appearance of his visitor fled away at once.

“Be it so,” said he. “But you must promise not to betray me, or the gratification of your curiosity might be the means of losing me my place.”

Lotte, forgetful of his injunction, was about to take her grandfather's hand as usual, to lead him out ; but he passed on before, with a rapid step, the sacristan and the child following breathlessly. For some moments after they had ascended, nothing was heard but the quick beating of their own hearts, together with the monotonous ticking of the great clock. It was well the sacristan thought to bring his lamp, for it grew darker and darker every moment. Poor Lotte felt chilled and frightened, and wished herself safe at home by Margaret's warm, cheerful stove.

“A wonderful piece of mechanism !” exclaimed the sacristan, rubbing his hands, and reckoning up the minutes which had already elapsed, while the old man stood dreamily before the object of his strange curiosity.

“Wonderful !”

“Ah ! you may go all over the world without finding such another.”

“And yet the artist who made one could surely have made more had he chosen ?”

“Yes, if he were alive. But no sooner had he erected this master-piece of genius, in which was concentrated the study of a life-time, than the artist and his daughter sud-

denly disappeared from Danzig, and have never been heard of since. It created quite a sensation at the time, giving rise to the most wild and fearful rumors; and the mystery has never been solved from that day to this."

"Shall I tell it to you?" asked the old man, still keeping his face carefully averted, and speaking in a hissing whisper, while the trembling Lotte nestled closer to his side.

"The house where the artist dwelt was a lonely place, standing apart by itself, far from the busy hum of the city. He loved it for that very quietness; and there was no loneliness within, where his fair widowed daughter and her infant child made the sunshine of the old man's life.

The very night of that mysterious disappearance to which you have alluded, it happened, strangely enough, that his two most attached domestics were absent; the one at the bedside of a dying parent, the other on a commission to a distant city, from which it was impossible he could return before the morning; so that there was no one left in the house but an old woman, who was stone deaf and half stupid beside. The time was well chosen. The artist slept, and dreamt of fame; when suddenly four men, with black crape upon their faces—he remembers that, for it was the last thing he ever saw—gathered around the bed, and two held him, while the other two put out his eyes!"

"Oh, God! this is horrible!" exclaimed the sacristan; while Lotte sank upon her knees and buried her face in the old man's robe. "What crime could he have committed to draw down this fearful punishment?"

"None; his genius alone was the cause, the fruits of

which they had determined should be theirs only! They feared his making a similar clock for the rival town of Hamburg. But not content with this, or in order to prevent discovery, they bore away the shrieking artist, mad with pain, together with his daughter and her infant child, to a vehicle which stood in readiness; and for weeks afterwards travelled day and night without intermission. God knows where they left them at last—the blind man never did!”

“And does Düringer yet live?” questioned the sacristan.

“He does. After the death of his daughter, whose gentle heart broke in witnessing his sufferings, an irresistible longing seized upon him to return to his native city; and, old, and feeble, and half mad, accompanied only by this little child, he begged his way back to Danzig—I am Düringer!”

The sacristan turned suddenly away from that sightless countenance, now fully revealed to him for the first time; and letting fall in his terror the lamp which he carried, they were left in total darkness. The darkness and the light were all one to Düringer, who hastily drew forth a pair of scissors, which he had hitherto concealed in his bosom, and, severing a single small wire, a dead silence ensued.

“Hark!” exclaimed he, in wild excited tones, that sounded almost like a scream. “It has stopped!—the wonderful clock!—and will never move again until they give back the old man his eyesight! Ha! ha! the wonderful clock of Danzig!”



“Grandfather!” interrupted Lotte, clinging to him, and weeping bitterly—“dear grandfather! let us go home; it is so cold and dark here.”

Duringer arose up and followed her mechanically. His task was accomplished—he had had his revenge; and now it seemed to recoil upon himself. He had mutilated his own work; and as the mighty heart of that great clock ceased to beat, the heart of its inventor broke! The cutting of that single wire seemed to sever the thread of his own feeble existence; and no human skill could ever restore either the one or the other.

At Lotte’s request, who felt frightened at the thought of going alone, the sacristan accompanied them back to their lodgings in the Alt-stadt, where the good Margaret welcomed them with tears of joy, having given up all hope of ever seeing her little favorite again; and leaving them safe under her care, departed without even remembering to demand his promised reward.

That night the artist died; while Margaret, putting the gold carefully aside for the use of his grandchild, who lay stricken with a burning fever, the result of fatigue and over excitement, buried him decently at her own expense, and was the only mourner who followed the unfortunate Duringer to his lonely grave.

After a time, however, and in spite of many powerful endeavors to the contrary, the fearful truth got abroad, fully corroborated by the testimony of the dying child and the sacristan, as well as the sudden stopping of the clock, which no after skill has ever been able to repair; and a history somewhat similar to the above is related and

believed in Danzig to this day. We have purposely omitted several marvellous additions concerning a certain spirit, which, it is said, may be still seen wandering restlessly up and down in the vicinity of the silent clock, as though mourning over the ruin it had made; wringing its shadowy hands, and uttering a low wailing sound, like the sighing and sobbing of the wind on a winter's night; and the dark folds of whose tattered cloak are said to conceal only an eyeless skull!—deeming the legend sufficiently touching in itself, without the assistance of the supernatural.

It was given out at the time that the old man was mad, and Margaret and her young charge little better than impostors; but few believed it, and the child's early death only served to deepen the universal sympathy excited by her simple and melancholy history. No clue has ever been discovered to the far-off place of Düringer's exile; although traces of the blind artist and his little guide have been met with from time to time, at a distance so remote from Danzig, that it is a marvel how they travelled so many miles; nor could they, if God, as Lotte said, had not put it into the hearts of his people to be kind to them and help them on their way. The mystery is one which will, in all probability, never be solved on earth; but though the grave of the broken-hearted mother may be thousands of miles away, mouldering beneath the shadow of that dreary wood, where the sun never shines, and the birds keep up a perpetual hymning, it is sweet to think that, through His merits who loved and died for them, they will all meet again in heaven.

## THE GUITAR.

BY SAMUEL MULLEN.

PENSIVE maiden ! let me hear thee  
Play once more that touching strain ;  
That seems, as thus my soul draws near thee,  
The echo of my own heart's pain !

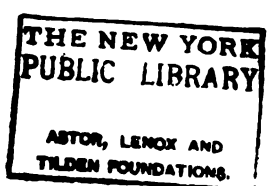
A mighty spell thy voice possesses ;  
My ear drinks in each varying tone ;  
But chiefly when thy lay distresses,  
Soul, heart, and all become thine own.

I see thy dark eye beam and glisten,  
O'ershaded with its ebon veil ;  
And as I sit entranced, and listen,  
My soul dissolves—my senses fail !

And wakeful fancy brings around thee  
Congenial forms of higher mould ;  
Transported thus, I've often found thee  
Commingle with the shades of old ;

And listened to thy thrilling story  
Of some deserted, dreary hall :  
Bemoaned a nation's tarnished glory,  
Or wept my country's fancied fall.





Like one of Grecia's mournful daughters  
Fantastic thought hath thee arrayed,  
Placed in the midst of dreadful slaughters,  
Of heroes slain and states betrayed.

And then thy voice hath set me weeping,  
Oppressed with woes I could not heal ;  
Till oblivion o'er me creeping  
Bade me cease to weep—to feel !

Cease to feel ? Ah, never, never,  
Whilst thy looks such wonders tell !  
My heart remains with thee forever ;  
Dark-haired Sibyl, fare thee well !

# SCANDAL.

TWO SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

AMONG the besetting evils of our day, not one is more prevalent than scandal. A casuist might search whether this evil originated in "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," or in the habit of gossiping induced by idleness. But for our own part we are inclined to attribute it to the last. If, as the old proverb has it, idleness be the mother of mischief, scandal surely is the offspring of idleness, and three, if not four, portions of the false reports circulated in society owe their existence and promulgation to it. Those who endeavor to kill their own time, and consume that of others, by morning visits, are aware that a piece of news, and the more piquant the better, serves as a passport to insure a welcome even in houses whose owners are not ill-natured nor malicious. Tired of the monotony and inanity of a life without rational occupation, aught that creates even a momentary excitement is well received, because it banishes for a brief time the lassitude of mind and *ennui* that never fail to spring from idleness. Hence those who bestow their tediousness on their acquaintances are glad to have something novel to relate, and, in their desire for this stimu-

lant, sometimes erect a superstructure of scandal on a basis of fiction, careless what injury it may inflict on others. In the anxiety of these gossips to collect news, they eagerly grasp at whatever may have the appearance of furnishing it. A word that can be turned to a different meaning from that intended by the speaker ; nay, even a look, smile, or gesture, may be converted to account by indefatigable hunters of news ; and the receivers, careless of the truth, supply by their imaginations the discrepancies of the story related. It is an old but true saying, that "no tale loses in the carriage." By every vehicle through which scandal is conveyed it gains weight, until it assumes a formidable appearance, and becomes more difficult to be defeated. Ask the propagators of scandal, whether they believe the stories they repeat, and they will, for the most part, tell you that they have not taken the trouble to examine into the truth. The fact is, the same habit of idleness that leads them to listen to and repeat such tales, prevents their ascertaining whether they are false or true, and so the report gains ground, without any peculiar malice in those who spread it, until it reaches the individuals most interested, who are sure to be the last to hear it. For the cure of this besetting evil, rational occupation is the best we can recommend. A mind usefully employed will never thirst for news, and never desire to propagate it. The *ennui* resulting from idleness will be banished with the malady itself, and gossip and scandal will cease to be the bane of society. The following pages are meant to illustrate this hypothesis, and record the scandal of idle ladies and gentlemen.



## FEMALE GOSSIPS.

"My daughter has just run off," said Lady Melcombe to Mrs. Fordinglass, as the latter lady entered her drawing-room to pay a visit; but the door opening a second time to admit other visitors, the hostess put her finger to her lip as a sign for silence, and said, "Hush, not a word at present."

Mrs. Fordinglass eyed Lady Melcombe with undissembled astonishment as she marked the self-control she exercised while receiving her visitants under such a trying position. Not a single symptom of the chagrin which a mother must feel on such an occasion could be detected in her ladyship's countenance, which wore the same calm and unruffled aspect that generally distinguished it. "She must be a perfect actress," thought Mrs. Fordinglass to herself, "or else she is strangely deficient in maternal affection. But I suppose she is playing a part to conceal the elopement at present. But why tell it to me?" was the next question that suggested itself. "*N'importe*," thought Mrs. Fordinglass, "this is a piece of news worth knowing, and that will make me welcomed wherever I visit this morning." So impatient was she to reveal this intelligence, that finding the other ladies had no intention of departing, she took leave, although longing to know all the particulars of the elopement, and the name of the partner of Lady Emily's flight. She drove to the Dowager Lady Bertram's, where she found six or seven of her ladyship's female friends repeating the *on-dits* of the day, and hardly gave them time to finish their piquant anecdotes, before, shaking her head gravely, she announced

that she had very painful intelligence to relate. "Pray tell us," said one lady; "Do, my dear madam," exclaimed another; "I am positively dying to hear it," added a third; until the whole circle joined in entreaties to be told the painful event which Mrs. Fordinglass had to communicate. "No, ladies, you never could guess it," said that stately matron, pleased at the importance with which she found herself invested, by the excited curiosity and love of gossip of the women around her. "And had I not heard it from her mother's own lips, I could not have believed it," added she.

"Whose mother?"

"Who is the person?"

"Pray don't keep us any longer in suspense," said all the ladies at once.

"I don't know whether I am justified in telling it," observed Mrs. Fordinglass, looking more self-important than ever. "I am not given to repeat anything told me in confidence, and I should not like to be quoted as having been the first who revealed this painful affair."

"Then why name it at all?" said one of the dowagers.

"Yes, why excite our curiosity?" observed another; and all looked reproachfully at Mrs. Fordinglass.

"Well, ladies, if you will give me your words of honor—mind, your *solemn* words of honor—that it shall go no further, I will tell it."

"As if we would repeat it!" said one, half offended.

"You may rely on us," murmured another; while all pledged their words of honor, without ever intending to keep them or the secret.

"You must know, then," said Mrs. Fordinglass, assuming an air of grave importance, "that I went to call on Lady Melcombe an hour ago. I thought I observed a sort of confusion and embarrassment in the countenances of the servants in the hall. The groom of the chambers seemed doubtful about announcing me, and when I entered, Lady Melcombe—poor woman, my heart bleeds for her—seemed dreadfully agitated. Before I had time to say a single word to her, she exclaimed, 'My daughter has just eloped!' Other visitors being at that moment announced, she held her finger to her lip, and, with an expression of agony not to be described, whispered, 'Hush!'"

"What! Lady Emily?"

"Is it possible?"

"Well, how strange!" exclaimed the ladies.

"Who would have dreamt of such a thing?"

"I confess *I* am not so *very* much surprised," observed one. "I always thought that there was something very odd about her."

"Yes, she always struck me as being very prudish," said another; "and prudes, you know, are not to be trusted."

"Prudish!" reiterated a third; "well, for my part, I always thought her anything but prudish. I considered her a regular coquette."

"Her mother is much to be blamed," observed one of the ladies.

"Do you think so?" said another. "I should rather say she was much to be pitied."

"It must be a severe blow to her," remarked a third,

"for she had very ambitious views for her daughter, who, notwithstanding all the fuss people made about her, was not so superior to other girls as her mother imagined."

"For my part, I never envy those who have what are termed beauties for daughters," said Lady Mertonville, whose daughters were proverbially plain; "something disagreeable always happens to them."

"Well, I confess that I like handsome young women," observed one of the speakers; "they go off better in marriage than plain ones—unless, indeed, these last are very rich."

"*They go off, indeed,*" responded Lady Mertonville, spitefully, "as witness the case in point; but few mothers would wish for such going off as this."

"Of course I did not mean it in that sense," replied Mrs. Vernon.

"But who is the man, the partner of Lady Emily's flight?" demanded Lady Bolton.

"Yes, pray, who is the man?" was repeated by several voices.

"Lady Melcombe did not tell me. Visitors, as I mentioned, dropped in and interrupted her communication."

"And you came away without knowing his name?"

"How could you?"

"Really, one might as well know nothing as not know all."

"How provoking!" was uttered in various tones of disappointment by the different ladies; while Mrs. Fordinglass lost all her importance in their eyes, the moment she could no longer minister to their curiosity.

"I think I could name the man," said Lady Bertram.

"Name! name!" was echoed from half a dozen voices

"What do you say to Sir Henry Murray?"

"What! that wild *roué*?"

"I never saw *him* paying her any marked attention," observed one of the ladies.

"*Raison de plus*," said another; "persons who intend to elope don't exhibit their *tendresse* before society."

"I strongly suspect that young Herbert is the man. I've seen him dance with her often, and ride with her in the park; and, as he is said to be ruined, he may have been tempted by her fortune (she is rich, you know) to secure it, knowing, as he must have done, Lady Melcombe would never consent to the marriage."

"People said that the Duke of Portobello was rather smitten with her," observed Lady Bolton.

"Be assured he never was. I know where *his* wishes pointed. But the Melcombes wanted to make people believe he was a suitor for Lady Emily's hand," said Lady Mertonville.

"There you are wrong," interrupted Lady Mortimer, a simple-hearted old lady without daughters; "for, having heard the report, I asked Lady Melcombe some months ago if it were true, and she positively denied it."

"And in a manner, I strongly suspect, to make you think it true," remarked Lady Mertonville.

"A faint denial always has that effect," observed one of the ladies.

"I said she **POSITIVELY**, and **NOT** faintly, denied it," resumed the old lady; "and what's more, I can't even

now bring myself to believe that Lady Emily *has gone off*; so steady, so dutiful, did she always appear to be."

This defence only excited the ill nature of the ladies still more; and they proved it, by naming every young man in the circle of fashion, as being likely to be the partner of Lady Emily's flight, each alleging that she had seen or heard something of the marked attentions of these individuals to the young lady.

"How strange!" observed Lady Mortimer. "You all name as many *prétendants* for the hand of Lady Emily as if she were the greatest coquette in London, while I, who go a great deal into society, have never seen her receive marked attention from any man, although she commanded the respectful admiration of all."

"Prudes never do receive attention in public," said Lady Mertonville.

"Yet you have all maintained having seen or heard of poor Lady Emily's receiving marked attentions from, Heaven only knows how many men," retorted Lady Mortimer, reproachfully.

"The girl is not so much to be blamed, as I said before," remarked Lady Bolton.

"The mother is the person most in fault," said Lady Mertonville; "I always considered her a very weak woman, and this event proves I was right."

And now a warm discussion ensued relative to which, the mother or daughter, were more deserving of censure. Many were the cutting sarcasms pronounced on both, until the circle broke up, the visitors being impatient to give circulation to the news, imperfect though it was,

which they had learned, and anxious to obtain the name of the partner of Lady Emily's supposed elopement. So active were their exertions, that before the evening the report was spread half over the town, and as many different versions of it given as the fertile imaginations of the repeaters could furnish. Many persons, who had hitherto extolled Lady Melcombe, and with reason, as one of the most excellent mothers, and her daughter as a charming, amiable girl, were now heard to censure both with the utmost severity, and to proclaim that *they* had always thought lightly of mother and daughter, though they had out of pure good-nature forbore to say so.

Those, and they were not numerous, who attempted to defend these ill-used ladies, were laughed at as simpletons, who knew nothing of the world; and, at the clubs, the reputation of one more female victim was offered up to propitiate the minotaur of scandal, which but too frequently haunts them for prey. Many were the cards left at Lady Melcombe's door that day by *soi-disant* friends, anxious to hear the particulars of the elopement; and as she and her fair daughter had driven into the country to see a friend, it was charitably supposed that the mother, finding she could no longer conceal the sad truth, had given orders to be denied to visitors.

A splendid *bal costumé* was to take place that night at the Duke of Portobello's. Rumor had been for several days proclaiming the preparations making for this fête, the magnificence of the dresses to be worn, and the costliness of the jewels. Expectation was on tiptoe. The *invited* talked with rapture of the anticipated pleasure; the *unin-*

*vited* wondered, or at least professed to wonder, how people could attach such importance to a mere fancy ball. The vast and splendid suite of drawing-rooms at Portobello House, light as day, from the countless thousands of wax-candles that illuminated them, were reflected in lofty mirrors, extending from the gilded ceilings to the richly carpeted floors. The rarest exotics and the most fragrant flowers were scattered in abundance through the suite of apartments, which, celebrated for the splendor of their decorations and furniture, never appeared more brilliant than on this occasion, when Lady Melcombe and her lovely daughter, escorted by the Duke of Portobello, walked through the crowd. Every eye turned on them; surprise, wonder, and doubt, were expressed in many faces, but few denoted satisfaction at this irrefragable proof of the falsehood of the rumor of the day. There was an air of quiet triumph in the face of Lady Melcombe, and of blushing happiness in that of her daughter, that puzzled, nay more, displeased, all those who had been circulating the evil report of them so few hours before. As Lady Melcombe glanced round, her eye met that of Mrs. Fordinglass, who stood near.

"I was interrupted, *chère dame*," whispered she, "when this morning I told you that Emily had just run off. The truth was, she ran out with her *futur* by one door as you entered by the other. I thought you might have caught a sight of them, and I wished to explain that she had put on her costume for to-night, to please the duke, who wished to see it; they are to be married shortly, as I suppose you may have heard, and this fête is given as a



*galanterie* to her, dear girl, on the occasion of announcing the approaching nuptials. The duke wished their engagement to be first declared here, so I did not like to speak of it before the visitors who broke in on us."

Mrs. Fordinglass was ready to sink to the earth; but not with self-reproach or shame. No, she only feared the consequence of her circulating the rumor might be an expulsion at no distant day from the magnificent festivities of Portobello House, while of its results to others she was careless. Those who had spread the false report declared to each other that *they* had never for a single instant believed it, and wondered how Mrs. Fordinglass, who must be a dangerous person, could circulate such a mischievous falsehood. The marriage was celebrated with great splendor a few days after. Lady Melcombe was pronounced to be the most excellent, as well as the most fortunate, mother in the world, and the Duchess of Portobello the most perfect daughter. It is true that, many years after, people used to say, when the name of the duke or the duchess was mentioned, "They eloped, did they not?" or, "There were some odd stories about them before they were married;" and then others shook their heads, and said, "They did not quite remember particulars, but there was something about an elopement, some strange story, which they had now forgotten."

#### MALE GOSSIPS.

"You have heard of my son's robbery," said Sir Thomas Arlingham to Mr. Melville, whom he chanced to meet in the street, as he closed his own door, his mind

full of the circumstance, which had only the previous night occurred. Now be it known to my reader, that the said Mr. Melville was rather remarkable for an obtuseness of comprehension, as well as for a love of gossiping ; the result of which the sequel of my story will prove. Before the worthy baronet had time to finish the sentence he had just commenced, a mutual acquaintance, big with some piece of political news of importance, which he longed to communicate, joined the pair, and dashing at once boldly into the subject of which he was full, prevented the completion of the history of the robber, and the parties separated without recurring to it. Mr. Melville went to his club, and finding some ten or a dozen of his acquaintances there, shook his head ruefully, and said, "I've heard something very painful just now."

"What is it?" demanded more than one voice.

"I suppose it can't be a secret," replied Mr. Melville ;  
"for his own father told me of it."

"Told you of what?" inquired one of the men.

"I knew that the young man was rather wild," resumed Mr. Melville ; "that is, I heard so more than once ; but I had no notion that he could be guilty of robbery."

"Who the deuce are you talking of, Melville?" demanded another of the party.

"Of young Arlingham."

"Young Arlingham! You must be dreaming, or mad, to assert such a thing."

"I beg to say I am neither," replied Mr. Melville, dryly. "But no more than half an hour ago I met Sir Thomas Arlingham in the street, and he told me of it."

"You don't mean to say that Sir Thomas Arlingham, one of the most honorable as well as one of the proudest men in England, would stop you in the street to tell you that his son, his only son, Harry Arlingham, one of the finest fellows alive, had committed a robbery?" said Lord Wallthorpe.

"I mean what I said, and what I repeat," replied the obtuse and now irritated Melville.

"Then, to prove my conviction of the utter impossibility of Harry Arlingham's committing such a crime, I will bet you one hundred, nay more, five hundred pounds, that he never did."

"I never lay wagers," replied Melville, "but on this occasion I am willing to accept yours, for one hundred, that his father told me he had."

"Done," said Lord Wallthorpe.

"I think you are rash," observed Sir Henry Winstanley.

"Young Arlingham is a very extravagant young dog, and extravagance leads to strange things," said a cynical-looking man.

"And he plays high," added another of the circle; "and at play, you know the old adage, '*On commence en étant dupe, et on fini en étant fripon.*'"

"Why, it was only last week he paid five hundred pounds for a pair of carriage horses," said another member of the club.

"Paid, did you say?" observed the cynical-looking man, shaking his bald head. "I heard he had *bought* the horses; but *buying* and *paying* are very different things."

"But how absurd it is of the old goose of a father to go round the town exposing his son!" remarked another man, who laid down the newspaper he had been reading to make this observation.

"If fathers told all the misdoings of their sons, we should have some pleasant stories," said Sir Henry Winstanley.

"And *vice versa*, if sons told all the selfishness and hardness of hearts of their governors, by Jove, we should have some astounding histories," observed Lord Wallthorpe.

"So it ever was and ever will be," said an old man with spectacles, who had as yet not joined in the conversation. "Fathers and sons are natural enemies. The father looks on his heir as the person who is to jostle him off his chair long before he is disposed to resign it, which led to the clever old Frenchman accounting for the love that grandfathers bear their grandchildren, by saying, '*Il sont les ennemis de nos ennemis.*'"

"Devilish good."

"Very true."

"Capital," broke from several lips.

"But to resume," said the man in spectacles. "Sons, on the other hand, think that fathers are very unreasonable who live beyond fifty, to keep them out of the estates they are impatiently longing to possess."

"Men are great blockheads who marry young, and find themselves, while yet in the prime of life, elbowed by a son who keeps his hunters, *et Dieu sait quoi* beside, and expects the old governor, as he terms a father of forty-

four, to pay his debts every two years," observed one of the circle.

"And I think men much greater blockheads who wait until they are come to an age to require nurses instead of wives, and select some unhappy, portionless young creature to watch over their infirmities, and pray for their speedy release from them," replied Sir Henry Winstanley.

"That comes from old men settling large jointures on their wives," remarked the man with spectacles. "If they would make the extent of the jointure contingent on the number of years they were to survive their marriage, their youthful wives would not desire their deaths, but would, *au contraire*, become anxious to prolong their existence."

"What a bad opinion you must have of women!" said Lord Wallthorpe.

"That's because he has lived with only the worst species of the sex," rejoined another speaker. "Depend on it, when a man abuses women it always proceeds from this cause."

"You, then, we may presume, who frequent only the society of ladies of fashion, entertain a high opinion of the sex," replied the man with spectacles, rather spitefully.

"Yes, I *do* estimate women most highly. I learned to think well of them from witnessing the conduct of my mother, and my sisters, brought up under her care," resumed the former speaker, warmly. "And I think a man who abuses the sex insults his mother, his sisters, and his wife, if he possesses one."

“It is not every man who is so chivalrous as you ; and if women—that is, what you call the estimable portion of them—won’t let men into their society *en déshabillé*, as we dine at our clubs, or allow us to smoke, or visit them in the dress we have been smoking in, what the devil are we to do but seek those who are not so particular ?”

“Those men who would not willingly make the sacrifice—a poor one, Heaven knows, it is—of dressing like gentlemen, to appear before ladies, and of resigning a filthy and disgusting habit for the sake of refined society, are not worthy of it ; and I should entertain but a poor opinion of women who were so wanting in self-respect as to permit men into their presence in the dishabille of the clubs, and exhaling the abominable odor of cigars.”

At this period of the discussion, which was becoming more animated, Sir Thomas Arlingham entered the room. He approached the circle, and had scarcely returned the greetings of his acquaintances, when he said, “Have you heard of my son’s robbery ?” Mr. Melville looked around triumphantly, and then nodded to Lord Wallthorpe, as if to say, “You see I have won.” “You must know that last night, while Harry was taking a warm bath, and had left his watch, keys, and purse, on the table in his dressing-room, some robber entered, took possession of the watch and purse, and walked off with them, taking also his writing-box, in which were some eighty or a hundred pounds. One of the housemaids met the rascal on the stairs going down, and questioned him, when he said he had come by Mr. Arlingham’s orders to take the writing-box to have the lock repaired, so she let him go

away. How he got into the house no one can tell ; but we have had the officers from Bow-street, and they will find it out, I daresay."

Mr. Melville arose, looking particularly sulky, and whispering Lord Wallthorpe, "I owe you a hundred," walked out of the club, followed by the suppressed laughter of the circle, which caused Sir Thomas Arlingham to say, "I can't comprehend why you should all laugh at my son's robbery."

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DESIGNED BY J. P. GORTS. — ENGRAVED BY A. RUTTEN.

THE LADY OF THE LAMP.

## THE MAID OF SARAGOZA.

BY BYRON.

AND must they fall—the young, the proud, the brave,  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?  
No step between submission and the grave—  
The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
Is all that desperate Valor acts in vain?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of  
steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?  
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,  
Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead  
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to  
tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
O, had you known her in her softer hour,  
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase .

Her lover sinks, — she sheds no ill-timed tear ;  
Her chief is slain, — she fills his fatal post ;  
Her fellows flee, — she checks their base career ;  
The foe retires, — she heads the sallying host ; —  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost ?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall ?

## THE LITTLE HOP-PICKER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“AND after all, mother,” said Phœbe Young, “after all, mother, there is nothing so very hard in hop-picking—it is not like digging or ploughing. I have seen ladies make hay——”

“Spoil hay, my dear,” interrupted her mother.

“Well, toss it about,—and hop-picking is not harder work than hay-making; and the weather is so fine, and there is so little money to be earned by sewing or knitting, that it was very kind of the master to have me, considering how many girls are out of bread, and all willing to work:—long ago, when we were better off,” continued Phœbe, in answer to her mother’s tears—“long ago I have often stopt in the road to look at the hoppers, and longed to be with them, they seemed so happy; and now, dear mother, I have my wish.”

Mrs. Young pressed her daughter to her heart.

A poor woman, circumstanced as Phœbe’s mother had always been, must have encountered much of this world’s sorrow, must have had much to bear from that hard task-master—POVERTY. Her life was a repetition of the old story: early won—early wed—children born to die, weeping their little lives away in a few short months,

wailing at the world, it might be, for a year or two ;—of these, Phœbe was the youngest ; the eldest-born, a son, was sailing about some foreign seas, that his mother, perhaps, had never heard of. But it was not only the loss of her children and her time (the only inheritance of the poor) in nursing hopeless children, that Mrs. Young had to contend with ; her husband sickened—lingered—now better, now worse—a little uprising—and then, the never-to-be-overcome sorrow, his death—and again poverty ; and then her own strength failed, and the armor she wore to defend her against all these trials was a Christian's faith in the future. She never sat down with sorrow and cherished it ; but when fever so enfeebled her limbs that she could not walk, or move even to the green bench outside her door, she would sit at work on her straw mattress ; no matter whether she was paid for what she did or not, she worked ;—and those who passed heard her sweet full voice singing—not joyously, that it never did after her husband's death, but habitually—old trolls and snatches of songs, but most generally psalm-tunes, such as she had learned from her grandfather, who had been parish clerk for fifty years. Every evening, in the summer at sunset, and in the winter at nightfall, if you passed the widow Young's cottage, you were certain to hear the “old hundredth,” and the very merriest and noisiest of the hamlet children would subside into silence when they heard the melody creeping over the village green, and steal to the window on tip-toe, though they had listened to it the night before ; there was something so touching and so devotional in the sound of the poor

woman's voice, that men, tardy at removing their hats at the church-door, would uncover whenever they heard Mrs. Young sing the old hundredth.

"Industry," she used to say, "made her cheerful; and patience, some time or other, brought prosperity." But, poor thing, though she had a deal of patience, the prosperity did not come.

Her eldest son, Harry, had been at sea for many years, so many, that Phœbe could not remember him; and his mother gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. When she wept over his forgetfulness, she apologized to herself by saying that she did so because he was her first-born; and when Phœbe's wants drew tears from her eyes, she in the same simple way observed that she would not fret as she did about the girl, were it not that she was her youngest child! None of her humble neighbors smiled at these excuses, because they were natural—they were just like what they would have framed themselves.

For all her cheerful words, Phœbe's thoughts took a different range than they take in general with girls of her class. She would sit knitting midway between a little *burn*, or streamlet, and her mother's bee-hives, and the soothing murmur of the water, as it crept on through the sedges and pebbles, the hum of the bees, and the sweet, solemn sound of her mother's voice, chanting forth the "old hundredth," never failed to set her musing or dreaming, which amounted to the same thing as far as the knitting was concerned. She was conscious that this was evil, and she thought she would become more happy and

more useful if an active employment broke up the habit altogether.

“You shall not have to reproach me with idleness in future, dear mother,” she said, when resolved to “go hopping;” “and I will be obliging to all; no complaints shall come from the hop-fields; and you are well enough now to do a great deal for yourself; you will not miss me at all, my mother, in these long days. I shall make a little money, and a very little does for us.”

Phœbe went to the hop-garden with a determined resolution to work—not dream; but more than once, during the first week, her companions saw her loitering beside the well that supplied the hop-ground with water, and when recalled from her reverie, poor Phœbe found it no easy matter to get to active work immediately.

Those who have never seen the vineyards of France rave about their beauty, but a Kentish hop-ground is much more beautiful; the green and graceful tassels of the hop form more picturesque garlands, as they swing in the breeze, than the cropt vines are permitted to achieve; and the gatherers were joyous, when, not very long since, they had the assurance that a day's labor would produce something more than a day's bread.

The perpetual looking to the future, which is one of the great characteristics of an Englishman, is also one of the great sources of English wealth; and if last summer the song in the hay and the hop-field was less frequent and less joyous along our Kentish shores, it was simply because the peasants were forced to think of the pressure of the times, to anticipate that the small loaf would

become still smaller, and that some who enjoyed the privilege of breathing the fresh air freely, would be doomed to the reproach of the workhouse before the next spring came. But Phœbe indulged, so to say, in no such speculations; she endeavored to work, yet her thoughts were perpetually of her brother; this feverish anxiety to learn something of one she could not remember marred poor Phœbe's exertions, and rendered her so dream-like and uncertain, that many of her companions did not consider her over wise. Sometimes these fits of musing would come on in the little garden; but whenever from any of the heights she caught a view of the sea, she remained as one spell-bound, fixed in a moment, her hand raised so as to overshadow her eyes, her lips apart, her energies bent on discovering a sail, and then wondering if any beneath its shadow knew aught of her brother. Had she been a boy, she would have gone to seek him, ploughing her way from ocean to ocean; and even as it was, so eager was the girl to find her brother, that nothing but her mother's helplessness prevented her changing her dress, and going fairly "aboard." Whenever she could borrow a book of travels, she would read and read, only wondering that people wrote so much more about the dull land than the bold, adventurous ocean; and nothing could surpass the eagerness with which she conned over the maps which modern improvement hangs in our rural schools.

Phœbe delighted her companions by her acquaintance with the seas; but she had no knowledge of the land. Soldiers would pass her unnoted, almost unobserved—



but sailors could not do so. She would stand and stare after them, and sometimes, looking with her eloquent eyes into the face of some good-natured jack-tar, ask "if he knew her brother, Harry Young, who sailed away in a great ship years ago?"

The hop-picking season was drawing to a close, and except when Phœbe went to the well, all things proceeded in their usual way; but whenever she went there, the sight of the blue sea beyond set her musing, and all else was forgotten.

If she had heard of "castles in the air," she certainly did not understand what they meant, and yet she was an admirable architect of cloud-capt towers herself. She pictured her brother in a blue jacket and a round glazed hat, singing a song called "Poor Jack," and dancing perpetual hornpipes, such as she once saw danced at the theatre in Gravesend. Her visions were not ambitious. He would be able to take care of their mother, and they should never be obliged to leave their cottage—that was all. Nothing could be more pure and simple than Phœbe's love for her absent brother.

"Who knows," said one of her companions, "but your brother may come home and make a lady of you?"

"I don't know I should be any the happier," was her reply. "I have heard that fine ladies cried as salt tears as poor girls—mother says it's all balanced. No, if he would come home in that pretty glazed hat—if I could only hear him say the sea-words the gentleman did in the play, and see him dance the hornpipe, I should be content."

She endeavored to learn Dibdin's songs—those songs that kept alive the brave sea-spirit of old England in its time of peril—until she perceived that the exertion of learning them affected her mother ; indeed, the nearer the widow's pilgrimage approached its earthly termination, the more continually did she confine herself to her favorite psalms. Sometimes Phœbe's heart would overflow, and she would talk of her brother—of how trim and handsome he undoubtedly was ; how much he would be admired ; how every one would inquire who he could be ; how well his little round glazed hat would look upon the nail beside the old clock ; and, above all, how astonishingly he would dance the sailor's hornpipe. This poor Phœbe had deemed a certainty ; a sailor who could not dance a hornpipe was no sailor at all, in her opinion—the sailor's hornpipe was one of the glories of the English navy.

The length of time elapsing between the formation of these dreams and their realization did not discourage her in the least ; on the contrary, whether knitting or sewing, or hopping, or hay-making, it was all the same. Even during the long nights of the past winter, when a hasty step paused at her door, she held her breath, thinking it must be her brother. When it continued its way, she only murmured, "Well, perhaps to-morrow night." Tidings of wreck and destruction of ships, far, far from their homes, often caused Phœbe's eyes to overflow ; but in an hour she was afloat again—her hope as bright as if it had never been dimmed by a single tear.

When her day's work in the hop-field was finished, she would go half a mile round to catch a glimpse of the sea,

and perhaps the close of evening would find her transfixed to the spot. She loitered and wasted her time certainly, but not in sports or evil company.

The hop harvest was finished, the breeze no longer flaunted amid the tall alleys and tangled foliage of the bine—the crisp leaves of the beech, and the cones of the fir, the acorns, and the curled leaves of the oak, were so thickly bedded over the wood paths that you could hear the footfalls of the lightest hare—the total effect of the landscape was changed—the sea no longer showed like a blue band, girding the green and swelling landscape, but had become heavy and lead-colored, and the fields were hard and brown. Shrill winds whistled through the village, and rattled against the windows. Age and childhood cowered over the fire, while youth and manhood met the weather with a defiance nerved for the effort. The voice of the widow was not heard distinctly as in summer, for the lattice was closed; and, truth to tell, it was more feeble than it had been. There was no fire on the hearth, and Phœbe sat beside her bed, not musing, but working, her needle quickened by necessity. There was a pause in her mother's voice.

“Thread this needle for me, Phœbe—my sight grows very dim; you do twice as much as I do in the day now.”

“So I ought, mother.”

“I wonder, dear, shall I see another summer. If I do not, and if your brother should return, you will give him my blessing. Tell him I kept out of the workhouse; and surely, Phœbe, I might have given way and gone in, but for the feeling about you both, not to have it said, dear,

that your mother died there. It was intended to make that house the refuge, not the terror, of the poor! — Ah, dear!”

Phœbe turned away to hide her tears.

“Are you cold, dear?” persisted Mrs. Young, during another pause in the psalm, “are you cold? Let me look what you’ve done. Why, child, you have wetted the cambric. Oh, dear! how can the needle get through the wet cloth? Why do you cry? — when this is finished we shall have fire, for the lady pays the minute that work goes home;” and again she trolled the psalm.

There was want enough within that little room, and much endurance had damped the cheerful spirit of both mother and child; but though damped, it was not extinguished, and the widow’s was sustained by the hope not of this world. Her pure transparent complexion, the lustre of her deep eyes, the purple hue of her lips, combined with her attenuated form, were all eloquent of the passing away of the present; this it was that caused poor Phœbe’s eyes to overflow; her mother had been “bad” so long that she never thought she could get worse — never, until that day, had she thought that the time was at hand when she should be left quite alone.

Again her mother paused.

“Phœbe,” she said at last, “I have just thought, if Harry should come home when I am gone, how would you know him?”

“He is my brother.”

“True, child; but you are changed, and so is he.”

“He is a sailor.”

"Yes, but there are many sailors beside Harry."

"Blue jacket and trousers, and round black hat," she replied, smiling through her tears.

"There are hundreds such."

"I have heard you describe him. Blue eyes, fair hair, long and curly—beautiful hair, mother."

"My boy—he had!" said the widow, clasping her hands, and looking into the vacancy in which she placed his form. "He had the loveliest fair hair, the sweetest voice and smile, that ever were heard or seen—and such a scholar!"

"And danced, mother?"

"Nay, I never saw him dance," she answered; "but he was a lovely rosy child—the only healthy one I ever had."

"I would know my brother among a thousand," said Phœbe; "something *here* would tell me. Not know my brother!—indeed, indeed, I should, anywhere."

"There have been times when mothers have not known their own children," was the reply; "time makes such changes. I am not what I was, nor you, my child, what you were. You are sunburnt, freckled; and sometimes, Phœbe, God forgive me! I think you have a hungry look. I have fancied you give me more than I ought to have of food—tell me child, is it so?"

There was a terrible earnestness in the poor woman's manner as she said this. Phœbe turned off the question; wondered at her mother's fancying such a thing; and plied her needle so quickly, that, her task finished, she set out through the sleet and wind to take it to its desti-

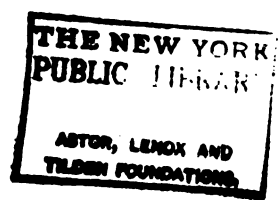
nation. The lady was not at home—her hope of fire and light destroyed. It was not new to her to be so circumstanced, for the long nights of winter are great trials to the poor. But she felt it bitterly, her mother was so unwell; and if she got worse, she should not have light to see how she looked. This affected Phœbe sadly. She walked on slowly, breasting the wind; and the sleet was so sharp, that she fancied it cut her face. She passed through the village; the windows were closed—she almost thought on purpose. She then hastened forward, but not so fast as to prevent a man, stumping along on a wooden leg, from overtaking her. He said it was a cold night, and she shivered out some reply. She thought he spoke in a gruff voice, but it might be only imagination. He asked her various questions; and when she said she was Mrs. Young's daughter, he seized her by the arm suddenly, and dragged her to where the last oil-lamp of the village shimmered an in-and-out sort of light. He held her there for an instant; she saw his red face, and his stubbly hair sticking out from beneath a travelling cap, his gold chain, and the ring on his finger. She thought him a hideous man; and when he released her, she darted forward with the swiftness of a roe. Before she could fasten the door of their cottage, the man had forced himself into the room. Some kind neighbor had brought and lit a candle during her absence; it was burning on the table, and Phœbe saw that her mother slept. She turned to the stranger, and pointed with her finger to the poor bed; his features were convulsed by some strong emotion; tears overflowed his face. He approached the

bed; the girl trembled violently. "Sir, dear good sir, do not harm her!" she exclaimed.

"Harm *her*!" he repeated, in a voice hoarse and suffocated, "harm MY MOTHER!"

A wooden leg, a red face, grizzled hair, and a loose travelling cap!—could *that* be her brother?—was such the realization of her dream? But the reality was better than the ideal; and so she thought before the next day was done—though she could not help smiling to herself at the idea of the *real*, not the *imaginary* Harry, dancing a hornpipe.

The last days of the widow, though not many in number, were rich in happiness; and her parting hours were so tranquil that her breath passed away with a note of the "Old Hundredth"—mingling a prayer of gratitude that Phœbe had found not only a rich but a kind protector, in her long-lost brother.







“FALSE AS FAIR.”

OH! False as Fair—’t is THOU!  
Well, to thy cheek, the blush may spring,  
Thou wanton, slight, and fickle thing,—  
And mantle on thy brow!

Little thou dream’st whose glance  
Rests on thy form, *besides* his gaze  
Who looks to wonder and to praise—  
(Thy conquest, made by chance!)

*I* watched thee! *I*,—betrayed  
By those same shy dissembling smiles,  
Those downcast eyes, and woman’s wiles—  
Thou false and perjured maid!

*I* watch thee! thou shalt rue,  
All thy life long, this moment’s harm,  
When, drunk with consciousness of charm,  
Thy beauty met his view!

Thou standest there,—beloved!  
His young blood quickens at his heart,  
His eyes dilate—his glad lips part—  
So much the sight hath moved.

Dost triumph in thy power ?  
Know, while thou mad'st *his* heart incline,  
The love I bore thee passed from mine ;  
Even in the self-same hour !

Thou stand'st condemned and lost !  
Condemned beyond forgiveness,—go !  
And take with thee the blight of woe  
This hour's abasement cost.

Thou reck'st not of the change :  
But suddenly thy life shall seem  
Like the dark shifting of a dream,  
Mournful, and cold, and strange !

Thou shalt see *me* again !  
But never more the glad surprise  
That warmed my cheek, and lit my eyes,  
Like sunshine after rain ;

When we two met,—and smiled, —  
After our partings of a day,  
As though we had been years away,—  
Years, in some desert wild !

My face shall grow so cold,—  
Thou shalt not glean one thought of thee,  
Where once full harvest used to be,  
In the bright days of old !

And all thy soul shall feel  
Chilled to such strangeness, thou 'lt not dare,

With mournful, fond, imploring air,  
Plead with this heart of steel.

*Ask those who have loved less*  
For pardons! Oh, thou serpent-twine,  
Thy heart,—thy soul,—thy eyes were *mine* ;  
And every light caress,—

Each idle lure of coquetry,  
Each smile, each look, that thou hast sent,  
"By way of beauty's blandishment,"  
Was treasure stol'n from me!

I know that thou wilt come,  
And reason of thy past offence  
With a beguiling eloquence,  
So to avert thy doom:

But I will say, "DEPART!"  
The mill-wheel stops, when fails the stream,  
The sleeper wakes, when fades his dream,  
And barren is my heart

Of all the gushing love ;  
The sweet illusion nursed for years,  
That should wake up beneath thy tears,  
And help thy voice to move.

Value thy conquest well!  
Cherish him! prize him! he was bought  
By loss of every happy thought  
That in thy heart could dwell.

His price—was my esteem !  
*My* love ; who loved thee well and long,  
Thought thee incapable of wrong,—  
And lost thee, like a dream !

Watch him ! lest even he,  
Beholding in thy conscious eye  
Remorseful thought of days gone by,  
Abandon thee,—like me !

Like me,—who go again  
To mingle with the herd of men,  
And die,—thou 'lt not know where, or when,—  
For thou and I are twain !

# LOUISE DE MONTEMAR.

A TALE OF THE PAST.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

It was a summer evening of sunny France, about the middle of the thirteenth century, and two young and noble ladies sat in one of the stone balconies of the ancient palace of Vincennes, looking forth on the fair scene of glowing sky, and, in that ruddy light, scarce less glowing woods, that met their view. The cheek of the younger—we can scarce say the fairer, for her companion boasted almost equal loveliness—rested on her hand; and though her eye wandered over the scene, it seemed as though she saw it not. The elder lady scarce looked around her, appearing earnestly engaged in studying the dreamer's countenance.

“Where can her thoughts be?” she mused; “her only relative, the Count de Montemar, is here with her at the court, yet are they far distant; there is some secret here of which I wist not.”

At this moment a young noble issued from one of the avenues, and, as he passed beneath the balcony, he checked his steed and gracefully saluted both its occupants; though the humility of his obeisance to the younger lady far exceeded that with which he recognized her friend.

A passing cloud overspread the snowy brow of Virginie de Fontaines as she noted the preference thus betrayed ; but after a moment's silence, she spoke, addressing her companion in one of the sweetest, most musical, most entrancing voices that ever thrilled upon the ear. "Fair Louise, whither roam your thoughts ? Often have I heard you speak of the pleasure you take in the fair scenes of nature ; here is one of the fairest in broad France spread before you, yet you heed it not. Anon the young and handsome Count Albert de la Roche greeted you with his most graceful bow, yet you perceived it not. I suspect me," she added, with a smile, "some absent one is chargeable with all this insensibility."

"My thoughts had indeed wandered to other scenes and absent ——"

"Persons !" added Mademoiselle de Fontaines, laughing, as her companion paused. "Nay, you need not tell me, I can guess your whole romance ; the gallant son of some neighboring noble, who boasted more high blood than broad lands, laid his barren laurels at the feet of the heiress of Montemar, who loved him for the brave deeds he had for her sake done ; but her stern sire, doubting whether they were not for her lands' sake, banished the bold suitor from his castle, and brought his lovely heiress to Vincennes, that under the auspices of our good Queen Blanche, she might wed some one more worthy to be lord of the princely possessions of Montemar."

The dark eyes of the speaker dwelt searchingly on her companion's face, as her silvery tones died away ; but

their winningness had opened the unpractised heart of Louise de Montemar, and she replied, smiling —

“Nay, there you are in error, for father as well as daughter approved the suitor ; he made but one condition — that as he had no son to bear the cross he had himself borne in his youth, he who aspired to such a title should first assume it, and couch lance in the cause of the Holy Sepulchre.”

“Then wherefore this abstraction ?”

“Whether he be in life or death I know not ; for from the day of his departure I have heard no tidings of him,” Louise mournfully replied.

“Then is he unworthy to be remembered,” said Virginie, loftily ; “cast him from your heart !”

Louise shook her head — “So says my father ; but it is not easy to forget one to whom I was affianced from my infancy, and by whom I believed myself loved even from my childhood.”

Virginie smiled at the artlessness of the confession. But after a minute’s pause observed — “Louise, you may have tidings of him in a few hours, if you will.”

“How ?”

“To-morrow we go to Paris, to spend a night with my kinswoman, the Countess de Serres ; to reach her hotel we must pass the shop of Aldini the perfumer. Ladies ever want perfumes, you know,” she added jestingly ; “we will visit him, and demand to see what he hath that is rarest and most precious ; whereupon, if rumor beliest him not, he will conduct us to the presence of the great Italian magician, Giulio Bernardi, who can show the



knight his ladye-love bestowing the embroidered glove or kerchief on a rival—the maiden her lover pressing to his lips the treasured lock of hair.”

“Nay, if he deal but in such tokens, he could show me nothing,” said Louise, “for my knight took nothing from Montemar, save my silver-haired spaniel, its mistress’ heart, and her father’s blessing. But, in good sooth, dear Virginie, we may not visit this magician—it would bring nought but evil and sorrow upon us.”

“It would bring nought save the knowledge of how highly prized by our brave knights are your favorite and my scarf.”

“Our knights!” exclaimed the heiress, in surprise.

“Yes, truly, and wherefore not, sweet lady?” demanded Virginie, playfully. “Dreamed you that none save Louise de Montemar had need to seek the Italian’s aid to bring the absent to their view?”

“Yet must we not go, fair Virginie,” said Louise, with earnestness. “To seek the aid of magic, instead of relying on God and all his saints, will it not place us within the influence of the powers of evil?”

Her companion laughed; but Mademoiselle de Fontaines was one of those persons who conceal beneath an air of amiability, badinage, and most surpassing sweetness, a wilful and determined spirit, and a fearless heart; and few indeed were the enterprises on which she resolved which ever had been foiled; no marvel then that in so small a matter as that of misguiding a young and inexperienced girl—one, too, on whom she had lavished so much apparent affection, and over whom she had acquired

a great and growing influence—she should be in the end successful.

The morrow's declining sun saw them at the door of Aldini the perfumer, in prosecution of their secret errand. Louise trembled violently, from irrepressible agitation, and frequently entreated her companion to return, pleading a foreboding of evil, and a consciousness of doing wrong which must tempt its presence ; but Virginie alternately caressed and rallied her, until the Rubicon was passed, and they stood within the abode of magic.

A strange and fearful place was that chamber, with its only light—a scanty portion—admitted through a lofty stained glass dome, and just enabling the visitors to perceive the uncouth, and, in some instances, appalling forms of the many brazen vessels and machines that met their view ; while above their heads swung suspended reptiles of every description, from the tiny lizard to the mighty serpent, stuffed and twisted into even more than their living repulsiveness and ugliness—till, in that dim light, the startled girls could scarce believe them otherwise ; and Louise, who had hitherto so greatly dreaded the sight of the magician, now heard his approaching step with a sensation of relief.

Giulio Bernardi was a tall, slender man, with a dignity of mien which his strange oriental garb tended much to heighten, and which, natural or assumed, was calculated to impress the timid with reverence, and insure respect from those who, in mockery or in earnest, came to test his pretensions and the potency of his spells. His countenance was calm and cold, and it seemed as though the

years which had passed over him had, in their flight, borne away from his features the expression—as from his heart the feeling—of interest in his kind, or sympathy with their sufferings or their joys; while his bright, steady, searching eye, felt, to whomsoever its glance was fixed upon, as though it could pierce into the very heart, and read its inmost secrets.

“Maiden, what would you with me?” said the Italian, advancing to Virginie, and speaking in a slow, deep, yet harmonious tone, which, clear and sweet as it was, wore all the coldness which his aspect indicated.

“Tidings of the absent,” she replied.

“Is the person in France, or beyond its limits?”

Virginie paused—a doubt arose in her mind; should *she* first seek to annihilate distance, and bring her lover to her sight? Another moment, and by a wave of her hand she referred Bernardi to her companion.

“He dwells in—Palestine;” so was the same question answered by Louise, after a moment’s hesitation—she could not in *that* place use the accustomed appellation.

“I ask thee not *where*, maiden,” said the magician, sternly. “If he be on the face of the earth, to me it matters not where, he shall appear before you. Write on this scroll his name, and the hour in which you saw him last, then roll it up.”

While Louise was engaged in fulfilling his commands, Bernardi himself was busied in preparations. He drew aside a curtain which concealed an alcove, in which stood a large mirror of singular brilliancy; before it was a brazier on a marble stand. He next placed on the brazier

some small pieces of gums of various hues, and a pile of fragments of aromatic wood; then, holding on high a phial full of some clear white liquid, poured it on the pile. Even as he poured, a brilliant flame arose, and in a few seconds a fragrant cloud filled the apartment.

“Let silence reign around!” said the deep voice of Giulio Bernardi, as he raised the scroll and cast it into the flame. Then his voice was heard uttering in earnest and solemn strains the words of some unknown tongue.

As she heard the parchment crackle, and felt the decisive moment was at hand, the heart of Louise beat yet quicker, as she pressed closer to her companion—her only protector—for *there* she dared not breathe one prayer to the Virgin for aid, nor even make the sign of her faith.

In a few minutes the voice ceased, the fire sank to ashes, and the smoke cleared away. Louise clasped her hands. The mirror before her seemed no longer a mirror, but a picture. It depicted the interior of a tent, through an opening of which might be seen the yellow sands and lofty palm-trees of an eastern land; on one side of the tent was a couch, on which lay the defensive armor of a knight; the shield was turned towards them, and the device, a flying heron, was distinctly visible. In the centre sat a youth, attired in a white mantle, the red cross on whose shoulder proclaimed him its champion. In person he was tall and stately, his features were delicate and clearly cut, and, but for the brilliant black eye and thick moustache, his appearance might have been deemed effeminate.

When first presented to their view, the knight sat with

somewhat downcast head, resting his brow on his hand, as if in meditation ; but, after the lapse of a minute, a small and very beautiful dog, which had been hitherto unperceived, darted from one end of the couch and sprang upon him. The crusader fondly caressed the graceful creature, as white even as his own spotless mantle ; it laid its silvery head upon his shoulder, with the air of one that had never been taught he could intrude. Anon the dog leaped to the ground, and gamboled sportively to and fro, as though at once to prove its joy and win its master from his saddening thoughts. The knight smiled as he watched it, and when at length the tiny foot became entangled in the folds of a blue and silver scarf, which depended from a remote table, he started from his seat, and though, ere he could reach it, the struggling animal had obtained release by rending the slight fabric from end to end, the knight merely smiled again, and taking his playful favorite in his arms, turned away, careless that in so doing his own foot trod upon the fractured scarf.

At this moment an impatient and scarcely suppressed exclamation burst from the lips of Mademoiselle de Fontaines, and at the same instant a cloud appeared to roll over the surface of the mirror, and the vision which had given such pleasure to the heart of Louise de Montemar had disappeared.

“Methought I enjoined silence,” said the Italian, pointedly.

“You did, fair sir,—and you, dear Louise, I crave your pardon for thus abridging yon wondrous vision. But truly the exclamation was involuntary ; I remembered not

that what we gazed on was unreal, and had nearly laughed to see how lightly your knight regarded the rending of his scarf."

The magician bent his dark, searching eyes upon her countenance, and a strange smile overspread his own.

"Nay, dear Virginie, it mattered not," replied Mademoiselle de Montemar, affectionately. "Already had I seen all I needed, and I have you to thank for the happiness it has afforded me. And now, dear lady, shall not the Signor Bernardi show you a like kindness?"

"Not this night; it waxeth late, and ere now my aunt expects us. Some other day, signor, I shall crave your good offices."

As Virginie de Fontaines spoke, she rose from her seat, and bowing haughtily to the Italian, turned to leave the apartment. The gratitude of Louise prompted her to place a princely recompense on the table of the magician, ere bowing her leave. As she passed towards the door, she brushed by one of the serpents, which at the touch swung round upon its wire.

"Lady, beware of the adder!" said Bernardi, as he perceived it. His tone seemed less cold than hitherto, and Louise looked up at him in surprise; but his aspect was calm, passionless, and chilling, as was its wont.

How rapidly are the passions of the human heart sometimes developed! Mademoiselle de Fontaines had entered that chamber with feelings of indifference to the companion for whom she had always professed so much affection, and to whom she had attached herself, merely because the former, being one of the greatest heiresses as

well as one of the fairest ladies in France, was certain to become a person of considerable consequence at the court, and that by means of her influence over the unsuspecting girl she might herself possess a reflected lustre, as well as a degree of power she could not otherwise acquire. For fair and well-born though she was, Virginie's ambition far exceeded her beauty, and yet more, her rank and riches. But when she left the scene of that magical illusion, it was with strange and bitter feelings swelling within her bosom, and almost overtaking her powers of concealment. She also, like Louise, had beheld the object of her affection—nay, of her passionate attachment; but, unlike the heiress, it was to know that she was scorned. For when Virginie de Fontaines, by the force of her Circean spells, which had erewhile bound many a victim, fascinated the young knight who tarried at the court for a brief space, ere he departed for the Holy Land, she found that she had not herself escaped unscathed, but that in striving to captivate him, she had fallen into the toils, and loved him with a devotion of which she had not dreamed that her own heart was capable.

When, therefore, the object of her firm and ardent love was summoned before her eyes as the affianced of another, it was the very violence of the shock which enabled her to endure it with apparent calmness. And, besides, there was for a time the doubt whether it was his truth or falsehood to Louise which should be then revealed; and might not *she*, the latest seen, the latest loved, live brightest in his memory? But when the phantom knight

sprang forward, and the scarf—her scarf, her almost proffered gift—was crushed contemptuously beneath his foot, then, also, the fleeting passion of rivalry was crushed within her heart, to be succeeded by the more noxious and enduring weed of bitter hatred. All the sufferings of a life of pain and anguish seemed crowded into that moment of wildest agony, which had well-nigh betrayed her by its intensity ; and though the next found her calm and self-possessed, it was but the smooth snow on the volcano where fire is raging furiously beneath. The bright vision which she had so loved to dream had vanished, and she had been rudely awakened to find herself despised—to know that she could woo and win but for a time, and be forgotten when her bright eyes and brighter smile were no longer gleaming round him, and those soul-subduing tones which had entranced him were no longer breathing their spells into his ear. Like a cloud, which for a while may float between the star and the fountain on which its rays are wont to rest, so had she been, and so had she passed away, fading into nothingness, leaving no trace on the cold waters, while the starbeam shone forth again brightly as ever on their bosom.

All this was very hard to be endured by a heart so wilful, so passionate and ill-disciplined, as was her own ; and, perchance, it was the harder that the passive star which, without an effort, had dispelled her influence, was the soft and gentle girl whom at her will she ruled, and whom she half despised for the very gentleness which made the task so easy. Yet she visited not on Louise the fickleness of her absent lover ; for her manner was



still as affectionate, her voice as endearing, and her time as devoted to the confiding girl, as they had been of old. Yet there was a change in Virginie, though few perceived it; for a cloud hovered over the lofty brow, and sometimes dimmed the diamond eyes, and, though yet more rarely, her brilliant wit displayed a pungency akin to bitterness.

While Mademoiselle de Fontaines thus exercised a forbearance and generosity for which none gave her credit—because they suspected not she had occasion, and least of all the fair girl herself—time rolled on, and winter spread his silvery mantle over the earth, and, still rolling on, left him in its rear, and again buds and blossoms gladdened the eye. It was the 25th of April, and lights gleamed, and tapestries waved, and beauteous ladies and gallant knights trod the stately measure to the sound of the far-echoing music, and all was revelry within the palace of Vincennes; for it was the anniversary of their absent sovereign's birth, and his mother, the still fair Blanche of Castile, held high festival in its honor.

Fairest among the revellers was Louise, and gayest among the gay; for since her visit to Giulio Bernardi, the cloud that was wont at times to overshadow her had, though she scarce knew why, disappeared—and many a young knight gazed on her bright form, as she flitted past him, with that admiration which is akin to love. Foremost among these was the Count Albert de la Roche, who scarce left her side, and spared no act of courtesy which might aid in proclaiming him her devoted knight. But though her gentle and easy reception of his obsequious

gallantry might have made the bold count deem his suit not unwelcome, somewhat of a change came over the spirit of his dream when he perceived with what alacrity Louise obeyed the summons of the queen, by whom she was always treated with the most marked kindness; for the Count de Montemar had ever proved himself one of her son's most loyal subjects, and his princely band of vassals had decided in Louis' favor the fate of many a battle.

Mademoiselle de Montemar had not occupied her place for many minutes beside the chair of state, ere intelligence was brought to Queen Blanche that a knight from the Holy Land craved admission to her presence.

"Admit him instantly," she exclaimed. "Right welcome to Blanche of Castile are all who have borne lance in the cause of the Holy Sepulchre; and thrice welcome will he be, if he bring tidings from my absent son and sovereign!"

The intimation of an arrival from that land, which was not merely the present abode of their good king, but in which sojourned so many others both near and dear to hundreds there, and whence such rare and uncertain tidings were received, acted like a spell on that assembly; the dance was abandoned, the music ceased, and all gathered near as they might presume, to hear—while many a heart beat tumultuously, in doubt of who the stranger guest might prove—one very dear, perhaps; or it might be that he brought tidings that that dear one never more might greet their eyes. Louise, who had not been dismissed, stepped back behind the queen's chair, and shaded

by the overshadowing drapery that encircled that portion of the apartment, awaited the event unobserved, for a more powerful magnet was there in the person of the advancing knight.

"Count Henri de Brillon, you are most welcome," said the queen, as the knight, kneeling, kissed her hand.

Louise heard no more. It was he—her knight, returned in safety from that land which had proved the tomb of so many of France's noblest sons. Her first sensation was that of unmingled joy—her second, the benumbing recollection of his lengthened silence; and, wanting courage to meet him, she shrunk yet deeper into her retreat.

After his conference with the queen was ended, the Count de Brillon was surrounded by numerous friends of former days, and inquirers for those whom he had left in Palestine; and it was not until he had satisfied the anxiety of many a heart, and sent many away to weep who had not thought to have shed tears that night, that he found himself at liberty. Then, Louise, who never ventured from her shelter, lost sight of him for a while; and when he again met her eye, it was as the partner of her own intimate friend, Virginie de Fontaines. The sound of their light laughter broke upon her ear, and occasionally she could distinguish the silvery voice of Virginie, and the deeper tones in which the count replied.

"'T is strange of Virginie," thought Louise; "but in the happiness of hearing of her own lover, she has forgotten that De Brillon is, or has been, mine."

Then followed regret for having thus secreted herself.

but unsupported by her father, who was absent for a time at Montemar, she felt unequal to the trial.

Long as Louise watched there, so long the association of her friend and former lover was continued, and she could even perceive that Virginie was exercising all those powers of fascination with which she was so preëminently gifted to chain him to her side. But Louise de Montemar was one of those unsuspecting beings who appear to exist merely to become the prey of the designing ; and even at that moment she scarce harbored a thought that her affectionate friend was playing her false. "She sees me not," she reasoned, "and believes I have already departed." And depart she did, with a bursting heart, which hours of bitter weeping scarce sufficed to relieve.

The following morning Mademoiselle de Montemar did not leave her apartments until the hour when she usually waited on the queen ; then, calm, though heavy-hearted, she sallied forth, taking the nearest way to the royal presence. As she entered one of the galleries, she perceived two persons standing in one of the window recesses, and, averse to hold converse with any one, she passed quickly on ; but even the light sound of her rapid footsteps attracted the attention of at least one, and as they turned, she found herself confronted by Virginie de Fontaines and the newly-arrived knight.

Count Henri de Brillon appeared much surprised at seeing her, and somewhat abashed likewise, yet he lost no time in advancing to greet her.

"I had not the most remote idea you were here, dear

lady," observed the count, when the first salutations had been interchanged.

"That is not marvellous, my lord, since but little communication has passed between us of late," replied the lady, coldly.

The count colored, and was silent ; but after a moment he recovered himself, and observed, with a sigh, "It is but too true ; our friends in beautiful France think but little of the poor crusader beneath the burning skies of Syria."

Indignant at finding the charge of neglect thus retorted on herself, the flush deepened on Louise's cheek, and she was about to make a haughty reply, which the count perceiving, quickly added—"Concerning myself I can explain all things, if allowed an opportunity ; and there is another," he continued, even more gently than he before had spoken—"there is another to whom I hope you will not deny an interview—my sole companion during the long exile to which your father condemned me—your once favorite Fidèle."

"Dear Louise," said the musical tones of Virginie, who now spoke for the first time, and, as she afterwards declared, lest a quarrel should supervene—"dear Louise, here comes the Count de la Roche ; I thought he would not be far distant when she he terms the sweetest lady in France was here !" and she laughed merrily.

But Virginie had overshot her mark, and instead of exciting doubts of her friend's constancy, as she meditated, the powerful influence of jealousy fanned the love she sought to quench into a fiercer flame, and while his

brow flushed, and his form dilated, De Brillon exclaimed —“ The count is over bold to prate thus—I will teach him to keep a more seemly distance!” and he placed himself by the side of Louise, as if he would arrogate to himself the post of her protector.

“ You likewise are over bold, sir count,” said Louise, haughtily. “ Louise de Montemar needs not the aid of any to secure that respect to which she has ever been accustomed.” And sweeping proudly by, she pursued her way to the queen’s apartments. As she disappeared, the count turned to demand an explanation from his former companion, but she had vanished likewise.

It boots not to tell of how the returned crusader urged on De Montemar and his daughter that it was the force of circumstances, and not his act, that had left them thus in ignorance of his fate ; and how, in the fervor of his love, he swore that his heart had never been one moment false to its fealty to Louise ; nor how the frank old soldier, who had never in his life sought to disguise the truth, at length believed him all that he could wish, and his daughter was but too willing to share in the conviction.

The misunderstanding between the friends was sooner made up than that between the lovers ; for Virginie easily persuaded Louise that in the Count de Brillon she did not recognize the spectral knight, of whose name she had been ignorant, and thenceforward the sisterly intercourse of the two maidens continued unbroken by a single argument.

As the summer advanced, preparations were made to

celebrate at Vincennes, with great state, the marriage of the powerful Count de Brillon with one of the wealthiest heiresses in France. Her father had wished that it might take place at Montemar, in his own castle, and in the midst of his retainers; but this wish was overruled by the queen, whose god-daughter Louise was, and who desired to grace her nuptials by the royal presence.

The bridal morning of Louise broke bright and rosy—bright as the hopes of the lovers it was to see united—rosy as the bevy of maidens who surrounded the fair bride on her awaking, pouring forth their congratulations, some tenderly, and some in light and sportive strain. Most fervent among the former were those of Virginie, who embraced her, and prayed for her future happiness in an impressive and affecting manner.

“But the time is not far distant when we may congratulate you likewise, is it, dear Virginie?” said the bride, smiling, while her eyes yet shone with the tears her friend’s earnest expressions had called forth.

“I may not unravel the mystery I have always said enveloped my love,” replied Mademoiselle de Fontaines, with a smile, in which, however, there was no merriment; “but it may be that my bridal is nearer than you dream of.”

“May the saints grant it, dear friend, and may you be as happy that day as I am this,” said Louise, affectionately.

“The tree that has been long bent never recovers its former elasticity, and a heart that has been long oppressed, as mine, can never hope to be so light as yours.” Vir-

ginie's manner, as she said this, was so ambiguous and strange, that Louise longed to ask an explanation; for never before had the proud and lively girl alluded to unhappiness; and this also at the very moment when it seemed her bridal-day drew near. But they were no longer alone, for her other young companions, who had been engaged in admiring the rich attire of the bride, now rejoined them.

It would take more space than we can spare to describe that attire, or to detail the splendid procession that wound its way through the long galleries and down the broad staircases of the palace; our province is more with feelings and events than with pictures; suffice it to say that the crowd that filled to overflowing the royal chapel comprised the fairest and most gallant in France, and the bride who, in her pearl-pounced robe, stood before the altar, was worthy to be surrounded by so noble an assembly.

The nuptial-rites were finished—the Count de Brillon had plighted his troth to Louise, and received hers in return—the benediction had been pronounced, and the bride and bridegroom still knelt before the altar. Suddenly Louise fell forward, overcome, as all believed, by the solemnity of the sacrament. De Brillon started to his feet, and her father sprang forward to aid in raising her; but she was, to all appearance, lifeless. They carried her forth where the fresh breeze blew upon her, and the bright sun looked down upon her, while the voice of affection implored her to look on, and live for, those who loved her so devotedly. But it was all of no avail—the



ear was deaf—the eye was dim—the breath trembled not upon the lip—and the splendid robes which had been folded over the young bride's hopeful bosom were now to deck her for the tomb.

There was heard that night the voice of mourning or regret from almost every chamber in Vincennes, for Louise's gentleness had won her many hearts, and even they who loved her not were awe-stricken at her fate. So young—so loved—so blest—to die—to be cut off thus suddenly in the very fulness of her happiness—there was enough in such an evidence of the instability of human things to impress deeply even the most thoughtless and unfeeling. But in one chamber there were no tears—no lamentations for the lost one; though there they might have been expected to be poured forth with all the earnestness of sorrowing friendship; for it was that whose door Virginie de Fontaines had closed against all intruders. Within she sat, her hands clasped, her cheek flushed, and her eye brilliant with excitement, while a troubled expression clouded her brow with anxiety and half regret. There stood none now between De Brillon and herself; once before, in the absence of Louise, had she won him to forget her, and the same beauty—the same fascination, both of voice and manner, were still the portion of Virginie; might they not win him back again? That thought bade her cheek grow bright, but scarce with hope, for with it came the remembrance of one bitter and reproachful glance, which, even in the first moment of his overwhelming grief, De Brillon had cast upon her. Did he suspect her of any foul practices against the life so

dear to him ? If so, then was he lost forever ; and she had steeped her soul in guilt, and stained her hands, and all for nought—had served the tempter, and yet forfeited the bribe with which she had been tempted ; and she could almost have wished the deed undone ! But no, she would not think it ; he dared not, he could not, suspect *her* ; and the future should be as she desired it. Let her not regret her triumph in the very hour of its accomplishment ! And yet, strive as she would, regret still struggled with every prouder feeling ; and uncontrollable as were the passions which had led her thus deeply and blindly into evil, the better principles of our fallen nature still asserted their existence, and bade her shudder at the recollection of how dearly that triumph had been purchased.

Meanwhile De Brillon paced to and fro in grief and wretchedness that could know nor rest nor consolation. Not merely did he mourn one dearly loved, with whom every hope of earthly happiness had been entwined, but with the despairing anguish which knew that for his unrepented fault she had been offered up the guiltless sacrifice, he mourned for Louise as one whom his own thoughtless act had murdered. For while yet the life of his lost bride was deemed within recall, the count's eye had read a passing expression on Virginie's face, which revealed at once to him the extent of his misfortune and its source. And bitterly there now came over him the remembrance of those bygone hours when, scarce even for the while forgetful of Louise, but led away by heedless vanity, he sat at Virginie de Fontaines' feet, and listened

to her voice, and felt flattered by her smile, and when she bound around his arm her scarf, and bade him wear it for her sake. True, the gift had soon been cast aside, and the giver as soon forgotten; while the brief trifling with the coquette who sought to make every one by turns her slave had sat lightly on his conscience; but now each word of idle compliment—each act of youthful folly—seemed to burn into his soul, and bitterly, but vainly, were they now repented, when he recognized their punishment in the terrible and cruel blow which crushed him to the earth. Yet must the suspicion be locked within his own mind, for he had no proof to support it; and the necessity for such silence but augmented his hatred and detestation of her who, for his love, had wrought such evil.

Unable to weep, unable to pray, De Brillon paced the room, and though it was midnight, no thought of rest was in his mind. At length, a continued knocking at the door being unheeded, his page ventured to enter, and with broken voice, and eyes still wet with tears, presented a small packet, which he said a stranger had with difficulty found means to bring into the palace at that hour. The count signed impatiently for him to lay it down, and to withdraw.

“He prayed me by my love for the Lady Louise to deliver it without delay; and my lord, by his, to open it,” persisted the page.

In an instant it was torn open—a small gold phial and a scroll were its contents. On the latter were written these few words—“If he, who having a ruby of highest price

could once cast it by for a pebble of the shore, would now regain the gem when stolen, love may unclothe the eyes which jealousy hath sealed ; but let the foolish merchant thank him who bade sleep take the place of death." There required no more ; De Brillon comprehended the whole at a glance ; and it needs not to tell how, rushing on the instant to the chamber of gloomy state, he startled the watchers by the bier by his wild looks and strange demeanor ; nor how the bride was awakened from that death-like slumber, to bless her father with her smile, and to pardon the husband whose past folly had placed her in such peril. Nor needs it to describe the but half-satisfied wonder of the court at the strange tale which but imperfectly was told ; nor how, though no charge was uttered against her—though no accusing whisper breathed—the consciousness of detected guilt weighed heavily on Virginie de Fontaines, and, shrinking from the presence of those she had sought to injure so irreparably, she forsook the world forever, and passed the remainder of her days in a convent, where she ere long became as renowned for her piety as she once had been for wit and fascination ; and where we would trust the crime she had in heart committed was more the subject of her regret and tears than its prevention by the secret agency of Giulio Bernardi, the magician.

## BEAUTY AND DRESS.

BY EDMUND PHIPPS, ESQ.

SPARE not, fair maid, each glittering gaud to seek—  
Grudge not the wasted hour ;  
Tinge with a borrowed rose thy tender cheek—  
Heightening thy beauty's power ;  
Summon more maidens for the mystic rites,  
To aid thee at thy call ;  
Arrange the mirrors, and dispose more lights,  
Then deck thee for the ball.

It was not always thus : in days gone by,  
Simplicity, not art,  
Was thy first charm. Not to attract the eye,  
But to subdue the heart.  
Thoughtless of admiration, how could men  
Not worship such as thou ?  
Success was certain to attend thee then,  
As sure as failure now.

A modest blush supplied the frequent rose,  
Flowers decked thy flowing hair ;  
No labored arts delayed the toilet's close !  
No foreign aid was there !

Then thou wert simple, innocent, and free—  
    Would thou wert so again ;  
Free—for the world had not then trammelled thee  
    With self-accepted chain.

Now let thy flowing flounces' ample round  
    Thy empty pride convey,  
And thy fair locks, where ornaments abound,  
    A faulty taste display ;  
Let the imprisoning whalebone aptly show  
    Thy intellect confined ;  
The feather, with its restless, dancing flow,  
    Present thy fickle mind.

The softest satin of the loom shall e'en  
    Thy polished skin outvie ;  
And diamonds of Golconda, with their sheen,  
    Outsparkle the bright eye.  
Thus decked, thou wilt attract each passing look,  
    But not one heart retain ;  
The gaudiest bait that floats, without a hook,  
    Would, floating, float in vain.

## MEDITATION.

BY J. HENRY PRINGLE.

*"For all is vanity and vexation of spirit."*

Wooing some more foolish vision,  
That the morrow melts away,  
Why, my heart ! with vain derision,  
Mock thy dreams of yesterday ?  
View the thousand idols broken  
On the altars of the past !  
Does the future send a token  
That her gilded shrines shall last ?

What is nature's dazzling beauty,  
But a bright, enchanting dream,  
That allures us from our duty,  
Far on passion's stormy stream ?  
What is gold, our worshipped treasure,  
But a meteor's baneful glare,  
That tormenteth, without measure,  
Spreading misery everywhere ?

What is worldly wisdom ? Madness.  
What is pleasure ? Sire to pain.  
What is grief ? The child of gladness.  
What is power ? A galling chain.



Painted by J. H. G. G. G.

Painted by J. H. G. G.



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**ASTER, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

What is war's embattled thunder ?  
A bold argument of wrong.  
What is conquest, but the plunder  
Of the feeble by the strong ?

What 's success, but change of sorrow ;  
When the smiles, that used to play  
In the dawn of hope's to-morrow,  
Have forever passed away ?  
What is fame ? A wind that sweepeth  
The cold surface of the grave.  
What is death ? A storm that sleepeth.  
What is life ? A restless wave.

Ere its sunny foam hath darkled,  
Ere it roll forever by,  
Think how hope's gay bubbles sparkled  
In the light of morning's sky !  
Seek love's promised land of roses ;  
Hail joy's isles of deathless bloom.  
Is it there that peace reposes ?  
Are those islands free from gloom ?

This world's bread is bitter leaven ;  
Pleasure poisons with her kiss.  
Virtue is the way to heaven ;  
And with virtue there is bliss.  
Go ! and hail that glorious vision,  
Which no morrow melts away !  
Then, my heart, with just derision,  
Mock thy dreams of yesterday.

## A ROMANCE OF RONDA.

BY MRS. ROMER.

THE inhabitants of the mountains of Ronda still bear evident traces in their moral and physical qualities of the admixture of Moorish blood, which, during the long period of the Arab domination in Spain, was so largely infused into the veins of the conquered people of the southern portions of the Peninsula. They are daring and courageous—devoted to those they love; but at the same time obstinate and vindictive, never forgiving an injury, and pursuing the infliction of one with vengeance which too often ends in bloodshed. The mountaineers are at once active and indolent; preferring the exciting perils of occasional *contrabandista* adventures to the prosecution of some more regular and creditable branch of industry; but there are exceptions to this lawless rule, and when a native of Ronda turns his mind seriously to business, the energy of his character enables him to succeed in the teeth of difficulties which mere plodding patience could never surmount.

Of this latter description was Isidro Valdes, one of the most prosperous proprietors in the immediate vicinity of the little mountain city of Ronda. He possessed an excellent habitation in the town, and a flourishing farm in the environs; his breed of horses and of game-bulls were

in greater estimation than those of any other proprietor in the mountain; he was handsome, amiable, and only twenty-four years of age. His dark countenance possessed all the animation and regular beauty, and his slight, well-knit form all the symmetry and grace, for which the Andalusians are celebrated; and never was Majo dress worn by one who so happily knew how to draw a line between elegance and coxcombry—dash and swagger; a distinction rarely understood by the bully beaux of Andalusia. All that was wanting to render his happiness complete was a wife; and, with his natural advantages, that want was easily supplied. His choice fell upon a young girl of Ronda of his own class, more richly endowed by nature than by fortune; but as he was wealthy enough to marry a portionless bride, and too disinterested to make money the chief end of matrimony, he did not suffer that objection to interfere with his wishes. He tendered his hand to the fair Carmen Diaz, and was accepted by her and her family with every demonstration of satisfaction.

The marriage was to be celebrated at the period of the fair of Ronda, when the town is one scene of bustle and gayety from morning till night, and the population of all the villages in the mountains, as well as many English officers from the garrison of Gibraltar, and gentry from the more distant cities of Andalusia, flock into Ronda to attend the bull-fights, which form the great attraction of the period, and always draw thither the most celebrated *toreadors* of Spain. At those times Isidro's house generally afforded hospitality to some of the English strangers

whom the scanty accommodations of the Ronda *posadas* would otherwise have condemned to sleep *a la belle étoile*; and they fared so comfortably in his cool, clean chambers, that those who had once been his guests always sought to return to him. One of these, more especially, an officer attached to the medical staff at Gibraltar, was as often led thither by his regard for Isidro as by his partiality for the sports of Ronda. Mutual benefits had been conferred of a nature to create no common regard between them, and in a measure to neutralize their difference of station. Doctor W. had saved Isidro's life during the dreadful period of the cholera—Isidro had rescued the Englishman from the hands of some of those desperate bandits who infest the mountains of Andalusia; and thus, when the young man had decided upon becoming the husband of Carmen, he despatched a letter to his friend, to apprise him of the coming event, and to solicit his presence at the marriage ceremony.

“I am, as you know, an orphan,” he wrote to him, “and have not even any near relations living; but since a fortunate chance has bestowed upon me such a friend as yourself, I feel that I do not stand alone. Come, then, senior doctor, and replace the father and the brothers I have lost—come and witness the event that is to insure the happiness of my future life. To all other guests but yourself my house will be closed during the period of the approaching fair.”

The invitation was accepted with all the warmth that had dictated it; and on the day previous to the one that had been fixed upon for the wedding, the doctor arrived

at Ronda. He was received by his young host with a countenance beaming with the happiest hopes, and the first words addressed to him, after those of welcome, were an assurance of the ineffable contentment of his heart.

"I see that you are desperately in love," observed his friend.

"In love! oh, doctor! if you knew my Carmen—but you will soon behold her—you would understand my transport. Yes, I am marrying her for love alone. She possesses nothing but that which surpasses all the wealth in the world, and which gold could never buy—beauty and grace that intoxicate the senses—goodness and purity that captivate the soul! Such are her perfections, that I scarcely dared to hope she would have accepted me."

"What! young, rich, and handsome as you are, you scarcely dared to hope?"

"Ah!" replied Isidro, "you know not all. It is because——" Then suddenly checking himself, he stammered a few incoherent words, and became silent.

His friend discreetly forbore to question him further, and the conversation soon took another turn. The chamber Doctor W. was in the habit of occupying, next to that of his host, had been prepared for him; and after a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Isidro, he pretexted some visits among the early *tertulias* of his fair friends at Ronda, and went out in order to leave the young man at liberty to pass the evening with his betrothed. At half-past eleven he returned to the house, and was preparing to retire for the

night, when Isidro entered his room, pale and agitated, and threw himself upon a chair by his side.

“What is the matter with you?” inquired the doctor; “are you ill?”

“No!” was the brief reply.

“Have you had a lover’s quarrel, then?”

“No, no!” he repeated. “But, good God! who would have thought that ——”

“Speak out, Isidro; open your heart to me — surely I have a right to your confidence.”

“You have,” said Isidro, pressing the doctor’s hands, “and you shall know all. This evening I went to the house of the Viada Juana Diaz, Carmen’s mother, where all the family were assembled. Carmen watched her opportunity, and at a moment when her mother and her brother were both so occupied as not to observe her, she whispered in my ear — ‘Isidro, will you be at home to-night, and alone, at midnight?’ ‘Of course I shall,’ I replied, astonished at the question. ‘Well, then,’ she resumed, ‘send your servants out of the way, and I will go to your house at that hour. When you hear three light taps at the door, open it yourself, and let me in, for I must see you alone before to-morrow.’ And then,” continued Isidro, “she turned away, and before I could stop her, she was in the midst of her guests; and it was impossible for me to address a word to her that would not have been overheard by them. And now, senor doctor, what do you think of this strange proceeding? A virtuous young girl, as timid as she is modest, to steal out of her mother’s house at midnight, in order to come clan-

destinely to her lover's, when only a few hours more will confer upon her the right of entering it openly! What mystery can be hidden under such an undertaking?"

"Do you believe that she loves you?" inquired the doctor.

"As truly as I love her; she has sworn it to me a thousand times."

"Tranquillize yourself, then; she can mean nothing that will afflict you. You will only have to listen to some girlish confidence from one who has already more reliance on you than on her mother."

"No, no!" exclaimed Isidro; "some storm is impending—some fatal secret remains to be revealed, that will prevent our marriage. But no! nothing shall prevent it! Rather would I die a thousand deaths than relinquish the fond privilege of becoming Carmen's husband." Then after a pause of some minutes, during which he paced up and down the room in the greatest agitation, he resumed: "Doctor, you are a friend sent hither by Providence to support me in this trial; you must hear all that passes between Carmen and myself, but unseen by her. Place yourself against that hanging, which masks one of the little Moorish arches that pierce the wall between my room and yours; you will be able distinctly to hear every word that passes between us, and will thus become acquainted with the powerful motive that leads Carmen to take so singular a step. Seat yourself there, extinguish the lights, and, above all, make no movement that can betray your near vicinity. I must now go down stairs and watch for her coming."



A few minutes afterwards Doctor W. heard the two young people enter the adjoining room precipitately, and close the door after them. The first words uttered were rendered indistinct by the sobs of the young girl.

“You are astonished,” said Carmen, at last; “you ask why I come to your house in the middle of the night, like one guilty or mad? It is because I love you, Isidro, and because I will not marry you!”

At this unexpected declaration, Isidro uttered a cry of indignation.

“Listen,” continued Carmen, gently, but firmly; “I will not marry you! You must fly—you must quit Ronda immediately! My heart would have broken had any one but myself forced you to this fatal separation, or had I not been able to tell you—to swear to you—that it is because I love you better than myself, that I refuse to become your wife!”

Speechless with emotion—indignant at what he supposed to be a heartless mystification—Isidro remained standing before Carmen, unable either to interrupt or to reply to her strange declaration. The young girl drew him towards her, and forcing him to place himself on the same arm-chair which she occupied, she passed her arm round his neck, and continued: “We are both very young, Isidro, and very inexperienced; because we have been absorbed in our mutual love, we have believed that there is nothing but love in the world. Instead of which, another time of life, and other interests, bring with them other passions. Remember your father and mine, and think what your fortune is compared with ours.”

“Well?” ejaculated Isidro, gasping—“well?”

“Well, my beloved,” replied Carmen, “those rich pasture lands, which constitute so great a part of your wealth, formerly belonged to my father. They were to have been my marriage portion; they were my mother’s fortune, and ought to have become the patrimony of my brother José.”

“Yes, Carmen, I know it; those lands belonged to your family, but your father owed money to mine far beyond their value; and if they have now become my property, it was because my father consented to accept them as a very insufficient compensation for the sums due to him.”

“You are right, Isidro; but everything relating to that transaction is calculated to wound my mother’s feelings—the debt itself, and the way in which it was paid. But that is not all. There is blood between our two families; and whose blood, great God?—*my father’s!*”

“Too true, alas! my Carmen; but ——”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted the poor girl, vehemently, “a worthless woman caused all the mischief! She was beloved by both of them—both forgot that they had other and legitimate ties;—they fought, and your father killed mine. These, then, are the motives for the hatred that must separate us: my mother and her children ruined for a gambling debt; my mother deprived, in the flower of her youth, of a husband whom she adored in spite of his faults; her children made fatherless.”

“I know it all—I knew it all long ago! And so thoroughly was I penetrated with the justice of the animosity

that was entertained by your mother for my father's son, that when first those lovely eyes enthralled my heart, I despaired of ever obtaining the blessing of your hand. But at last your mother consented to listen to my suit ; she looked with pity upon our mutual love ; she nobly sacrificed her resentments to our happiness ; and now, in return, all that I possess will revert to her family. I cannot, alas ! restore to her the husband she has lost, but I can give her a son who shall become the most devoted and submissive of her children."

"Oh, how miserably are you mistaken !" exclaimed Carmen. "Yes, brought up, as I was, to hate you—to execrate your very name—no sooner had love, despite those fierce prejudices, crept into my heart, than I foresaw, as you did, that our attachment must end unfortunately. What was my astonishment when I found that my mother encouraged it ! I thought that your merits had caused her heart to soften at last towards you, and that she was glad to accept the reparation you offered her. And why not ? It was not *you* who killed my father—it was not *you* who had impoverished us all. But oh ! how great was our error when we believed that such hatred could ever be extinguished—such thirst for vengeance die away ! Know, then, Isidro, that my mother's hate is still so strong, that your death alone can satisfy it ; that she contemplates in you only the offspring of a man whose memory she execrates. Know that, if my brother José has not already called you to account for the precious blood spilt by your father, it has not been for want of courage, but because my mother cast herself at his feet,

and besought him to forbear. She knew your strength, and the skill with which you handle every weapon, and she trembled lest she should lose a son as she had lost a husband. No, she aspired to a vengeance more certain—a vengeance which you yourself placed within her reach, when you threw yourself into the arms that have only opened to smother you. To-morrow you are to marry me, and from that day forward your life will no longer be your own—it will belong to those who have sworn remorselessly to pour out, drop by drop, the poison that is to destroy it. At first they attempted to make me their accomplice, for they thought that I, too, ought to avenge my father's death; but they soon found out that my love for you was stronger than my filial piety, and then they endeavored to conceal their intentions from me, and make me believe that they had relinquished them. I watched them narrowly, however, and have discovered all. Their guilty joy was not to be repressed, and it has betrayed them. They believe that they have taken safe and sure means of carrying out their vengeance unsuspected; and after having taken patience for so many years, who will venture to accuse them of being accessory to the death of a son-in-law? Fly, then, Isidro! Cross not the threshold of a house where certain death awaits you—abandon all connection with a family of homicides! Fly! and to-morrow I will appear alone at the altar."

"Fly?" repeated her lover—"fly, and leave you to the mercy of these assassins?"

"They will know nothing of the part I have taken in your flight. They believe me to be at this moment

soundly sleeping in my bed ; and I have taken such precautions as will insure my returning home without being seen or heard by any one in the house. They are, besides, far from suspecting that I have surprised their secret."

"Well, then, I *will* fly but it shall be with you, my guardian angel ! From this moment, I will lose sight of you no more."

"No," replied Carmen, in a resolute tone, "I cannot accompany you. I love my mother, guilty as she is, and I will not leave her. It is enough that I have betrayed her."

A long silence ensued, during which the doctor vainly endeavored to distinguish some sound beyond the stifled sobs of Carmen. At last Isidro's voice was again heard.

"Be it so," he said ; "I will fly from this place."

Carmen arose, and bending over her lover, pressed her lips to his forehead. Then both of them left the room together, and in a few minutes Isidro returned to it alone. His friend immediately joined him.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "I trust that you are determined to follow the advice of that noble girl, and that you will avoid entering into a family which she has so justly stigmatized as *homicide*."

"Oh, doctor !" exclaimed Isidro, quite unmindful of this remark, and entirely absorbed in his own tender recollections, "would that you could have seen her ! How beautiful she looked ! but at least you could hear the melting tones of her voice."

"I heard her give you the best advice that woman's

heart ever dictated, or woman's lips ever pronounced, and had she croaked like a raven, I should have thought her voice delightful. But come, my dear Isidro, set about your preparatives for departure without loss of time; instead of my remaining your guest here, you shall become mine at Gibraltar: we will start from hence at day-break, and once that I have you within the English lines, it will go hard with me if I do not console you for the unfortunate termination of this cruel adventure."

Isidro made no reply, but, throwing off his clothes, flung himself upon his bed.

"Good night, doctor," said he; "happy slumbers to you!" and scarcely was his head upon the pillow ere he fell fast asleep.

Doctor W. remained silently watching him for some time, absorbed in the physiological phenomenon thus presented to his observation—a man in love, menaced with the loss of his mistress and his life, yet sleeping as calmly as an infant on its mother's breast. Then, as he himself was happily neither in love nor in danger of being poisoned, and as he was moreover exceedingly tired by his long ride to Ronda, he retired to his own room to follow Isidro's example, muttering to himself as he undressed:—

"The devil's in it if I don't save the poor fellow, in spite of himself!"

The next morning at an early hour Isidro entered the doctor's chamber, dressed in his wedding suit, and looking so handsome and so happy that his friend could not

forbear complimenting him on his appearance. Isidro only smiled, but his smile was full of deep-seated joy.

“I see how it is,” thought the worthy Englishman; “he is so madly in love that he has determined at all risks to marry the woman he adores—and he is in the right. For my own part, I see clearly what I have to do. As soon as the ceremony is over, I shall carry off the bride and bridegroom, either by fair means or foul, and make them pass the honeymoon with me at Gibraltar.” And calling for his servant, he gave him private directions to have horses, and a mule with a woman’s saddle, in readiness for a journey, as soon as the wedding ceremony was over. Then, rejoining his friend, they proceeded together to the church, where the bridal party was to meet them.

Already had many of the inhabitants of Ronda flocked thither, eager and curious to behold the accomplishment of a marriage which was to unite two families that had been divided by fifteen years of the bitterest hatred. The unfortunate events that had caused the feuds were freely discussed by them, and the ruin of Diaz, his death, his widow’s sufferings, and the triumph of Valdez, were on the lips of all—and, with one accord, all blamed Isidro for contracting such a union. “Why,” they argued, “throw himself into his enemy’s power—why rake up the bleeding ashes of the dead—why attempt to offer reparation for that which is irreparable?”

Their reasoning was founded upon the mistaken principle of the old *vendetta*, which has descended to the Spaniards from the Arabs, and which may slumber for a time, but never dies. Some of the spectators fancied that

even at the eleventh hour Isidro would repent of his imprudence, and that the beautiful Carmen would wait in vain for her lover at the altar. But his intimate friends indignantly refuted such a supposition. "No," they asserted; "he will come, and he will marry her, even though a wall of fire interposed between them!"

At that very moment Isidro appeared on the threshold of the church, his face radiant with serene joy, accompanied by Dr. W., whose grave and anxious countenance offered a striking contrast to the happiness that breathed in that of the bridegroom. Almost in the same instant the Diaz family entered by a lateral door, poor Carmen silently addressing prayers to Heaven that she might not find her beloved Isidro there—that he might be already far from Ronda and his implacable enemies; when lo! upon reaching the altar, she beheld him already standing there, his eyes fixed upon her trembling form with passionate admiration.

The ceremony commenced and terminated without interruption, and the whole wedding party proceeded from the church to the house of Isidro, where an elegant repast had been prepared. Carmen, pale as the white roses that were entwined among her raven tresses, and leaning for support upon her exulting bridegroom, looked more like a criminal led forth to execution than a happy bride who had just been united to the object of her tenderest affection. Doctor W. followed close in the rear, and, watching his opportunity as they reached Isidro's house, contrived in a whisper to convey to the bride the necessity of immediately acting upon the preparations he



had made for their instant departure with him to Gibraltar.

Ere she could reply, Isidro interposed. "Doctor," said he, "go up to your room, and place yourself in the same spot you occupied behind the curtain last night; you have been initiated into the commencement of this affair, you must witness the end of it."

The doctor in astonishment obeyed; but this time desiring to see as well as to hear all that passed, he took out his penknife and cut open a small portion of the curtain that hung before the Moorish arch. Scarcely had he done so ere he beheld Isidro enter the adjoining room, followed by the mother and brother of his bride. José Diaz, young, slight, with a heavy, unmeaning countenance, did not look like a very formidable adversary; but the Viuda Juana, with her imposing figure, her keen, bright eyes, her hawk nose, and her thin lips—in all respects the very reverse of her son—was in truth the only enemy Isidro had to contend with. In the lines of her face the concealed witness fancied he could read cunning, dissimulation, and hatred that patiently waits for its victim, and in the sinister smile that curled her lip the ferocious joy of a vindictive woman who feels that she has at last clutched her prey. Isidro, as soon as he was alone with these two persons, closed the door carefully, and then, throwing himself into the arms of Juana Diaz, kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips.

"Mother, dear mother!—suffer me to call you by that tender name—oh, how happy you have made me! for to you do I owe the only felicity I ever coveted, the pos-

session of your beloved daughter, who is now—thanks be to Heaven!—my wife. Oh, bless you a thousand times, mother, for having forgotten for a moment your hatred, that you might bestow upon me so inestimable a gift. I shall enjoy my happiness but a short time, I know—but what matter? I am one of those who would barter a hundred years of mere existence for one rapturous week of love.”

“What do you mean?” she inquired, endeavoring to disengage herself from his embrace.

“That you have injuries to avenge,” replied Isidro—“that the blood of your husband rises up against me—that you intend to poison me!”

“Who told you—who *could* have told you so?” she continued, pushing him violently from her.

“Who told me?” he answered, calmly; “no one—or, rather, everything! Your lost fortune—your dead husband—your youth quenched in sorrow;—all require that I should perish by your hand. I know it, and I deliver myself up to you, so madly do I love your child! Another would have fled, but I remain; for death near her is preferable to exile far away. Let me die beneath the shade of my beautiful fig-trees, breathing the perfume of my orange flowers, my head pillowed upon Carmen’s bosom, my hand clasped in hers! See, mother, here is a deed of conveyance by which I transfer all my possessions to my wife—you will enjoy them with her when I am gone. Here, too, is a poison, unerring in its effects, which destroys existence without acute suffering, and leaves no outward trace by which its agency may be discovered.

Take it, and in eight days hence you may give it to me ; but let *one week* of health and happiness with my beloved Carmen be my portion ere I die ! Is that too much to ask of you ? Afterwards you may crush your child's heart with the same misery that rendered your own youth so joyless ;—young, lovely, and loving, you may deprive her of the husband she adores ! ”

The countenance of Juana Diaz had undergone many changes while Isidro thus addressed her, but at the last words a torrent of tears burst from her eyes. She rushed towards Isidro, snatched from his hand the phial of poison which he held out to her, and, dashing it upon the ground, crushed it beneath her feet ; seized upon the deed of conveyance, and tore it into atoms ; and then throwing her arms round Isidro's neck, she covered his face with kisses and tears.

“ Let us forget the dead,” she said ; “ you are my son—my noble, well-beloved son ! ”

“ Ouf ! ” muttered the doctor to himself, drawing a long breath, and wiping his eyes—“ he is saved ! ”

And now the chamber door was thrown open, and Carmen, pale and breathless, burst into the room in quest of her husband. Her mother ran forward to meet her ; took both her hands in her own, and, placing her in Isidro's arms, exclaimed with that accent of sincerity and deep feeling which finds its way at once to the heart—

“ He has carried the day ! and now, my child, with my whole soul *I give him to you.* ”

The wedding day finished more gayly than it had commenced. The doctor, instead of carrying off the new

married pair *vi et armis* to Gibraltar, danced a *bolero* that night with the Viuda Juana Diaz ; and, in the following year, when at the period of the fair he revisited Ronda, he again led out the same lady—now become a grandmother—and together they opened the ball that was given by her to celebrate the christening of the infant son of Carmen and Isidro.

## THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

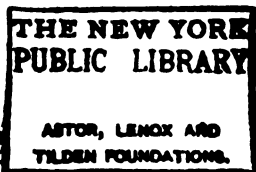
BY WALTER SCOTT.

THE Glee-Maiden had planted herself where a rise of two large, broad steps, giving access to the gateway of the royal apartments, gained her an advantage of a foot and a half in height over those in the court, of whom she hoped to form an audience. She wore the dress of her calling, which was more gaudy than rich, and showed the person more than did the garb of other females. She had laid aside an upper mantle, and a small basket which contained her slender stock of necessities, and a little French spaniel dog sat beside them as their protector. An azure-blue jacket, embroidered with silver, and setting close to the person, was open in front, and showed several waistcoats of different colored silks, calculated to set off the symmetry of the shoulders and bosom, and remaining open at the throat. A small silver chain worn around her neck involved itself amongst these brilliant colored waistcoats, and was again produced from them to display a medal of the same metal, which intimated, in the name of some court or guild of minstrels, the degree she had taken in the



P. M. van

A. H. Ritchie



gay or joyous science. A small scrip, suspended over her shoulders by a blue silk ribbon, hung on her left side.

Her sunny complexion, snow-white teeth, brilliant black eyes, and raven locks, marked her country lying far in the south of France, and the arch smile and dimpled chin bore the same character. Her luxuriant raven locks, twisted round a small gold bodkin, were kept in their position by a net of silk and gold. Short petticoats, deep-laced with silver, to correspond with the jacket, red stockings, which were visible so high as near the calf of the leg, and buskins of Spanish leather, completed her adjustment, which, though far from new, had been saved as an untarnished holiday suit, which much care had kept in good order. She seemed about twenty-five years old; but perhaps fatigue and wandering had anticipated the touch of time, in obliterating the freshness of early youth.



## FALSE ACCUSATION.

Silence! forth we bring them  
In their last array!  
From love and grief, the freed, the flown—  
May for the bier — make way!

“AND is there no hope? Is death so very near?” anxiously inquired the unhappy Emily, as she stood watching the last moments of a youth whom I was attending in the capacity of physician.

“Alas, none!” I answered. And at that moment he expired.

She heaved a deep sigh, embraced the senseless form of the departed Frederick, articulated a few unintelligible words, and fell lifeless in my arms. Poor Emily! every virtue, every attribute of perfection, shone in her now heavenly countenance! I could have forever gazed upon her angelic face, animated as it once was with so pure a spirit. But other duties imperiously demanded my attention; therefore, gently laying her upon a sofa, I quickly summoned the domestics of the house, that the last sad duties might be paid this ill-fated pair.

I now hastened from this melancholy scene, filled with adoration at the wonderful ways of Him, who had thought fit, by a multitude of bitter sorrows, to prepare these two most blameless of his creatures for the glorious society of

Himself. In a few days I was invited to attend the funeral ; when, in one grave, were the remains of both deposited.

Shortly after this lamentable event, I was made acquainted with the following history.

Frederick and Emily were cousins of the same age, of dispositions similar, and in situation in life nearly alike. The parents of both resided within a mile of each other. Being always companions and playmates, they had from the first dawn of their infant faculties imbibed a mutual and lasting affection, which ripened to pure and ardent love.

Frederick Blandford was the son of respectable parents. His father in former years had been gamekeeper to Lord Baltimore, but had retired upon a small property, and was now in the enjoyment of a farm, of which Frederick took the sole management. He was in his three-and-twentieth year, and about to be united to his cousin Emily, when he was sent by his father for a gun from the neighboring town, where it had been for repairs. Upon his return, on a fine moonlight night, through a small wood, he was suddenly accosted by a large party of men in disguise ; in an instant he was surrounded ; but turning quickly round, demanded who and what they were ? He got no answer, but heard one of the party say, " That 's Master Frederick, son of old Blandford, the game-keeper ; down with him, my boys ! " Being young and extremely active, he broke from them, and set off at full speed across the fields, to reach the open road ; but finding his pursuers close at his heels, he turned and fired upon

them ; he had scarcely discharged his piece, when he was struck on the centre of his face by a stone aimed at him by one of the poachers, which brought him senseless to the ground. The villains then deprived him of his gun, and took him off with them on horseback for nearly ten miles, until they arrived at a small farm-house, belonging to an old man named Layton, who resided there with his daughter. When they approached Layton's, the party halted, and talked together for some time. Frederick could hear but little ; but distinctly heard the leader of the ruffians say, "Do not hurt the old man ; though, if you can't get the girl off without, then you must not spare him, boys !" Six of the men immediately broke into the house. Frederick by this time had recovered sufficiently to enable him to stand, although with difficulty, and was leaning against a wall, his face still streaming with blood, when from the house issued two villains with old Layton's daughter in their arms, and hurried her on a pillion, where a man in disguise was already sitting. They were making through the yard, when the old man came out, exclaiming, "Take all I have, you villains, but leave me my child !" On the instant one of the fellows seized him by the throat, and held him back while the robber of his child galloped off. The old man now made one desperate plunge, and with a pitchfork struck the villain a blow that laid open his forehead. A shot was now fired, which laid the old man stretched upon the ground. While this scene of bloodshed was going on, poor Frederick was ready to faint, and heart-broken that he could not render assistance. Layton was conveyed in-doors, with scarce a

hope of life remaining. One of the laborers saw Frederick, weak and bleeding, leaning against the wall. To seize and secure him was the work of a moment, for he was ready to drop; his gun was discovered near the immediate scene of murder. He was dragged into the house, where the poor old man lay extended, with a horrid wound in his neck, from which the blood was copiously flowing. Frederick said a few words, with a view of explaining how he became present at this dreadful scene, when the dying man opened his eyes, and fixing them upon him with a horrid glare, exclaimed, "*That's the villain. I marked him! Look at his face! My blood and my child's blood be upon him!*" At these words Frederick Blandford fainted with weakness and horror, and for some time remained in a state of insensibility. Upon recovering his senses, he saw in the room several constables and a magistrate taking down the dying declaration of old Layton.

The unhappy youth was now pinioned, and conveyed to jail as a murderer. It was not until the following day that the anxious father became acquainted with the fate of his unfortunate son. Upon the arrival of the sad intelligence, he and the broken-hearted Emily immediately set off to visit him in prison. The swelling of his face completely blinded him. He could not see his poor father, who pressed him to his afflicted heart, and felt the scalding tears as they fell upon his cheek. But when he heard the faint voice of his Emily he exclaimed, "Oh father!—my Emily, I am innocent!" "I hope so, Frederick," replied the father. "By my God, I'll swear it!"

uttered the distracted girl, throwing herself round the neck of her unhappy cousin. The melancholy answer of his father seemed to strike deep into the soul of Frederick, as betraying a doubt ; " O yes, my father, I am innocent ! " was all his fevered tongue could utter ; when his parent comforted him by saying, " I believe you, my son."

In a few days it was reported that one of the villains had turned king's evidence ; this was true, and the informer no other than James Rodder, a notorious bad character, and a bitter enemy to old Mr. Blandford. This scoundrel had some time before been obliged to fly the country, for poaching on Lord Baltimore's estate. Upon his examination before the magistrate, he gave a similar account to that of old Layton, swearing that Frederick alone was the man who fired the fatal shot. This wretch was sent down to the jail, to await the trial at the ensuing assizes.

The neighbors of the two families of Frederick and Emily deeply sympathized with them in their melancholy situation ; for no one who ever knew the former entertained a single doubt of his innocence.

A few days previous to the trial coming on, he was permitted pens, ink and paper, and he wrote a whole account of his sad case. His father procured the aid of an eminent counsel from London. The assizes commenced, and the villain Rodder persisted in his story, adding that young Garrard, from the neighboring county, was the man that ran off with old Layton's daughter, and had never been heard of since. The evidence of this wretch prevailed, and weighed against poor Frederick's

plain-told tale. The gun acknowledged to be his, just discharged, was found on the spot ; the shot by which the poor man met his death corresponded with those remaining in Frederick's belt. The wound inflicted by the old man upon the face of the fellow who seized him, and his dying declaration—all tended to fix the guilt upon young Blandford. The verdict of "guilty" was pronounced amid the cries and shrieks of his wretched relatives. Frederick heard it unmoved, but with uplifted eyes he seemed to look to his merciful God with hope and confidence. Immediately after his condemnation, old Mr. Blandford set off for the estate of Lord Baltimore, earnestly supplicating his lordship to use all his interest to procure a respite for a few days, but to no effect ; the judge's report was so strong against the probability of the man's innocence, that his favor was denied.

The plain statement of facts which Frederick had drawn up—the excellent character he had always maintained for integrity—the all-pathetic appeal of poor Emily—together with the knowledge Lord Baltimore possessed of the infamous mode of life which Rodder had long pursued, induced him to offer one hundred guineas' reward to any of the men concerned in the murder and outrage at old Layton's, who would come forward and declare the whole truth ! Immediately this proclamation became known and talked of in the jail, Jacob Rodder (who was allowed the run of the prison-yard) was detected in attempting to escape ; in consequence of which he was closely confined and watched. Of this event Frederick instantly informed his father, whose suspicions against

Rodder became much strengthened; he communicated this fact with prompt despatch to Lord Baltimore, and a respite of fourteen days was granted to the condemned youth.

This time had expired save but one day, and every preparation made for the final scene of this unhappy tragedy. The next morning Frederick Blandford was to die for murder, and his aged and afflicted parents to be deprived of an industrious and affectionate son. To depict the heart-rending anguish of his cousin Emily is impossible—it would be to harrow up from the depths of misery each particle of its composition.

On the eve of that awful day Garrard was apprehended, who confessed, before Lord Baltimore, and the judges assembled, the whole truth. Rodder, upon hearing of Garrard's open declaration, was taken in strong fits, which never left him until death closed his miserable eyes. In his frenzy he accused himself of murder, and often would ask if poor innocent Mr. Blandford had yet suffered. This villain expired at the very hour that was to have been the last in this world to Frederick Blandford.

The unhappy but innocent youth was now liberated and conducted back by his fond father and devoted Emily to his once happy dwelling. They again thought of seeing and long enjoying days of peace; but, alas! these were gone forever! Without any visible illness, Frederick day by day wasted; his handsome face was disfigured forever; his tall and manly form was in a short time reduced to a mere skeleton. Emily was his constant attendant—but

death, alas! had marked him for his own. Not one unkind word ever passed his lips—not one complaint against his manifold sufferings. The only smile that played upon his lip during his sad and heavy time, was at that moment in which he surrendered up his spotless soul into the hands of his Creator. The rest of this melancholy drama is already told. “Peace be to their memory!”



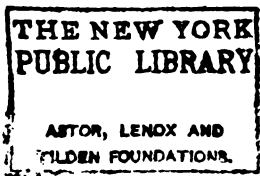
## MY COTTAGE MAID.

My cottage maid is lowly born,  
And wears a russet gown ;  
But well she might a court adorn,  
And dignify a crown ;  
She needs no ornamental art,  
In simplest robes arrayed,  
Where nature perfects every part —  
My lovely cottage maid !

For splendid halls she does not sigh,  
Where rank and fashion shine ;  
Where all is sparkling to the eye,  
Though hearts in secret pine.  
Her cottage roof is thatched with straw,  
No wealth is there displayed ;  
Yet she 's a gem without a flaw,  
My peerless cottage maid !

The flower, on which delighted sips  
The honey-loving bee,  
Is not so fragrant as her lips,  
Which bloom with smiles for me ;  
Her steps are all with music blest,  
Her form is grace displayed ;  
Earth ne'er possessed a lovelier guest —  
My lovely cottage maid !





## MORNING.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

### I.

BEHOLD glad Nature's triumph! Lo, the sun  
Hath burst the pall of night, and o'er the earth  
Reviving radiance scattered. Sleep hath done  
Her death-resembling reign, and thoughts have birth  
That thrill the grateful heart with holy mirth:  
While fresh as flowers that deck the dewy ground  
Gay Fancy's bright-hued images abound,  
And mortals feel the glory and the worth  
Of that dear boon—*existence*;—all around  
Unnumbered charms arise in every sight and sound!

### II.

The scene is steeped in beauty—and my soul,  
No longer lingering in the gloom of care,  
Doth greet Creation's smile. The gray clouds roll  
E'en from the mountain peaks, and melt in air!  
The landscape looks an Eden! Who could wear  
The frown of sorrow now? This glorious hour  
Reveals the ruling God! The heavens are bare!  
Each sunny stream and blossom-mantled bower  
Breathes of pervading love, and proves the Power  
That spoke him into life hath blessed Man's earthly  
dower.

## EVENING.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

### I.

Oh! sweet is the hour  
When low in the west  
The sun gilds the bower  
Where fond lovers rest,  
Then gorgeously bright,  
Beneath the blue stream,  
In garments of light,  
Departs like a dream!

### II.

Oh! sweet and serene  
The spell that beguiles,  
When night's gentle queen  
More tenderly smiles!  
The boldest are coy—  
The wildest are grave—  
The sad feel a joy  
Loud mirth never gave!

## III.

The spirits of love,  
To hallow the time,  
From regions above  
Pour music sublime ;  
Their harmonies cheer  
The mystical night,  
And steal on the ear  
Of dreaming delight !

## AN IRISH RUBBER AT WHIST.

ANONYMOUS.

FEW events are fraught with greater pleasure than the unexpected reünion of friends. It was my good fortune, before the days of January, 1828, had reached their teens, to meet an old military associate and his lady-like wife. After mutual expressions of pleasurable surprise, it was arranged that I should pass the evening with Major and Mrs. Simcox, at their lodgings in Buckingham-street.

In my anxiety to join such estimable persons I miscalculated the time, and arrived a quarter of an hour before my hosts were prepared to receive me ; the servant, however, bade me walk up to the drawing-room. The candles were not yet lit ; a taper, which had been used for sealing letters, afforded sufficient light to prevent my stumbling over chairs and tables as I made my way to the hearth. Conceiving that I had a right, according to the statute of limitations enacted regarding the term of years before a man is privileged to stir his neighbor's fire, I applied the poker, and by the aid of the additional glare discovered, at the extreme end of the room, a tall figure, apparently engaged in watching something from the window, the curtain being drawn back for the *reconnoissance*. I could not, in the dim obscure, define the outline of the stranger, but I felt assured that it was one of my own sex,

by the hat which still covered the head. I was more than half tempted to light the candles, in order to satisfy my curiosity ; still I paused, and again applied the poker. Hardly had I replaced it when a gruff voice and powerful Irish accent issued from the figure.

“By my honor you ’re right to set that burnin’, for it ’s mighty cold.”

“It is, sir,” I assented.

“Ah, then ! I wish them Simcoxes would make haste. I ’m starving for my tea.”

As this was said, the speaker advanced with a slow pace towards me, and I could not fail to observe that no attempt was made to remove the beaver covering ; many a measured tread had fallen upon the Brussels ere the taper’s light enabled me to detect a large black ostrich feather nodding from the mysterious head-tire.

“This should belong to female gear,” I mentally observed ; “but surely that voice was masculine.”

My doubts were quickly ended. The ample folds of a dark green riding habit, held up by the left hand in flowing drapery, and a silver-mounted whip, which ever and anon was applied to the other side of the petticoat with a slap sufficient to urge on a dilatory animal, now became distinctly visible.

“Is it a large party they to-night, sir ?” demanded the lady, as she joined me on the hearth-rug, still cracking her whip, as though she would enforce an answer.

“I believe not, ma’am,” I replied, in a subdued tone, thinking it just possible that the querist might have escaped from some lunatic asylum.



"I have sent my repatur to Grayhurst and Harvey's to be repaired, and I'm entirely without the least notion of the time. What hour did they say on your card?"

"It was a verbal invitation, ma'am, to an early cup of tea."

"Did they say nothing of sandwiches or supper, sir? for, to say truth, I'm near fainting at this moment, and will give a right good welcome to toast, dry or buttered, whenever it makes its appearance."

"Did you find it cold in the park to-day, ma'am?" I said, anxious to divert her thoughts from the ravenous notions that seemed to occupy them.

"It could n't fail to be cold there, sir; though I was not in it meself."

"The roads were slippery for your ride, ma'am," I ventured to add.

"And is it meself that would be in the saddle such a day as this? I give you my honor I've not been on the outside of a horse since I lost the General; while he lived, dear creature! I made it a point to attend all the field-days and reviews. I was an elegant horse-rider when in practice, and would n't be long, I'll engage, before I got back my seat and bridle-hand."

How many more accomplishments of this sort would have been named to me I can hardly presume to guess, our *tête-à-tête* being interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Simcox, accompanied by a bevy of lovely girls, and an old lady, whose scrupulous attention to the attire befitting her age set off the charms of her younger companions, and

formed a strong contrast to the strangely inappropriate dress of my new acquaintance.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Reardon," said Mrs. Simcox, "for having kept you so long alone and in the dark."

"In the dark I have been, 't is true, ma'am," replied the lady, "but by no manner of means alone, thanks to this gentleman, to whom I must beg you to introduce me."

"So, so, Hill, you've been flirting with my friend the widow, have you?" and Mrs. Simcox looked as though she wished me much joy of such an occupation.

Taking me by the hand, she led me with great gravity towards the living semblance of the Empress Rustifusti, and formally announced our names to each other. I bowed, and, on bringing my eyes to their accustomed level, perceived that the young folks were enjoying the scene of my presentation.

The important ceremony had scarcely concluded, when the major made his appearance, followed by two or three military friends; he welcomed his visitors most cordially, and asked, with a malicious grin upon his good-natured face, if I had "ever met Mrs. Reardon before." On my replying that Mrs. Simcox had that moment made me acquainted with the lady, he said, with a chuckle,

"Ah, well! you'll be capital friends before the night's over."

Tea and coffee were speedily served. Mrs. General Reardon took her seat at the table, avowedly to "save the gentlemen the trouble of waiting upon her;" but

really to be as close as possible to the Sally Lun, toast, bread and butter, and muffins. It was really amusing to watch how rapidly slice after slice disappeared ; to enumerate the number of cups of both coffee and tea she required to aid her work of demolition would hardly be believed ; but as the platefuls vanished, and the demand for liquid continued, the youngsters could with difficulty restrain their mirth within the bounds of good breeding.

Simcox, who was an inveterate card-player, now began to inquire who were for a rubber, or a round game. I should have more enjoyed the latter with my juniors, but the major overruled my inclination, and I made one at his table ; the nice old lady, who looked as though long devoted to the charms of whist, claimed my host for her partner, and Mrs. General Reardon, with a bland smile, and a knowing nod of the head, that set the sable plume in motion, honored me by saying—

“ You and I—the battle try ! ”

The fate of the first game was speedily decided in our favor. The major remarking upon the extraordinary cards held by his female adversary, said—

“ Why, my dear Mrs. Reardon, you must have taken up seven muffins—trumps, I mean—the last deal.”

This observation, reaching the players at the round game, was received with loud and continued laughter ; but the best of the joke was, that the origin of the mirth appeared unconscious and unconcerned.

Fortune smiled again ; we were the conquerors. Instead of changing partners, it was arranged that the losers should have their revenge. Mrs. Reardon continued to

hold vast numbers of trumps, and this, I presume, induced my friend Simcox to try what effect the introduction of a favorite topic would have in distracting the lady's attention.

"How do you contrive to exist in this bitter weather?" he asked the widow. "You have been so long accustomed to warm climates?"

"Then, upon my honor and conscience, 't is hard to bear; and many and often is the time that I wish myself safe and snug again in my bungyloow at Ganjam. Them were the days of my glory! The general had the command of the fort, the garrison was full of young blades fresh from Europe, and our table was open to all comers. We had half a dozen of the best whitey-brown cooks you ever met with, so that there was an elegant supply of pilaus, curries, mulligatawneys, and other nice eatables; and as for the drink, there's no telling the ship-loads of pale ale, and claret, that was consumed. I was looked upon by the natives as the queen of the place."

"And a mighty good figure for the part!" said the major, with a smile and a sly wink. "But your majesty refused spades just now, and have favored us with one at this moment."

"Ah, then, did I play that card?—sure 't was my partner's, was it not, sir?" and the widow looked at me, expecting that I should help her out of the dilemma.

"*You* played it, madam," calmly observed the old lady, "and of course must pay the penalty; a clearer case of revoke I never witnessed."

Simcox, enjoying the success of his plan, lost no time

in following it up, so inquired, "Were you ever out on a tiger-hunt, Mrs. Reardon?"

"A tiger hunt, did you say?—Hundreds! I've seen more slaughter of them beasts than any woman alive at this moment. I brought home with me skins enough to cover Merrion-square."

"It's nervous work, though, for a lady," continued the major.

"It may be to them as is frightened at trifles, but I give you my honor I've been more put out of the way by bandycoots than ever I was with tigers or leopards, or other murdering beasts."

"Pray, ma'am," I asked, during a deal, "to what animal do you allude?"

"Did you never see a bandycoot? Well, that's mighty odd; they are a sort of creature something of the nature of a rat, only bigger than a cat, and they swarm like rats in every house in India; there's no earthly possibility of escaping them. Many's the night I've had a whole regiment of the impudent varmint gallop over my bed, and me woke out of my beauty sleep, as they call that you get before twelve o'clock. Well, I declare, luck's turned any way; I can't win a single trick."

"Except when you trump your partner's best card, as you have just done," drily observed the ancient stickler for the rules of the game.

"It's no matter at all how I play, ma'am; your partner and self are carrying all before ye."

Mrs. Reardon stated the fact; her mind was so full of

Oriental reminiscences, that she scarcely knew one suit from another.

“But you had other things to terrify you besides rats?” persevered Simcox. “How did you manage with the snakes?”

“Ah, then, don't put me in a fever! I never shall forget the narrow squeak I had at Fumboo from a cobra capella, the deadliest serpent in the known world. It was in my garden I was walking, and as I stooped down to pick a beauteous flower, just as I put my hand upon the stock, out pops from under the bush the big devil of a cobra; his head was puffed out as large as my clenched fist, and I knew he was in a terrible rage by the blackness of his spectacles. Ah, then, did n't I scream? I pledge you my honor they say that my cries were heard at Parummalleegorum, and that's a hill-fort good fifty miles off. But the creature did n't regard the noise I set up, but looked me full in the face, in the most impertinent and unbecoming manner you can conceive, as though he was making up his mind what part of me he'd bite first. What would have happened 't is not for me to guess, but one of the Coolies came up with a big stick in his hand, and made short work with mister snake, for he smashed him to shatters before the monster could beat a retreat.”

The rubber terminated as I anticipated; the “bandy-coots and serpents” had thrown the victory into the hands of our opponents; and I felt relieved when I heard the general's widow declare, on being pressed to continue playing—

“I’ll not touch another card this night, if I *know* it.”

“Nor I either, with you at the table,” exclaimed the old lady, in an under tone, not intended to reach the person to whom she alluded.

I joined the merry party at the round game, who had not suffered the fascinations of *vingt-un* to prevent their attentive listening to the widow’s Indian adventures.

Sandwiches, a broiled bone, oysters, and sweets, were served about eleven o’clock Mrs. Reardon, apparently oblivious as to the existence of muffins, eyed the shell-fish most wistfully, observing, “Them ’s the finest oysters I have seen since I’ve lived in London. Oh, major, joy be with the days when I could get the real Poldoodies, let alone Carlingfords. Ah, then, don’t pile my plate! I’ll may be come again.” And she kept her word, though the young folks had some difficulty in keeping their countenances.

“What wine will you take, my dear Mrs. Reardon?” inquired Simcox.

“And is it a countryman of my own that’s for naming such cold drink as wine with oysters? If you love me, brew me a tumbler of punch; that’s the proper stuff, against the world.”

He obeyed, and whilst mixing the materials, hummed a fragment of an old Irish song.

“I’ll engage you’ll find that to your liking, widow. Who shall I help now? Hill, take care of yourself; you know the art and mystery of making a capital glass of punch.”

We drew round the fire, and St. Martin’s clock struck

two, before even the senior of the party suggested the propriety of retiring. The rising of the old lady was a signal for a general move. Mrs. Reardon appeared reluctant to leave the good cheer; but, draining her third tumbler to the bottom, exclaimed, "Major, I hope you have provided me with an escort. I could n't think of walking the streets alone; are any of your party going my way?"

Without inquiring which *way* she meant to go, the gentlemen pleaded prior promises made to the young ladies. To escape the chance of *my* being the widow's companion, I offered my arm to the old lady, but learned that she resided close by, and that her maid and lanthorn were in the hall; as, however, she was pleased to express her thanks for my proposal, they were unfortunately overheard by Mrs. Reardon, who came sailing up to me with a blandishing smile, saying, "My partner at whist shall be my companion to-night."

This singular speech set all the folks tittering. Simcox, who laughed louder than the rest, observed, "I told you you'd be good friends before the night was over."

Adieus were exchanged; and as I handed my charge down stairs her movements were so slow and stately, I trembled lest she might reside at some distance, and determined to ascertain the fact at once. "To what part of town shall I have the pleasure of attending you?"

"Oh, hardly a step—a little beyond Poets' Corner. I like to live on classic ground. I wish you were a thrifle taller, sir, for I can hardly reach your arm."

Despite her plume, the lady's weight was not a feather



one. At slow march she proceeded down Whitehall; passing the Horse Guards she became suddenly sentimental.

“Ah, the dear defunct! if the general had lived he would have been commander-in-chief, and I in snug quarters in that identical building. Well, 'tis folly to grieve; we've had a nice little party, though them Simcoxes might have given us something more in the way of refreshments. I made but a poor tea, and a few oysters can hardly be called supper. Oh! if you'd seen our table in India; that was a sight for the hungry and the dry. Ah! well, well, I must n't think of them days.”

She drew her handkerchief from the side-pocket, and in so doing contrived to disarrange the flowing drapery of her petticoat, so that it was with some difficulty I could afford her sufficient support. I shall pass over the observations made by the few persons we encountered; those of the softer sex would not bear repeating; but, fortunately, the lady to whom they were addressed appeared unconscious that her gait and singular costume attracted attention.

Truly rejoiced was I when we arrived at the widow's lodgings, at the door of which she knocked loud enough to awake the illustrious dead in her neighborhood. As the servant appeared, Mrs. Reardon inquired if the tray was on table, adding, “Step in, my dear sir, and take the least taste in life of punch or wine after your cold walk. I shall do that same before I think of bed; for, as I said before, I've hardly tasted anything since I left my home.”

I declined the offer, took her proffered hand, and received so hearty a shake as almost to threaten dislocation. Once free from her grasp, I ran home as fast as I could, by no means desirous of reëncountering a lady whose habit and habits were so truly unfeminine.

## TO MARY.

BY F. H.

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,  
And thy soft voice, low and clear,  
When thy glancing eyes I meet,  
In their sudden laughter sweet —  
*Thou*, I dream, wert surely born  
For a path by care unworn !  
Thou must be a sheltered flower,  
With but sunshine for thy dower.  
Ah ! fair girl, not e'en for thee  
May this lot of brightness be ;  
Yet, if grief must add a tone  
To thine accents now unknown,  
If within that cloudless eye  
Sadder thoughts must one day lie,  
Still I trust the signs which tell  
On thy life a light shall dwell,  
Light — thy gentle spirit's own,  
From *within* — around the throne.

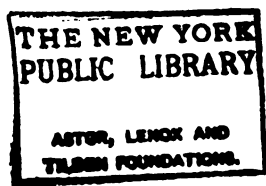


C.R. Leslie, R.A.

A.H. Ritchie, R.Y.

Fig. 3. 1774.

R. Andrews, Jr.



## THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

ANONYMOUS.

"Has anybody called upon me this morning, Mrs. Brown?" inquired Mr. Launcelot Transit, a young gentleman of fashionable exterior, as he entered the breakfast parlor of his landlady, a middle-aged person, of a pursy presence and an agreeable demeanor.

"Lord! no, sir!" replied Mrs. Brown, as she pounced upon the spout of the tea-urn, and gave her accustomed dip to the tea-cups—"who would think of calling upon you at this early hour, Mr. Transit?—no clandestine marriage on foot, eh, sir?—he, he, he!" and the landlady indulged in a lodging-house giggle.

"Ha! ha!—oh! no, Mrs. Brown," and a sickly smile on the lodger's face died of a rapid decline. "I was thinking some one *might* have called—that's all."

There was a deep and unaccountable melancholy spread over Transit's commonly vivacious visage—his usually buoyant spirits had deserted him, and, as he hummed a dolorous cavatina, he might have been compared to a grig in grief, or a cricket chirping the dead march in Saul.

"And you have seen no one in the street since you rose, Mrs. Brown?" he resumed, after a pause.

"That's more than I can say," answered the landlady,

with a becoming reverence for truth. "I have seen three chimney-sweeps, five milkmen, and several old clothes-men, an old woman with water-cresses, and I don't know how many servant girls opposite banging their mats against the street door-steps—and a filthy dust they make. We shall presently have the pot-boy; I dare say; but you look peaking this morning, my dear sir; what's the matter?"

"I had a dream last night," muttered Transit, with an odious grimace. "I dreamt I was pursued by an alligator."

"An alligator, Mr. Transit! well, that *was* shocking!—what sort of an animal was that?"

"It was dressed in top boots, and had a Belcher handkerchief round his neck," said the dreamer.

"Only think of that, now!" cried Mrs. Brown, as she leaned her hand upon her knee, and sputtered into a laugh like a damp sky-rocket. "Really, Mr. Transit, you are the funniest man—"

"Was not that somebody at the door?" faltered Transit, starting like a guilty creature—but not "sitting at a play."

"I did n't hear a knock," said Mrs. Brown; "but what if there is?—you are quite *nonsical* this morning, I declare;—but there certainly is," added the landlady, looking out of the window, "a man leaning against the lamp-post, waiting for somebody, I suppose."

Down went the Bohea with a splash into the lodger's saucer, while the tea-cup hung suspended from the tip of

his forefinger, and a piece of dry toast stuck in his jaws like a pound of bran in the throat of Ugolino.

It was to be so—Transit knew it must be so. It was the first day of term. Messrs. Stitch and Stretch had advised him that, unless certain articles manufactured of sheep's wool were paid for before that day, a certain piece of sheep-skin should be issued forth to compel such payment. It was a bailiff.

"What kind of a thing is it, madam?" croaked the sufferer, at length.

"It's a man, sir," cried Mrs. Brown, calmly.

"What height?"

"A short, thick-set man."

"What face?"

"A red face, sir."

"What kind of eyes?"

"He squints, Mr. Transit; eyes like those of a picture—that always seem to be looking at you, and never are."

"Oh, yes—they are!" groaned the lodger. "What has it on its head, madam?"

"A broad-brimmed hat."

"Round its neck?"

"A colored handkerchief."

"On its legs?"

"Top boots."

"In its hand?"

"A twisted crab-stick, with knots, like, in it."

With Tarquin strides, and bent nearly double, like a master of the ceremonies with a cramp in the stomach, and with a face that rendered the similitude still stronger,



did Mr. Launcelot Transit evacuate the apartment, and crawling up stairs to his bed-room, locked himself in to enjoy the pleasure of his own society.

It was necessary to reconnoitre this pest of human kind ; and gingerly as an ostrich from its covert, did he protrude his head from the window to watch the proceedings of the being below. The wretch was whistling a vulgar tune, and leaning on his stick with the commendable patience of an experienced adept. Never did that tune strike on the tympanum of the lodger's ear with so grating a harshness—never, surely, was human creature so positively ugly and barbarously hideous as the person at the lamp-post. Yes ; it was Fang, for his face was for a moment elevated, and his ill-assorted eyes were projected on a voyage of discovery, in different directions over the exterior of the house. “Son of bailiff, I know thee now.” Transit knew him of old. It was Fang ; the most active of sheriff's officers. Once before had his shoulder-blade been paralyzed by the torpedo touch of the reptile's antennæ—once before had he been liberated from his grasp by paternal affection—once—but no more was such protection to be extended to him. Down upon the bed he sunk, in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear.

But something must be done—a thought struck him, and he started from the bed. “Yes, I will call on little Dicky Spraggs, and borrow the money of him—he'll lend it me in a moment. I'm sure of it—a good little fellow that—I don't know a better fellow breathing than Dicky Spraggs—he certainly is a kind creature.” But how to

get out—the case was desperate, and the idea of the practicability of escape darted through his brain. Dressing himself hastily, he descended to the kitchen, and from thence deviated into the area, and crawling up the steps, after the manner of quadrupeds, brought his eye to a level with the railings. Fang seemed fastened to the lamp-post, and was at this moment whistling the before-mentioned tune for the seventy-third time. But he was looking in another direction.

“Soft Pity enters through an iron gate,”

says Shakspeare ; but Fang was not soft pity, but hard cruelty ; and softly, very softly, did Launcelot Transit open the iron gate, and squeezing himself through, swiftly, very swiftly, with three unnatural bounds, did he clear the street, and glancing round the corner with a whisk to which lightning is mere laziness, was out of sight in a moment.

“Dicky, my boy,” said he, with a miserable effort at gayety, as he entered the parlor where good little Dicky Spraggs was enshrined in all the luxury of silk dressing-gown and velvet slippers, “I am come to borrow thirty pounds of you—an awkward trifle—and it must be had.”

“Then you have just come to the wrong shop, my Launcelot,” cried the eccentric Dicky, with his accustomed irresistible humor, “for the devil a mopus have I left,” and he emptied the drawer of his writing-desk upon the table, displaying an infinite number of broken wafers, rusty keys, and Havana cigars—“you see how it is,”

and he gave a wink, and burst into what Launcelot could not but think a particularly ill-timed laugh.

“Well—but Spraggs,” expostulated Transit, “Dicky, my friend, you have surely other funds that you could lay your finger upon to oblige me.”

“Not a doit,” answered Spraggs, whose principal employment of money at all times was to spend—and not to lend; and who had settled long ago, in his own mind, that Launcelot was never to touch a farthing of his—“live at too great an expense to save money—now, these lodgings cost me three guineas a week.”

“Indeed!” said the other, not heeding him.

“Yes, and not much neither,” resumed Spraggs, “considering what a respectable look-out in front we enjoy here.”

“A good look-out, certainly,” sighed Launcelot, walking to the window. Had the woe-begone Transit been shot through the brain with a ball of quicksilver, he could not have sprung with a more frantic leap from the window than he did at this instant.

“What’s the matter?” cried Spraggs; “are you ill, my dear fellow?”

“Nothing, nothing,” gasped the victim; “it will soon go off—a sudden giddiness—St. Vitus’ dance—I shall be better presently.”

Yes, it was Fang—the indefatigable Fang, coiling round another lamp-post, and whistling another tune; and Transit’s disturbed fancy depicted him in the act of climbing up the lamp-post, and stepping from its apex with outstretched hand into the parlor.

•

"Is the look-out equally agreeable from the back of these premises?" mumbled the invalid, when he had in some small measure recovered.

"Equally so," cried Spraggs, with an air of consequence. "We can see the park—fine view of the gay folks on a Sunday—charming spot."

"Well, if that's the case, I'll bid you good morning, Dicky," said his friend, a sudden bridge having been thrown over the chaos of his thoughts; "you are sure you can't lend me the money?" looking over his shoulder as he departed.

"No—'pon honor—no," but the door was shut with a crash, and Spraggs spared any further apology.

"You can't get out that way, sir—the street door is in front," said a servant maid, as a figure was seen scrambling over the back wall.

"Oh yes, I can," bellowed Transit, (for it was he,) struggling and panting; "it's the nearest way into the park," and in a moment after the soles of his feet were upturned to the sun with strange rapidity, as he held his way over the green sward.

"What's to be done now?" said the distracted debtor, as he sat himself down on the grass, and drew a long breath, while the deer came up and gazed with seeming astonishment at his forlorn appearance. "Hang me if I don't do an impudent thing for once, and borrow the money of Miss Lavinia Lamprey—if I can. She loves me—that's certain, and must pay for the privilege. Ay, you may look, you locomotive venison," he added, with a satirical sneer, making a wry face at the deer as they

bounded away from him, and starting to his feet — “but I’ll get through this affair with triumph yet;” and he bent his hurried steps to Pimlico.

Miss Lavinia Lamprey was fortunately at home, but unhappily, with a caprice that characterizes ladies of a certain age, was just now disposed to look with aspect malign upon her lover.

“My dearest Lavinia, can’t stop a moment — must be off — the strangest thing — I came out for the purpose of paying some money, and left it behind me — a paltry sum of thirty pounds — could you — ”

“Sir,” interrupted Miss Lavinia, opening her mouth like an absorbing fish, and her eyes elongating till they looked like notes of admiration. “Sir! what do you mean? Thirty pounds — ”

“My Lavinia!” cried the chap-fallen applicant, “am I then deceived in you? can mercenary motives like these interfere with your love — but no matter,” and he tossed himself about the sofa in a fantastic manner.

Miss Lavinia smiled like an animal of the polar regions — so frozen was that smile — and then pursed up her lips — (the only purse Launcelot was doomed to behold) — but she was spared recrimination by the entrance of the servant.

“Captain Trigger, Madam, is waiting below.”

“Captain Trigger!” fluttered Miss Lavinia Lamprey, with a blush of pleasure. “I’ll wait upon him instantly; for you, sir,” turning to the disconsolate Transit, “let me never see your face again; I have discovered your designs, sir — the girl will show you the door,” and as she

stalked from the room, a groan rent the earthly tabernacle of the debtor.

The heat of the room was oppressive and intolerable—all nature seemed shorn of its beauty—Lavinia, false, cruel—a flirt—a coquette—a female curmudgeon—monstrous! The parrot swinging in its ring of wire, and prating its eternal well-learned lesson, was impertinent—it was a cruel mockery. He attempted to thrust a paper of needles down its throat, but the bird, in its wisdom, seized his little finger with its beak, and bit him till he yelled with torture. The whining and snarling of the spaniel was offensive and insulting. He was overtaken by a sudden frenzy.

“Carlo, Carlo—come—come, pretty Carlo!” The cur advanced with a snappish eagerness. A kick from the distracted insolvent sent it spinning into the variegated curled paper of the fire-grate, and four strides down the stair-case, and a leap into the street, and Transit left his Lavinia forever!

As he turned out of Buckingham gate, who is it that confronts, and, with extended hand, would fain lay hold upon him? It is Fang, the ubiquitous, the ever-present Fang! It was instinct in convulsions, not premeditation, that prompted him to direct a blow at the stomach of the bailiff; it was the same impulse that urged him to ply his legs towards Spring Gardens, and to leave the discomfited Fang rolling over and over in the stones intended for the new palace.

“And now I feel it’s all up with me,” said Transit, mournfully, as he gazed down the long vista of the Strand;

“I cannot struggle against my fate. I have no other resource—yes—one; I’ll go down to my uncle, and get the money out of him, in anticipation of my next remittance from my father; he’s a very respectable, good sort of man, that uncle of mine; he certainly has been a good friend to me;” and uttering these fond sayings, wherewith sanguine but despairing men are prone to propitiate fortune and their friends beforehand, he found himself at his uncle’s door.

“My dear uncle,” said Transit, as he was ushered into the room where

“An elderly gentleman sat,  
On the top of whose head was a wig—”

“I am come upon one of the most important affairs in life. I want money—thirty pounds—to be paid out of my half yearly remittance payable next month.”

Then thus outspoke the elderly gentleman, his mouth being raised like a portcullis, and descending upon the neck of every sentence, like a guillotine.

“Important affairs are of two qualities or descriptions, real or imaginary. Now, if your business be of the latter, that is to say, of an imaginary description of importance, I can have no hesitation in declining to do what you request; if, on the other hand, it be of a real weight, consequence, or necessity; then—may I hope it is no imprudence of youth; no getting into debt; no arrest, or other inconvenient let, hindrance, or molestation.” “Lord bless my soul! no, sir,” cried Transit, overjoyed, for he saw his deliverance at hand; “how could you suspect such a thing? The fact is—but I don’t like to mention these

matters—a friend—a poor curate—eight children—starvation—meek-eyed charity—pleasures of benevolence—virtue its own reward—divide last farthing ;” and as the speaker dropped these fragmentary sentences, two tears of genuine emotion rolled half way down his cheeks, which the joy of obtaining the money instantly drew up again into his eyes.

“Well, boy, well,” whimpered the uncle, quelling a rebellious rising of sympathy in his throat, “these sentiments do you much honor ; but beware, impostors are by far too common. Well, we must let you have the money ;” and he began to write out a cheque for the amount.

Transit fixed a gaze upon each successive word that was written, as though he would draw the very ink out of the paper ; but at that moment a servant entered the room.

“A gentleman in the back parlor wishes to speak to you, sir.”

“Let him wait,” cried Transit, in an agony of impatience.

“This is indecent haste,” said the uncle, in a tone of rebuke, “and I could fain chide you, and read to you a lesson of good breeding, or manners. What kind of a gentleman, girl ?”

“A person in top boots, sir.”

Transit started ; “but no, it could not be. Strange coincidence !” and he smiled faintly.

“What is the gentleman’s name, child ?” added the uncle.

“Mr. Fan — ”



“Mr. Fang!” shrieked the nephew, as, seized with panic, he darted from the premises.

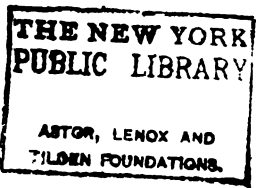
“Mr. Fancourt, sir, come about the assessed taxes, he says.” But Transit was gone. Ensconced in the Bedford coffee house, he was brooding over his perplexities.

“Let me see, this is what I’ll do,” said he at length, drinking off the last glass of a pint of Madeira; “I’ve fairly escaped the rascal for to-day; I’ll go to my lodgings, pack up a few things, start out of town till term ends, and —”

“Come with me, if you please,” said a short man, in top boots, belcher handkerchief, and with a knotted stick in his hand. It was Fang, the inevitable Fang!

“I am yours!” groaned the debtor, as they entered a hackney coach and drove off over one of the bridges!

OMEGA





W. A. M. 1771

## HINDA.

FROM MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH.

O, WHAT a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light !  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity.  
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,  
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.  
And, O, what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—  
Like those who, all at once, discover  
In the lone deep, some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,  
And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

# FORGIVENESS.

A TALE.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

“NEVERTHELESS, in spite of your prejudices, Marion, I am sure you will like cousin Oliver when you see him.”

The young girl to whom these words were addressed shook her head, in doubtful reply.

“You do not know how agreeable he is,” pursued her companion, a tall and rather stately-looking young man, whose scarcely handsome but pleasing face bore the firmness and composed aspect of eight-and-twenty years. “It is really quite impossible not to like him.”

“We shall see,” said Marion, smiling.

The two whose short conversation we have quoted were walking slowly up and down the walks of a lovely garden. High walls shut out everything but the tops of surrounding trees, so that, but for the indistinct rumble of wheels, and the various sounds that now and then came from the great city of cities, this place might have been in some far distant solitude. Trees bending with ripe apples, peaches glowing amidst their green shelter, and one rich, full-leaved, ripe-fruited mulberry tree, adorned the garden; while, climbing over the old-fashioned house, the fragrant clematis — Moore’s “night-

blooming cereus," of sweet memory — shook down its perfumed shower of white blossoms, and allured the few wandering bees of autumn.

In this beautiful garden strolled the two lovers — for, that such they were was evident from the young man's earnest, almost whispering tone, which no man ever uses save to the woman he loves, or pretends to love. And Marion, too, in her answers, pronounced his name — the common but ever sweet name of William — with that lingering, loving intonation, which makes even a less pleasant word sound beautiful, when falling from affectionate lips.

William Blair's affianced wife was much younger than himself — at the least, ten years. He had known her all her life ; had fondled her on his knee when an infant, had watched the fairy-like, graceful child grow up into the beautiful girl, until he could hardly tell the period when his affection for his pet and play-fellow changed into his love for the woman whom he wished to make his companion for life. And William Blair did not woo in vain ; it would have been strange if he had ; for the high qualities of his mind, and his pleasing looks and manner, were calculated to win any girl's heart — even one so light, almost thoughtless, as that of Marion Hilliard, the spoiled child of a widowed father. Hers was that pliable nature which, under the guidance of a firm and noble character, might be moulded to any good ; and therefore it was well for her — and even her father felt it so — that she was, in early youth, bound by such ties, to a man like William Blair.

Mr. Hilliard and his only daughter lived in the retired

suburban cottage we have spoken of; seeing little society; for the old naval officer was averse to much company, and only cared to see William Blair, who came, as might have been expected, almost daily. Marion might have regretted this seclusion; but her heart and thought were too full of her lover, to care, at the time, for any society but his. Therefore, when he told her of his cousin Oliver, his old school-fellow, who was coming on a visit to him, Marion felt rather jealous of any one who would possibly take William's thoughts and time away from her, than pleased at the prospect of seeing a new face.

The young people continued their walk up and down the garden, and then rested in the little summer-house. William again referred to his cousin—spoke of his talents, his brilliant conversation—and vainly strove to alter Marion's prejudice against him. The young girl laughed at his earnestness.

"You might be pleading at that disagreeable chancery-court where you have learned to be so grave, and to argue so well, William," said she. But suddenly becoming serious, Marion lifted, with her slender and light finger, one of the thick chestnut curls from her lover's forehead, discovering a deep scar under the beautiful hair, of which, to tell the truth, William was a little vain.

"This alone," said Marion, "would be enough to prevent my ever liking the one who did it, and did it wilfully, too."

"But that was so long ago—we were only boys; Oliver was hasty and passionate, and could not endure

any one who surpassed him. I believe he was sorry for it afterwards."

"That may be, but the sin remains."

"No, Marion ; for I have years since forgotten it, and forgiven Oliver."

"That is because you are so good ; and I will try to do the same ; but, I fear, I shall never shake hands with him without thinking how nearly the stone that hand threw might have cost your life. And then I should not have been so happy as I am now, William," added the girl, in a low voice.

What lover could resist such arguments ? William Blair forgot cousin Oliver, his sins and his perfections, and only thought of Marion—his own beautiful and betrothed Marion.

Oliver Chadwick came, and was introduced by William to his intended bride and her father. It is true, Marion's pretty little hand did shrink at first from the touch of one she thought laden with the heavy sin of having once nearly killed her lover ; but she soon forgot her horror, in the charm of young Chadwick's society. Cousin Oliver fully bore out William Blair's description of him—a rare circumstance, when a stranger has been much talked about beforehand. He was a strikingly handsome young man ; his statue-like and faultless features were set off by a clear, dark, Italian complexion, and hair of that perfect jetty hue so rarely seen ; beside which, the dark-brown, and dusky, and brownish-black tresses, which are politely termed black, sink into insignificance. In figure Oliver was much less tall than his cousin, and slighter made ;



but in exact proportion. His manners, too, were more courtly and insinuating; he was ever on the watch to perform some trifling act of polite attention, of which the higher and more manly nature of William Blair never thought. Yet these attentions came naturally, and were so equally distributed, that no one could say Oliver showed Marion anything but the courtesy due to his cousin elect.

William's upright, honest mind felt not the slightest jealousy of Oliver's superior personal attractions. He suffered him to lead the conversation, and gradually to draw out Marion; until she listened with pleasure, and talked without reserve, before him. Many clever men have a faculty for hiding their talents, but Oliver Chadwick's were all of the brilliant kind. His conversation was most fascinating; not from his being one of those talkers who pour out one dazzling stream, and keep others admiring listeners, but because, by consummate skill, which seemed like intuition, he encouraged the timid, and showed deference to the reserved, until all were set at ease, so as to take part in what was said, and all invariably went away wondering, yet pleased, at their own courage, and charmed with him who had produced such effects.

There must have been a mist over William Blair's eyes, when he could not see how dangerous might be the result of these all-fascinating powers on a young and romantic spirit like Marion's. But he had such entire trust in her love for himself, and thought so highly of his cousin, that he never suspected Oliver could be guilty of any but

brotherly admiration for the girl who was to be his cousin's wife. And the idea that Marion should think of Oliver, except in this sisterly way, never once crossed his mind. We acknowledge that such unsuspecting confidence is rare—very rare; but it is from weak and changing love that jealousy springs; perfect love knows no distrust; and such love was William Blair's for his Marion.

Thus, even when, following his profession as a barrister, he set off on the circuit—his first parting from Marion since they had been declared lovers—William felt not the slightest regret that Oliver Chadwick still lingered in the neighborhood, but was rather glad that Marion and her father would occasionally have a visitor to enliven their dulness in his own absence. Marion's feelings it would be impossible to analyze; they were so contradictory, she hardly could understand them herself. she wept at parting with her lover; it might be with grief—it might be with a feeling of self-reproach at her waning affection for him; and then Oliver came, and read to her, and talked with her—talked about William, too—until her conscience was soothed, and her heart lightened.

A few weeks passed on, and Marion grew alarmed at her own feelings. She said to herself that she loved William still; but when she laid her head on her pillow at night—that moment when, whatever may have been the wanderings of the day, the heart and the thoughts always fly to what is nearest and dearest—then, it was not the face of her betrothed, but of his cousin, that rose up before

her ; and her lips murmured the name, not of William, but Oliver.

It is ever sad to trace the change of a faithless heart. One would fain believe that love can never change — never grow old ; and yet, alas ! for frail human nature, it does both ; but not with all. Let us at once come to the truth — that, long before William's return, his place in Marion's heart was given to Oliver. Silently, slowly, and by means which he well knew how to employ, Chadwick had stolen away the young girl's affection from her first love. To do the young man justice, however, he did not commit this wilful and great sin, as many do, idly, to gratify his own vanity. When he first saw Marion, and for some time after, he would have shrank from the accusation that he intended winning her heart. But yet, when he felt his own weakness, and knew that her beauty and gentle ways were stealing away the duty he owed to his cousin, he did not fly from the temptation, which soon became irresistible, until Oliver resolved that, at all risks, could he succeed in gaining her, Marion should be not his cousin's wife, but his own. For the time, Oliver was sincere in his love ; but he did not think that faith, once broken, may be broken again, and that a fickle heart is of little value.

From his childhood Oliver Chadwick had never controlled himself, or been controlled by another. This, with an ambitious spirit, which could not brook to be outdone by any one, had caused his first sin against his cousin, the mark of which William would bear all his life. This, too, caused the second and more grievous offence

against William's peace. That his cousin would suffer through his fault Oliver never thought ; or if he did, he judged of William's love by his own, which had changed so often and so easily, that he hardly believed in constancy at all.

With these arguments, Oliver quieted his own self-reproaches and those of Marion ; while, amidst all this, both so effectually shielded their love from every eye, except those of each other, that the old father never guessed the truth. Sin, like sorrow, never comes alone. The day before William Blair's appointed return, the once dutiful and affectionate Marion secretly left her father's house, and became the wife of Oliver Chadwick.

William Blair returned to a desolate home. No tidings of Marion's flight could reach him, and to the very last her letters to him had been continued ; to such a degree had guileful influence worked upon her once innocent heart. He entered the cottage full of hope and happiness, and left it a broken-hearted man. Yet William's own sorrows did not make him insensible to the anguish of the father of his lost Marion. The gray-haired old man sat continually gazing at his daughter's vacant seat, bowed down to the earth with grief. Self-reproaches, too, mingled with his sorrow ; he implored William's pardon for not having better kept his treasure—for having suffered a stranger to steal it away. William felt no anger towards the desolate old man, but strove to lessen his anguish by cheering words. He spoke of Oliver's worldly prospects ; that, though poor, Marion would not be des-

titute, and then her husband's great talents would make their way.

Mr. Hilliard looked at the generous young man with astonishment.

"How can you talk in this kind way, William? Have you no anger towards them? — have you forgotten your own wrongs?"

William turned his head away; but the quick heaving of his chest, and the convulsive clench of his hands, told how intense were his sufferings. The old man watched him almost in fear; until he grew calmer, and said, in a suppressed tone —

"I have forgiven Oliver once already, and shall I not forgive poor Marion, whom I so dearly loved—God help me! I must not say *love*, now. I have no anger against *her*."

"But your cousin?"

"Must I not forgive Marion's *husband*?" The words came forcibly from William's lips; his heart failed him in the utterance, and a spasm passed over his features. The old man took both his hands, saying, with deep feeling,

"William, my son — in heart at least — you are worthier than I."

Years passed on, and Marion's flight and marriage were forgotten. One visit only she had paid to her old home and her father; it was a few months after her marriage, just before she went abroad with her husband, who had obtained an appointment in the colonies. Marion, tearful and contrite, received her father's blessing; but she came

alone, and spoke little of her husband. She did not see or ask for William Blair. From that time her letters came occasionally, until Mr. Hilliard died, and then no more was heard of Marion or Oliver.

Now, we know well that, according to the general rule in stories like this, the wronged and forsaken lover ought never to forget his early attachment, but to live and die devoted to its sad memory. Yet in real life it is not so. The bitterest heart-sorrow, if hopeless, is not beyond the influence of time's healing hand; and a loss which death or any other cause has made irremediable, is, after the lapse of a few years, forgotten, or at least remembered without pain. It is uncertainty, and the mingling of still lingering hope in the bitter cup, which make it so hard to be borne, and which keep the wound from healing.

Thus, when Marion's union with Oliver had forever parted her from himself, William's heart grew in time less full of anguish. To the utter hopelessness of his love was added the conviction of the unworthiness of its object; and this feeling contributed to restore his peace. A virtuous heart cannot long feel love when esteem has fled. And yet, though his grief was healed, William did not entirely forget Marion. He thought of her with sorrow and pity — but she was his idol no longer.

After many years, when he had reached middle age, William Blair married. The wife he chose was most unlike Marion. She was not beautiful, scarcely even pretty; but her fine mind and gentle spirit invested even

an unworthy exterior with their own purity and loveliness. There was little romance in the attachment between William Blair and his wife—all that had passed away with the bloom of their youth; for she too had loved before, and vainly; still there was a strong, calm, trusting affection between the husband and wife, which made their present life happy, and caused them to look forward to a peaceful, loveful old age. Two children enlivened their home, and bound them still more together, until both looked on their first love as a morning cloud.

“I have had a visitor to-day—a stranger,” said Mrs. Blair, when her husband returned one winter evening to his cheerful home, and they were sitting together in that pleasant hour between dinner and tea, when idleness and confidential talk seem to come naturally.

“Indeed,” said William, putting his feet on the fender, an act which brought no frown to his wife’s brow. “Indeed—was it a lady or gentleman?”

“A gentleman—but one very young—a beautiful boy, about ten years old; he would not go away without seeing you—and so I went down and spoke to him. He said his name was Henry Chadwick, and his mother wanted to see a Mr. Blair who lived here. I thought it strange; but then I remembered your mother’s maiden name was Chadwick, so it might be some relation; and the boy seemed so resolute, that I asked him where his mother lived, and promised that you should go.”

While Mrs. Blair explained this, the flickering fire had sunk into red embers, or she would have seen how William’s countenance changed as she spoke. But even had

she read his thoughts, there was nothing there to give a single pain to the wife's heart.

"I think it may be a relative, Emma," he said. "I had a cousin abroad, whom I had lost sight of for many years. I will go and see."

"Do, William; the place is not far, and you may be of use to them. The boy was thinly clad, poor fellow! and when I gave him some cake, he ate as if he were very hungry,—so I made him carry it home."

"You are always good, my dear Emma," said William, taking his wife's hand affectionately.

The same night, cold and snowy as it was, William Blair set forth on his errand, for his heart told him that the boy's mother was no other than Marion. He knocked at the door of the room to which he was directed, but there was no answer, and he walked in. It was a desolate apartment; the snow-flakes, piled up on the sill of the curtainless window, made more visible the blackness within, for the fire had gone out, and the one candle was flickering with its long wick untouched. On a bed, in one corner, lay a woman asleep, and at her feet a boy, also in deep slumber. They had drawn about them the few garments they had, poor souls! striving to forget their coldness and weariness in sleep.

William Blair stepped lightly forward, and once more looked upon the face of his Marion. Changed, mournfully changed, it was—but it was still Marion. The close widow's cap, which made her sharpened features look still more hollow, told her tale. Oliver was no more; and if there had been any resentment in William's heart,



it would now have been cherished against the dead. Marion's thin hand lay among her boy's bright curls, who looked in his quiet child-like sleep so like what his mother once was, that William could have wept over him. But Marion herself—the bright red spot on her cheek, and her painful, audible breathing as she slept, told that it would not be long before the child was motherless. After a while the boy moved, and spoke indistinctly; and William retired a step, lest he should startle him. Henry awoke and saw the stranger.

“Are you the gentleman whom I asked to come and see my mother?” cried the boy at once.

Mr. Blair put his finger on his lips to silence the child, but Marion was already half aroused.

“Who are you talking to, Henry?” she said, feebly.

“To Mr. Blair, mother, the gentleman you said I must go to if you were very ill; and I went this morning, only you did not know it.”

“Is he here — is William Blair here?” almost shrieked Marion, raising herself on her elbow.

William advanced, and took her hand without a word. And thus met the two who had once so fondly loved each other — the same face was before their eyes — the same voice fell on their ears — but the life of love was gone — forever. Marion looked long and fixedly at her former lover, and then burst into tears.

“Have you forgiven me?” she said. “How kind of you to come to me!”

“You have a right to my kindness,” answered William,

in a gentle and soothing tone. "You are my cousin — why did not Mrs. Chadwick send for me before?"

"Oh! do not call me so — call me Marion — let me forget everything but old times. And my father — my poor father — to see you makes me think of him!" cried the sick woman, in passionate grief.

William calmed her with kind words, and her boy clung round her neck caressingly, until Marion's excitement passed away, and she was able to talk of the past and present. She spoke of her husband's death without tears; letting fall no reproach or complaint. Yet William needed no explanation to guess that Oliver's death was a blessing. And now she had come home, feeling that the mortal arrow was fixed in her own heart, to leave her boy with those who knew his mother. She had learned William Blair's after history, and guessing from the letter he wrote to her on her father's death that he felt no anger against her, had told her child to go to him as their only friend.

William talked of removing her to a better home, where she would be more carefully attended to.

"No," said Marion, and a flush of lingering pride came across her brow. "I am not so poor as that — I have enough to last my poor remnant of life; but promise me to take care of my Henry."

"I will," said William, earnestly. "And now I must think of you. Emma — that is, my wife — shall come to see you to-morrow."

Marion shrank from this proposal. — "But what will she think of me? — does she know ——"

“She knows nothing—shall know nothing—except that you are my cousin. And now farewell; forget all the past, except that I was once your friend—your father’s friend, Marion.” And William kissed with brotherly regard the hand that was held out to him; spoke affectionately to the child, and went away to his own home.

He kept his promise; and it was not until years after, when Marion’s beauty was long mingled with the dust, that William Blair told his gentle wife of the ties which had once bound her to him. And Mrs. Blair’s sweet and compassionate nature regretted not for a moment, but rejoiced, that her cares had soothed the dying moments of the woman her husband had once loved. And when she saw how tenderly and fatherly he reared up to manhood the son of Oliver and Marion, making no difference between Henry Chadwick and his own children, the wife felt not one jealous pang, but rather loved and revered the more the noble nature which had been wronged so sorely, and which had forgotten and forgiven so much.

## THE MASQUERADE.

BY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

APART from the tumultuous crowd  
Two lovely sisters smiling stand ;  
Forwards their heads are gently bowed,  
Their satin masks are in their hand.

The youngest, merriest, of the twain,  
Enchanted with her girlish play,  
Is asking, o'er and o'er again,  
“ Sweet sister, *does* he come this way ?

“ Not that I care about the man ;  
I never saw him in my life,  
But once, when he picked up my fan,  
And asked me if I'd be his wife.

“ Of course 't was but a jest, you know ;  
To make a conquest at first sight,  
I am not fair enough — although  
They say my eyes are large and bright ;

“ And that my figure 's slight and tall,  
My hair just like the raven's wing ;  
My feet and hands I *know* are small, —  
And I can dance, and play, and sing.

“ But just conceive the monster saying,  
Slight waists were often a *take in* ;  
That ancient dames were fond of playing  
Such tricks—when blest by being thin.

“ That he mistrusted pretty feet,  
And small white hands ; — in such a plight,  
I really thought it was but meet  
To raise my mask — and then take flight.

“ Perhaps he ’s lost us in the throng,  
I cannot tell ; — I do not care ; — .  
Just look behind—it is not wrong  
To see if still the fool is there ! ”

It was so fair a sight to see  
That lovely face, in all the pride  
Of conquest, and of girlish glee, —  
Her graver sister could not chide.

And even when, in after years,  
The flattered beauty proud looks down ;  
And smiles to see what hopes, what fears,  
Are wakened by her smile or frown :

Fondly will mem’ry yet turn back  
To the *first* love-vow that she heard,  
And wandering o’er time’s faded track,  
Recall each sigh, each look, each word.

Hollow shall sound each flattering phrase  
That seemed so true, so heartfelt, then ;  
The joy of love’s first breathéd vow  
What power can make us feel again ?

## A DREAM.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

“WELL, well, gentlemen,” said the old man, “you may laugh on, you may stare, but it is only too true that the real personal Devil is continually on the watch for an opportunity to take me away with him, sometimes by fair means and sometimes by foul, and sometimes so that I find myself all at once in his clutches, without in the least knowing how I got there. The first time the thing happened to me was, perhaps, the most remarkable of all. It may now be thirty years ago ; I was still a bachelor, for I married only late in life. I was at Berlin at the time, and my whole soul was occupied with the gayeties of the carnival, with operas, plays, and balls. I dreamt I was coming out of the opera-house, where there was a violent crowding, jostling, and hallooing, as usual. The night was pitch-dark, with the red torches flashing in the midst of it. The carriages came rattling up, and people were getting into them in all directions. I called for my coachman ; but while I stood there engrossed with the echo of the music in my ears, with the cries of the servants and soldiers, and with the smoke of the torches, some one, whom I do not rightly recognize, lifts me into a coach ; the door is banged to ; a footman, who seems strange to me, springs up behind, and we pass at full speed over the

small bridge; then over the broader one, towards the great front of the palace. On a sudden, as we do not turn the corner, the black mass of the palace breaks in two, and we rattle furiously through the middle of it down the Königstrasse, where I had no intention whatever of going. Now we are in the open air, but I have no notion where. All is dark, but for the torches of my servants, who whisper and laugh behind. I am seized with terror, as the black horses gallop still more madly. It is no longer running, it is flying—it is shooting; it is like a bird—like an arrow—like a bullet. Now I grow conscious that I am in the power of infernal spirits. We are already among tremendous rocks; from all sides black spiked crags jut inwards, savage and threatening. We rush through an immense stone arch, and the instant the horses have sprung beyond it, the granite wall falls in behind with a tremendous crash. The same happens with a huge iron gate, and every door I am carried through closes forcibly. Every moment the scene is more lonely and more still. The servants behind the carriage have disappeared; the horses grow fewer, and at last I am drawn by only one. Now comes another vault of rock, dark and endless—this, too, breaks down behind me, and falls into a thousand pieces. The carriage shoots down a precipice; I fall, and all about me has vanished. I find myself lying in a small narrow space, all sand and gravel; behind me are perpendicular cliffs—before me a mournful waste—and now I know that I am damned. No monsters are here—no images of fire—no hell and Satan, such as legendary fancy paints; but something far more

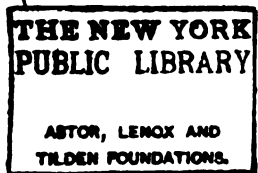
terrible. There is the distinct sense that no thought, no memory, no consciousness, can penetrate through all those barring masses to the Father of love ; that no impression can pass from Him to me ; that He has forgotten me ; and that a loss of my very faculties, a conscious impotence, makes it impossible for me ever again, through all eternity, with the slightest fibre of perception, with the faintest, simplest, most infantine mental act, to find my way to my Redeemer !

So horrible was this sensation that I yearned heartily for the presence of devils and the tortures of the reprobate, if only that in the presence of other beings, in horrors, and agonies, and howlings, I might find some relief and distraction from this most hideous solitude.

I woke at last ; but this feeling still pursued me the whole day long. I believed that I could master my illusion ; I accused myself of madness. I tried to laugh at the thought that God could forget me or any being whatever. But the enormous truth of what I had experienced in my dream overpowered all the consolations that reason could afford me. And was, then, my barren, thoughtless life of this and every day anything else but that which sleep had revealed to me ? This babbling in insipid company, this frequenting of vapid societies, this chattering and chatter-hearing, this toil of pleasure, this continual escape from every higher and better state of feeling, this libertinism in the presence of bad men, where I have so often belied myself, and tried to appear manly and strong-minded, by treading under foot the principles of my education and the fairest remembrances of my child-



hood—what other effect has all this disorder of existence but to close one door after another behind me with bars of iron—to build up towers of impenetrable rock between me and the Eternal? Thus was I already quite as lonely as in my dream, however much I still knew of Him, however graciously He still inclined himself towards me. Yet in this was I inexpressibly happy, that still again I could come to Him, that I was still alive, that I had still about me the faculties I owed to His goodness; and thus was this strange vision the occasion of my fashioning out for myself a wiser and nobler course of life.





Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by J. M. W. Turner

TO HENRIETTA,  
IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

BY W. W.

SUCH age, how beautiful! O lady bright!  
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined,  
By favoring nature and a saintly mind,  
To something purer and more exquisite  
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
When I behold thy blanched, unwithered cheek,  
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
Thee with the welcome snow-drop I compare,—  
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
From desolation toward the genial prime;  
Or with the moon, conquering earth's misty air,  
And filling more and more with crystal light,  
As pensive evening deepens into night.

# RED ROSE VILLA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

## A SKETCH.

BY GRACE AQUILAR,

AUTHOR OF "HOME INFLUENCE."

ON the outskirts of a certain country town, which for euphony we will call Briarstone, from its being situated in one of the most picturesque, but least known, parts of Old England, and almost embedded in hills and lanes, where the wood or briar rose grew redundantly, was a certain castellated-looking mansion, glowing with red bricks and bright blue slates, storied with large-paned windows, framed with such fresh green, that it would seem as if the painter's brush could never have been absent above a month together. The entrance-door, of most aristocratic dimensions, was of bright glazed yellow, never sullied by dust or dimness. Below the portentous-looking circular knocker (Briarstone was yet in happy ignorance of the *un*-aristocracy of knockers) was a large brass plate, glittering in the sunshine like burning gold, and bearing thereon, in large and dignified letters, as if the name was of such importance in itself that it required no engraver's ornament, the monosyllables—portentous in their very brevity—MISS BROWN. The gravel walk which led up to the imposing flight of steps (white as the most scrupu-

lous care could make them) that the yellow door surmounted, was kept so particularly neat, that the very birds feared to alight upon it, lest they should be swept off for some intrusive leaf or twig, quicker even than their voluntary flight. It was impossible to look upon the exterior of the mansion without being impressed with a grand idea of its as yet invisible interior.

Standing, as Red Rose Villa did, in a spacious garden, full ten minutes' walk out of the town, it was marvellous how the daily events of this said town became known within its walls, as if a train had been laid — a sort of electrical conductor — to the interior of every dwelling, which conveyed back to its starting-place all the information required. However invisible the *means* of communication, the *effects* were certain ; for Miss Brown knew everything, even before the persons affected knew it themselves.

Now, Miss Brown, though her dignified name appeared on the brass plate solus, was not the sole inmate of this stately mansion, by any means. She was, in fact, one of a multitude ; for there were times when the capacious walls of Red Rose Villa enshrined no fewer than fifty living souls. The truth must out on our paper, though Miss Brown would have been shocked almost to annihilation had any one suggested the propriety of permitting it to speak on her cherished brass plate — Miss Brown kept a first-rate finishing academy for young ladies of the first families, and a boarding-house for all who needed kind friends, cheerful lodgings, and comfortable board. Then she had an English, and a French, and an Italian, and of

course a German teacher — all exemplary young women. Masters were rarely admitted, it being a gross impropriety, in Miss Brown's educational code, to accustom young ladies to male tuition.

One, indeed, there was, a Mr. Gilbert Givevoice; but then Miss Brown and his lamented mother had been such friends, that at one time they had thought of becoming another Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, and causing a sensation by retiring to live on friendship; but, unfortunately, before this could be carried into effect, a Mr. Givevoice appeared, and Miss Brown was left to mourn the inconsistency of those professions which had declared friendship all-sufficient for life. The offence was not forgiven for many years; but when Mrs. Givevoice was left a widow, Miss Brown generously relented, and Gilbert showing some musical talent, (magnified by the Briarstonians into marvellous genius,) he was gradually installed as music-master general, and aid extraordinary in all the concerns of Red Rose Villa.

Besides five-and-twenty pupils, a dozen boarders, four teachers, and half a dozen servants, Miss Brown was blessed with two brothers and two sisters, to all of whom she had performed most inimitably a mother's part. Many marvelled that such grown men as Mr. Gustavus and Mr. Adolphus Brown should succumb to female domination, and not seek homes for themselves; but petticoat government was so supreme in Red Rose Villa, that even the hint of such a thing would have been far too great a stretch of masculine audacity; and, in fact, they were very well contented where they were. Mr. Adol

phus was a banker's clerk, and was only known at home as going to sleep upon the sofa. Mr. Gustavus had been, (according to his own account,) at one time, a land-surveyor, at another an architect, and then an engraver; but he was, he declared, one of the unlucky ones, and so quietly sunk down in his sister's establishment, as merely a domestic man, who could set his hand to anything. He taught writing and arithmetic, and oriental tinting, and lead tinting, and a variety of finishing accomplishments; and copied music, and invented patterns for all the young lady-boarders who were worth something more than smiles. Mr. Adolphus was always asleep. Mr. Gustavus never seemed to sleep at all; thin as a lath, he was here, there, and everywhere, busying himself in everybody's concerns, but never succeeding in forwarding his own.

Miss Brown, portly and majestic in carriage as of imperturbable gravity in look, possessed a fund of high-sounding, choice-worded, conversational powers—that is to say, her speech, once entered upon, flowed on in such a continuous gently-murmuring stream, that to break or interrupt it by a rejoinder was utterly impossible. The voice was as imperturbable and unvarying as the face. She was wondrously learned; schooled in the lore of the ancient, and wise in the ways of the modern world. No scheme could be set afloat at Briarstone unless Miss Brown had been consulted; no shop was the fashion unless Miss Brown patronized; no case of distress worth relieving unless forwarded by Miss Brown; and, in sober truth, Miss Brown was benevolent—was generous—did the kindest deeds imaginable; but as she never left her



pinnacle of ice to look into human hearts, lest their warmth should thaw hers, she received neither the regard nor esteem which her sterling qualities in reality merited. Miss Whilelmina Brown was her antipodes—all sweetness—all graciousness—all fascination! Miss Brown was learned, and not accomplished; Miss Whilelmina accomplished, and not learned. Miss Brown was all sobriety, Miss Whilelmina all smiles. At thirty, she learnt the harp; at five-and-thirty, the guitar; at forty, she discovered she had a voice, and could sing inimitably—all the Briarstone *soirées* said so, and of course it must be true. Whole scenes from the French tragedians—stanzas from Dante—long lines from Schiller—Miss Whilelmina would recite with such pathos, such expression, there was no occasion to understand the languages to enter into such charming recitations. English poetry was not ventured upon; Byron and Moore *were* charming, certainly; but then her sister's responsible position—she dared not admit them upon the drawing-room tables of Red Rose Villa—she could only indulge herself strictly in private.

Miss Angelica, the youngest of the family by some years, was different to either sister. Nature had not been very bountiful in the powers of the brain, but, in their stead, had endowed her with powers of housewifery in no common degree. She managed all the domestic concerns of this human Noah's ark as no one else could. From morning till night she was moving; so overlooking every department, that at the furthest sound of her footsteps (none of the lightest, for Miss Angelica was as short

and stout as Miss Whilelmina was tall and languidly slim) every brush and broom seemed endowed with double velocity. Jingle, jingle, went a huge bunch of keys — pat, pat, her substantial feet, from kitchen to attic — scullery to roof. Even if she sat down, her fingers continued the same perpetual motion, in the creation of sundry caps, bonnets, head-dresses — all the paraphernalia of female elegances. No one dressed so becomingly as the Misses Brown; and Miss Angelica was considered the originator and inventor of fashions which all Briarstone followed.

The pupils were like most misses in their teens. Originality of character always succumbed to system in Red Rose Villa. Miss Brown's was a finishing academy for manners as well as morals; and so, in the weekly *soirées* of her mansion, the young ladies, by alternate eights, appeared in the drawing-room, dressed very becomingly, to sit down and smile, and answer in monosyllables; to play their last specimen of Herz or Thalberg, or sing their last bravura, or make one in a quadrille; but in all they did to bear witness to the admirable code of tuition and government carried out in Red Rose Villa.

The boarders presented a variety of characters; but as our sketch only extends over one evening, we can merely mention them generally. Officers' widows, on half-pay, who, by a residence in Miss Brown's establishment, combined first-rate education for their daughters, and society for themselves; ancient spinsters, who had not given up the idea of becoming middle-aged matrons, well knowing that Miss Brown's philanthropic disposition gave them opportunities for the cultivation of the tender passion,

when any one else would have imagined the time for such juvenilities was over. In the fortnightly *soirées*, one, two, or three pairs of lovers were always found among Miss Brown's guests — unfortunates, whose interminable engagements, from pecuniary difficulties, or the stern dissent of cruel guardians, would have seemed hopeless to all, but for the energetic encouragement of the benevolent Miss Brown, who always acted on the idea,

"Passion, I see, is catching."

And, still more urgent reason, never did a wedding-party issue from the well-glazed portals of Red Rose Villa (and such events did really occur) but an accession of pupils and boarders immediately followed.

Amongst the boarders were two young ladies, sisters' children, and both orphans, but the similitude went no further. Isabel Morland, the eldest by two years, was a sparkling brunette — satirical — clever ; eccentric in habits, uneven in temper, and capricious as the wind. But what did all this signify ? She was an heiress ; and, reckoning according to the estimation of Briarstone, a rich one. She had been a pupil, and her love of display, and coquetry, and determination to get a husband, had occasioned her resolve to remain with a family whom in heart she detested, rather than reside with the only relations she possessed, old, respectable folks in the country. She had sense enough to know that her fortune, inexhaustible as it seemed in Briarstone, would not endow her with the smallest consequence elsewhere. And though so highly gifted by nature as, had she selected the

society of superior minds, to have become both estimable and happy ; yet her love of power — of feeling herself superior to any one with whom she associated — made her voluntarily become a member of a family whom she lost no opportunity of turning into objects of satire and abuse ; receiving the marked attentions of Mr. Gustavus Brown so graciously, when no better offered, as to give him every hope of ultimate success ; but cold, distant, and disdainful, at the remotest chance of achieving a more desirable conquest.

Very different was Laura Gascoigne. Unusually retiring in manner, the peculiar charm hovering around her could be better felt than described. Possessing neither the wit nor the cleverness, or, as Coleridge so happily expresses it, “the brain in the hand,” which characterized her cousin, she had judgment, feeling, thought — the rare power of *concentration*, which enabled her to succeed in all she attempted — the quiet, persevering energy which leads to completion, even in the simplest trifles, and prevents all mere superficial acquirement. Perhaps early sorrow had deepened natural characteristics. From the time her mother became widowed, no pen can describe the devotedness which was the tie between them. The failing health of Mrs. Gascoigne had, during the last year of her life, compelled a residence in the south of England ; and, when in the neighborhood of Briarstone, the real kindness to the mother and daughter received from the Misses Brown induced Laura, after Mrs. Gascoigne’s death, to make their house her home, till she could decide on her future

plans. She was indeed lonely upon earth ; and the straitened means which had urged her to teach many hours in the day, to supply her mother with luxuries and comforts, by stamping them as poor, prevented her being known in those circles where her gentle virtues would have gained her real appreciating friends.

All that she had sacrificed in her filial devotion even her mother never knew, though that mighty sacrifice had been made full two years before her death. An invalid, whose life might pass from night till morning with none on earth to love and tend her but her child, Laura could not leave her. And when she had said this, her lover, in all the jealous irritation of an angry, passionate nature, reproached her that she did not, could not, love him, else every other consideration would be waived—that the reports of her affections having been transferred to another were true, and therefore it was better they should part. She had meekly left him to resume her sad duties by her mother's side, and they had never met again. She knew he had been on the eve of leaving England for an honorable appointment in the West Indies, to which he had been nominated. But the wish would rise that he would write ; he could not continue in anger towards her ; time must show the purity, the justice, of her motive in her refusal, at such a moment, to leave England. And gladly would she have remained in one spot, hoping, believing on ; but her mother needed constant change, and they had gone from place to place, that perhaps, even if he had written, no letter could have reached her. Three years had passed ; and if the *hope* to prove her

truth still lingered, the *expectation* had indeed long gone. And so Laura's early youth had passed, with not one flower cast upon it save those her own sweet disposition gave. Miss Brown's establishment was not, indeed, a congenial home; but she had her own room, her own pursuits; and though often yearning, how intensely! for sympathy and intellectual companionship, could be thankful and contented. She could not love the Miss Browns, but she respected their sterling qualities, and regretted their eccentricities; and so found some good point to dilate on, when others quizzed and laughed at them, that her presence always checked ill-nature.

"What is the cause of all this unusual confusion and excitement, Isabel?" inquired Laura, one morning, entering her cousin's apartment; "do enlighten me. You always know everything as thoroughly as Miss Brown herself."

"And you always know nothing, my most rustic cousin. Fortunate for you, you have so superior a person as myself to come to. There is to be a grand assembly in the lower regions to-night, and so of course sweet Whilelmina is practising and tuning enough to terrify away all harmony, and Angelica is buried in all the mysteries of supper-craft. Don't look unbelieving; it is true."

"And it is Wednesday, not Saturday, Isabel."

"Granted, Laura; but such a grand event as receiving a baronet and his sister demands everything uncommon, even to a change of night. It would be doing him no honor to receive him on a usual *soirée* night. Learned Lucretia is deep in the last novel, and this month's most fashionable magazine. Folks report that Sir Sydney Harcourt

likes literary conversation. I mean to try if Isabel Morland will not have more effect in captivating than the three graces, Lucretia, Whilelmina, and Angelica, all together, backed by their whole corps of spinsters and school-girls. What has seized you, Laura, that you do not scold me, as usual, for my self-conceit. Do you begin to feel it is breath wasted ? My dear, you shall see me in perfection to-night. Sir Sydney shall not depart heart-whole from Briarstone, though he does look as if nobody within it could be worth speaking to."

Isabel was standing before a large mirror, much too engrossed in admiring her own face and studying various attitudes, and the best mode of arranging her glossy black hair, to notice how strangely and fitfully Laura's color varied, and the voice in which she said, "Sir Sydney Harcourt, is he a new resident at Briarstone ?" was not sufficiently agitated to cause remark, save to a much quicker perception than Isabel's.

"Yes, within the last few days ; such a sensation has his arrival made, you must have heard of it even in your sanctum."

"My dear Isabel, have I not been staying out the last fortnight, and only returned last night ?"

"Oh, by-the-by, so you have."

"How much you must have missed me !"

"I did the first few days ; but, my good child, how could I think of anything but the new lion, splendid as he is, too ? He is only here for a month. Will you dare me to the field, Laura, to make that month two, or six, or something more into the bargain ?"

"No, Isabel, you need no daring. Only remember your own peace may be endangered too."

"My peace! my dear foolish child. I shall see Sir Sydney at my feet long before any such catastrophe. Lady Harcourt! how well it sounds!"

"And Mr. Brown, Isabel?"

"The wretch! we have quarrelled irretrievably."

"And when I left you were giving him every encouragement you could."

"Nonsense, Laura! You are always preaching of my giving encouragement. The poor wretch would die in despair if I did not relent sometimes."

"Better, as I have always told you, put an end to his attentions at once. I am certain he would cease to persecute, if you did not encourage him, as you know you do."

"I know I do. Poor dear Gussy—he is very well when I can get no one else."

"But, indeed, Isabel, you are very wrong; your manner to him is the talk of every one."

"I do not care for what every one thinks, as I have told you hundreds of times. I will just pursue my own inclination, whether the world approve of it or not. What is the world to me? You cannot possibly imagine I mean ever to become Mrs. Brown. Why, the very name is enough to make me drown myself first. No, I am free to receive all Sir Sydney's attentions, which I fully mean to win. You know I have some power, Laura."

"To attract, but not to keep, Isabel."



“Laura, if you were not a thorough simpleton, I should say you had designs on Sir Sydney yourself. Come, will you run a tilt with me for him? I will be generous, and keep back some of my fascinations, that we may try as equals, if you will.”

“Thank you for the proposal, but it would hardly be fair. You will burst upon Sir Sydney in the freshness and brilliancy of novelty, in addition to all your other attractions. I have not even novelty to befriend me, for I rather think I have met him before.”

“Sir Sydney Harcourt! How sly of you not to tell me all this time! When?—how?—where?”

“How could I tell you before, Isabel, when you have scarcely given me breathing space?”

“But do you know anything of his former life? Report says he was jilted by a poor insignificant girl, and has been a professed woman-hater ever since. I do believe there he is, in his curricule. What a splendid set-out!—do look, Laura. Stay—I shall see him better in the next room.”

And to the next room she flew, so engrossed with Sir Sydney’s splendid driving that she did not perceive that Laura had not accepted the invitation, but had quietly retired to her own room.

“Miss Gascoigne, I trust you will join us to-night. I expect the honor of Sir Sydney Harcourt’s and his accomplished sister’s company. Your manners and appearance are so completely *comme il faut* that they will, no doubt, be glad to meet you. I do not approve of young ladies hunting after gayety and dissipation; but it

is a great advantage to mix in such society as I can offer you to-night. I shall expect to see you, of course." And without waiting for a reply—for such a thing as dissent to Miss Brown's commands was not to be thought of—Miss Brown, or learned Lucretia, in Isabel Morland's phraseology, majestically floated onwards.

"Laura, my sweet Laura, play over the accompaniment to this luscious 'Ah te o cara.' Mr. Givevoice will be here to-night, so I shall not want you; but now, if you will assist me, you will do me such a favor. The music is so mellifluous, it will quite repay you for the trouble." And Laura complied, regretting most sincerely that a person possessing such real sense and goodness as Miss Whilelmina should so expose herself to ridicule, but feeling that, young as she was, it was more her duty to bear with folly than reprove it.

"Laura, dear, put the finishing bows to Lucretia's cap for me, there's a love. I have such innumerable things to see after and get done before seven o'clock to-night, that I have no time to breathe."

"You are always busy, my dear Miss Angelica. I wish you would make me of use. I shall finish this in ten minutes; so you had better give me something else to do."

"You are the best girl in the world, Laura, my dear; but you can't assist me in household concerns. No one can; they worry me to death—but I don't grow thin upon them, that's one comfort. Come, I am glad you are smiling, Laura, my dear. What a pity you are not more merry! By-the-by, you may help me very

much—I shall never get through the tea-making all by myself.”

“Let me take it off your hands entirely. I will with pleasure.”

“Thank you—thank you, my dear ; but nothing would go right if I were not there too, depend upon it. If there is not Molly only going now to dust the rooms—the lazy huzzy !” And off trotted Miss Angelica, to scold and dust by turns.

The evening at length arrived. Confusion and noise, and sundry domestic jars, had subsided into silence and solemnity actually portentous. The pupils, with the exception of six most highly favored, had been dismissed to their dormitories, and the school-room fitted up for the supper, which, under Miss Angelica’s auspices in the culinary department, Miss Whilelmina’s in the elegant arrangement of fruit and flowers, and Miss Lucretia’s in the selection of sweets and solids least hurtful to the gastronomic and digestive powers, was to be unequalled.

In the front drawing-room the Misses and Messrs. Brown and their train of boarders sat in imposing state. The covers had all been removed from the couches, *chairs-longues*, ottomans, &c., displaying a variety of embroidery by the fair fingers of Miss Whilelmina, and the splendid designs of Mr. Gustavus. The harp was uncovered ; the guitar, with its broad blue ribbon, laid carelessly on the grand piano-forte, which was open ; and at his post on the music-stool sat Mr. Gilbert Givevoice, fair and famous, smiling very sweetly on his tall pupil, Miss Whilelmina, who was in earnest conversation by his

side. Miss Brown was on the sofa, looking wiser and grander than ever. A vacant place was left beside her, which no one thought of taking, for that it was designed for Miss Harcourt being as well known as if the name had been chalked up on the wall behind. Presently all the presentable inhabitants of Briarstone flocked in, attired in their very best, and satisfying Miss Brown as to the imposing appearance of her saloon. The back drawing-room, somewhat less brilliantly lighted, was occupied, as usual, by three or four sets of lovers. The blue room opened from it, and Laura was there ensconced as Miss Angelica's aid extraordinary. The door being thrown open, permitted a full view of the two drawing-rooms and all their proceedings, though from the blue room occupying a sort of angular corner, its inmates could not even be observed. Isabel Morland, looking actually dazzling, from her becoming dress and indescribable *tournure*, had chosen to settle down into a regular flirtation with a Mr. Manby, a young man she sometimes deigned to notice, at others deemed too little even to be visible. Mr. Gustavus looked black as a thunder-cloud; his thin form moving in and out the circle, but always hovering nearest Isabel, who took no more notice of him than of his vacant chair.

At length the magic words, "Sir Sydney and Miss Harcourt," were pronounced, and the door flung back as if its very hinges should suffer martyrdom to do them honor; and the whole roomful rose, as by one movement, except Isabel, who carelessly remained seated. Then came sundry flourishes and introductions, and mutual bows and curtsies, till Miss Harcourt fairly sank down on

her seat of honor, casting a rueful glance at her brother, who returned it with one so irresistibly comic, that Isabel, to whom alone the look was visible, was compelled to smile too. Sir Sydney, whose eye was wandering round the room, caught the look, eagerly bowed recognition, and in another minute was at her side, leaving Mr. Gustavus with half his tale untold.

That Sir Sydney was handsome, and had all the ease and elegance of a polished gentleman, there could not be two opinions about ; but there was something more about him, no one could exactly define what. He was too well bred to be haughty or repulsive when he had quite willingly accepted Miss Brown's invitation ; yet he certainly did not seem in his element. He did smile and talk well ; but Miss Whilelmina whispered to an intimate friend to observe how very melancholy his countenance was when at rest — she was certain he was not a happy man, and what could be the reason ? Miss Harcourt was pronounced, after a trial of ten minutes, a most charming, accomplished, elegant girl ; she was in reality merely an unaffected, genteel, quiet little personage, without any pretension whatever, and somewhat passed what she deemed girlhood.

The evening proceeded most harmoniously. Tea was accomplished elegantly under Miss Angelica's active surveillance. She was in the blue room, back and front drawing-room, so quickly, one after the other, that she seemed gifted with ubiquity for the evening. Then Miss Brown proposed music and dancing ; she thought they were such delectable adjuncts to young people's amusement —

such social pleasures, &c.; to all of which Miss Harcourt gracefully assented. She would be happy to perform her part; her brother seldom danced. A general lamentation followed. What a loss to the dancers!—perhaps he would prefer music; they could offer him some very passable; and a concert commenced, in appearance very naturally given, but in reality performed in exact accordance with well-cogitated arrangements beforehand.

Whether Sir Sydney benefited by the succession of “sweet sounds” or not, remained a problem; as Isabel, to Miss Brown’s and Mr. Gustavus’ excessive annoyance, kept him so exclusively her attendant, that it required all his acquaintance with worldly tact to save him from rudeness to his hostesses, at the same time that he fully encouraged his companion. The only thought Isabel could spare from Sir Sydney was for Laura to witness her triumph; but Laura was nowhere to be seen. If Isabel could have known that her cousin saw her and Sir Sydney too, and the sickness of heart that vision gave, she might have triumphed more.

Dancing was at length accomplished, and Sir Sydney actually joined in it, dancing two quadrilles successively with Isabel, and then remaining standing with her, leaning against the piano, in such apparent earnest conversation as allowed attention to nothing else. Mr. Manby, and several other beaux of Briarstone, whom Isabel never disdained at the public balls, when none superior were to be had, came in humble adoration, entreating the honor of her hand. The toss of the head and curl of the lip with which they were refused elicited an expression in

Sir Sydney's eye and very handsome mouth which must have startled Isabel, had she not been too engrossed with her own apparent conquest to perceive it.

"Sydney, you are wrong," whispered Miss Harcourt, as Isabel, for an instant, disappeared to find a musical album on which she much prided herself.

"Mary, I am right," was the reply; "if young ladies choose to play the coquette, it is but fair in us to pay them back in their own coin. How ungracious I should be to let all these graceful arts be wasted!"

Miss Harcourt still looked disapproval, but further rejoinder was impossible; for Isabel, flushed with conquest, had returned more animated and engrossing than before.

"Of course you sing, Miss Morland?"

"No, Sir Sydney, I abhor all pretension; and as I knew I could never sing like a professor, I never attempted it."

"Pardon me, but I think you are wrong. There can be no necessity for private performers to equal professors; indeed, I would banish all Italian *bravuras* from private rooms."

"You will think my brother a sad Goth, Miss Morland; but he prefers a simple English ballad to anything else."

"I admire his taste; but you surely do not think ballad-singing an easily-accomplished matter?"

"Easy enough for any one with natural feeling," replied Sir Sydney, somewhat hastily, "and with boldness sufficient to express it. I would rather hear 'Go, forget

me,' as I have heard it, than the finest Italian scena by a prima donna."

"I am delighted, Sir Sydney, that we have it in our power to afford you that gratification," energetically interposed Miss Whilelmina. The baronet made her a graceful bow, looking at his sister, however, with eyes that plainly said, "Save me from this!"

"Laura!" (Sir Sydney actually started, but recovered himself so rapidly, that the sudden flushing of his brow was unremarked even by Isabel.) "Dear me, where can the dear girl have hid herself? I assure you, Sir Sydney, though she sings very seldom, she is considered first-rate in English ballads;" and away gracefully glided Miss Whilelmina in search of her.

"Who is this 'dear girl,' Miss Morland? Can she really sing that song? I would rather she chose any other," said Sir Sydney, in a tone almost of irritation.

Isabel looked up with one of her most mischievous smiles, which recalled him instantly to his artificial self; but, before he could rally sufficiently to speak again, Miss Whilelmina's voice, in its most dulcet tones of encouragement, was close behind him.

"Come, Laura, my dear; we are all friends, you know; no one to be afraid of. Sir Sydney is so particularly partial to 'Go, forget me.' I am sure you will favor him."

"Or any other song the young lady likes; I would not be so arbitrary as to select for her," he exclaimed, springing up, with gentlemanly politeness, to relieve Miss Whilelmina of the music-book she carried, and, as



he took it from her, coming in close contact with the fair girl behind her, whom her flowing drapery had, till then, completely concealed.

“Laura! Miss Gascoigne! Is it possible!” he articulated, in a tone which, though suppressed, must, to any perception less obtuse than the Misses Brown’s, have betrayed intense emotion; but Miss Whilelmina only read casual acquaintanceship, and supposed an introduction had taken place in the early part of the evening. Laura bowed, Sir Sydney thought, coldly, and quietly passed on to the piano. The song was selected, and sung. She had often been heard before; but her voice had never seemed the same as at that moment. It might have been that what a baronet and his sister listened to with such interest that the former had moved himself some distance from Miss Morland’s fascinations to look at and listen to the singer unobserved, must be of greater value than it had ever before been supposed, or that there really was some spell in the song which Laura had never been heard to sing before, (Miss Whilelmina, seeing it amongst her music, had spoken on supposition merely;) but it fell upon the most thoughtless, the most obtuse, with such unaccountable power, that even when the strain ceased the sudden and unusual hush continued, until rudely broken by Mr. Gustavus Brown and Mr. Gilbert Givevoice clapping their hands most vehemently, exciting an uproar of applause, under which Laura tried to make her escape, but she was prevented by the friendly advance of Miss Harcourt, who, with both hands extended, exclaimed so as to be heard by all, “Miss Gascoigne, will

you permit me to thank you for your beautiful song and claim your acquaintance in the same breath ? We have, in truth, never met before ; but if you knew me as well as I know you from report, we should be friends — nay, more, allies — already. You need not look so very terrified,” she added, with laughing earnestness ; “ I am not a very formidable person, though my want of ceremony may really be rather startling ; but I am so glad to have found you, that I must entreat Miss Brown’s kind permission to excuse me, if I do forget everybody but you, for a little while.”

Her ready tact met with the rejoinder she desired ; she was entreated by all the sisters to make herself quite at home ; they were delighted she should know their dear Laura. The blue room was quite deserted, and they could chat there quite comfortably ; and to the blue room Miss Harcourt eagerly led her companion, who so trembled that she feared for the continuance of her composure. The door was not closed ; to do so would have occasioned remark ; but, as we said before, the room was so situated, for its inmates to be completely retired from all observation.

Isabel Morland was furious. She had seen Sir Sydney’s suppressed emotion, and, with the quickness of thought, connected that and Miss Harcourt’s eager address with the floating rumors of Sir Sydney’s early life ; but that her insignificant, unfashionable cousin, could be the heroine of the tale, and retain such hold of his recollection as to drive all her present fascinations from his mind, was a degradation not to be passively endured ; in fact, it was

impossible—she would not think of it—Sir Sydney should be caught yet; but, at present, there certainly was little hope of it. He had deserted her, and was in earnest, if not agitated, conversation with Miss Lucretia and Miss Whilelmina Brown, who were listening, and answering, and then gradually entering into detail, with so much interest, that all superficial folly gave way, for the time, before the real goodness of heart which they in general so strenuously contrived to conceal.

“Disagreeable, designing old women!” Isabel thought, “what can he see in them to hold his attention so chained? He shall not listen any longer.” And she glided close to the sofa where the two were seated. Sir Sydney rose, and offered her his seat. No; she would rather stand. Sir Sydney bowed, and quietly sat down again. Something seemed the matter with Isabel’s bracelet; she clasped and unclasped it vehemently, but the movement did not disturb the earnest conversation which Sir Sydney, in a low voice, still continued. The trinket broke, and fell at his feet. He gracefully raised and presented it, regretting the accident, and turned again to the Misses Brown. An exclamation of “What could have become of her beautiful bouquet?” was the young lady’s next effort to recall the deserter to his allegiance; but Sir Sydney did not even seem to hear it, or, if he did, before he could make a move to seek it, it was presented to her by the officious Gussy, with a most malicious bow. Isabel did not quite throw it at his head, as inclination prompted, but in a very few seconds every flower lay in fragments at her feet; one beautiful exotic fell, uninjured, so close to

Miss Whilelmina, that she raised it with an expression of lamentation ; but Isabel snatched it from her, and hastily stamped her pretty little foot upon it, with such a very unequivocal expression of temper, that Sir Sydney almost unconsciously fixed an astonished gaze upon her. It was too much to be borne quietly ; she turned angrily away, sauntering through the rooms, deigning to hold converse with none, and would have so far sacrificed all propriety as to enter the blue room to solve the mystery at once, had not Laura and Miss Harcourt at that instant reappeared. The countenance of the latter bore such evident traces of emotion, spite of the strong control she was practising, that Isabel was on the point of making some bitterly satirical remark ; but those dark reproving eyes were again upon her, and Sir Sydney spoke before she did — but it was to Laura — not to her.

“Has my sister pleaded in vain, or may I indeed claim an old friend — and forgiveness ?” he added — speaking the last word in so low a tone as only to be heard by his sister, Laura, and Isabel. Laura’s lip so quivered, that no word would come ; but her hand was unhesitatingly placed in that which Sir Sydney so eagerly extended, and her eyes met his. He drew her arm in his, and led her, to all appearance, so easily and naturally to a quadrille that was forming, that few suspected more than that they had been old friends ; and how strange it was they should meet there and then ; and, if he should talk to her, and make her sing twice again, during the short remainder of the evening, it was nothing remarkable !

Isabel had thrown herself moodily on one of the sofas

in the blue room, half concealed by the curtains of the window, trying, in vain, to connect Sir Sydney's conduct and the report of his former life. It seemed clear enough ; but she would not believe it. There was nothing in his manner but old acquaintanceship ; she would conquer him yet. How could Laura vie with her ? Alas, for the delusion ! Miss Harcourt's shawl, by the provident care of Miss Angelica, had been brought to the blue room, and there, with Laura, she repaired ; the Misses Brown, in trio, assembled to do them great honor ; and Isabel remained wholly unperceived. After being well shawled, Miss Harcourt disappeared with her body-guard of Browns. Sir Sydney, who had come ostensibly to hurry her, lingered.

“ Laura ! my own beloved ! forgiven ! loved through all ! how could I doubt ? — how could I make myself and you so miserable ? Can I ever repay you, even by a long life of love ? If you but knew the remorse, the wretchedness, I have endured, you would forgive still more,” were the somewhat incoherent sentences that fell distinctly on Isabel's ear ; and, though there was no answer, no words, she could see Sir Sydney's arm thrown around her cousin, and that she shrunk not from his parting kiss. Another moment, and both had disappeared — Sir Sydney to take such farewell of the really worthy women who had befriended his Laura, that he left them in perfect raptures, and Laura to fly to the security of her own room, where, burying her face in her hands, the tears burst forth like a torrent, giving relief, vent, calm, to a heart which, though so sustained in grief, had been so unused

to joy, that its presence had well-nigh prevented its realization.

Our readers must imagine all the various crosses and vexatious *contretemps* which had prevented Sir Sydney Harcourt from discovering Laura, as he had so ardently desired to do ; for ours is a mere sketch, not a tale. They must recollect he had, only the last six months, returned from the West Indies, a residence in which had entirely frustrated his wishes for a reconciliation, even by a letter ; for, as we have said before, Mrs. Gascoigne's constant removals had prevented the possibility of any letter from such a distance finding them. When he had first loved her he was dependent on a coarse-minded, worldly relation, to whom an affection for a poor girl dared not be breathed. He had sought an appointment abroad, to escape a matrimonial connection which was being forced upon him, and he had wished Laura to consent to a private marriage, and accompany him abroad as the companion of his sister, who preferred daring the miseries of the West Indies with her brother, to remaining in England without him. Sir Sydney, (then plain Sydney Harcourt, with little hopes of the baronetcy and independence for many years,) naturally of a fiery and somewhat jealous temper, materially increased from the privations and checks he was constantly enduring, chose to believe Laura's calm, reasoning indifference, and her refusal to leave her ailing mother, only a cover to reject his affection for that of some richer lover. Time, his sister's representations, and the bitter pain of separation, cooled these unjust suspicions, and he only recollected Laura's

look of suffering and tone of suppressed agony, with which she had bade him farewell.

The unexpected demise of his relation, the baronetcy, and a moderate independency, recalling him to England much sooner than he had dreamed of, every effort was put in force to find Laura, but in vain, till chance led him to Briarstone, and some magnetic instinct urged him to accept an invitation which it was more in his nature to have travelled some miles to avoid. He always declared his belief in mesmeric influences henceforward.

Isabel's schemes to prevent the course of true love from running smooth were fruitless. The old adage had already had its more than quantum of fulfilment, and Laura Gascoigne became Lady Harcourt before she was two months older. The delight and self-complacency of the Misses Brown was beyond description ; Miss Lucretia looked grander, Miss Whilelmina more gracious, and Miss Angelica more bustling, than ever. An accession of pupils and boarders was almost the immediate consequence of Laura's marriage, and the fair fame of Red Rose Villa was so well established as fortunately to receive no diminution from an affair which so scandalized Miss Brown that she herself could not rally from it for months. After alternately encouraging Mr. Gustavus Brown and Mr. Gilbert Givevoice, till each gentleman so believed himself the favored individual as to be ready to call his rival out, if he dared to deny it, Isabel Morland, one fine summer morning, eloped with an Italian emigrant count, who, much against Miss Brown's ideas of propriety, she would have to teach her Italian, leaving both lovers in the some-

what disagreeable predicament of having been most egregiously deceived and laughed at, at the very moment they were anticipating the *gold*, far more than the hand, of an heiress ; and as such was the origin of their dreams, and the source of their disappointment, we can better forgive Isabel's conduct to them, than we can her conduct to herself. Alas, indeed, for those whom nature has so gifted, and over whom principle has no sway !



## THE FAVORITE FLOWER.

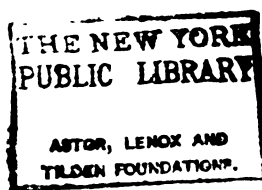
BY MRS. NORTON.

TWINE not the rose, the thorny rose,  
    To wreathe around that gentle brow,  
Nor tax thy loving heart to choose  
    An offering thy regard to show :  
Ah ! vainly for thy lover's breast  
    Thou cullest from that perfumed store  
Some bud more crimson than the rest, —  
    Thou hast not guessed the Favorite Flower !

Thine be the star-like jasmine, pale  
    And cold as cloistered maiden's face ;  
Thine be the lilac, faint and frail,  
    And thine the clustering rose-bud's grace ;  
But me the burning poppy bring,  
    Which evermore, with fevered eye,  
Unfreshened by the dews of spring,  
    Stands gazing at the glowing sky ;

Whose scarlet petals, flung apart,  
    (Crimsoned with passion, not with shame,)





Hang round his seared and blackened heart,  
    Flickering and hot, like tongues of flame !  
Scentless, unseemly, though it be, —  
    That passion-born and scorched-up flower, —  
'Tis dearer far to love and me  
    Than those which twine e'en round thy bower.

For well its burning tablets say  
    What words and sighs would vainly speak :  
My Zoe ! turn not thus away  
    Thy down-cast eye and kindling cheek ;  
Too oft thy patient slave hath caught  
    Hope's emblem from thy playful hand :  
When will " the Favorite Flower " be brought, —  
    The poppy of our eastern land ?

# MEN OF THE WORLD.

WRITTEN AT CALCUTTA.

BY D. LESTER RICHARDSON.

THERE is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is, perhaps, rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent what ever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and none at all in that of the unprosperous, as if fortune never favored fools or neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare when he should act with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets or philosophical speculators are out of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting

observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors. Their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words. They talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorably inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself was as helpless and dependent as a child. The excellent author of the *Wealth of Nations* could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their common-place maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the

opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world, that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense. The reverse is the case with the latter. The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune, as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed, who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an incumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition, and extreme frankness and generosity, have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world, and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside, and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting, in some measure, his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street. He

cannot pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the road-side is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful — his own success.

I shall not here speak of those by-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness ; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius ; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I cannot enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life, to a congenial spirit, soon ceases to be a study ; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labor, by the midnight lamp, to produce an ungainly



stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs ; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity, and a perfect self-possession, are absolutely essential ; but high intellect is only an obstruction. Men whose heads are little better than a pin's, have rendered themselves extremely acceptable in well-dressed circles. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting, in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness, that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble

him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

The foolish and formal conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could take a share in it with any degree of credit. He has not the feeling of calm and unmixed contempt; there is envy and irritation in his heart. He cannot despise his fellow-creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome every man would be a Roman.

Of the class of proud and sensitive men of thought, the poet Cowper was a striking example, and he has described their feelings with great truth and vivacity:—

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,  
And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.

Our sensibilities are so acute  
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.

\* \* \* \* \*

The visit paid, with ecstasy we come  
 As from a seven years' transportation, home,  
 And there resume an unembarrassed brow,  
 Recovering what we lost we know not how,  
 The faculties that seemed reduced to nought,  
 Expression and the privilege of thought.

There is in this City of Palaces more than one example of the unfitness of the literary character for general society. A particular friend of my own, who is fonder of the study than the drawing-room, when he enters a social circle in which there are faces not thoroughly familiar to him, is like a wanderer in a foreign scene. His strange blunders are often exceedingly offensive to the feelings and prejudices of those whom he is most desirous to oblige. He fails in exact proportion to his anxiety for success. If he were walking in his own garden, or sitting in his own domestic circle, he could be as self-possessed and common-place a person as any in the world. He might remain for hours in a state of mental ease or inaction, and even "whistle for want of thought;" but the moment that he enters a new scene, and feels a little out of his element, his intellectual faculties commence a rapid chaotic dance. It is in vain that he attempts to control or guide a single thought; the reason has no longer sovereign sway and masterdom. His brain resembles the state of a ship in the last extremity, when the sailors, laughing at all authority, leave everything to fate, and indulge themselves in a mad and melancholy merriment. In this state of temporary delirium, a man can hardly be thought responsible for his own actions. My friend, with

all his defects, is so genuinely candid and kind-hearted, that he will excuse the liberty I am taking with his character, in using it as an illustration, and I know well that he will readily acknowledge the truth of the portrait. He will not be displeased should others also recognize it, for it forms an indirect apology that may set him right with many who may have imagined that he had intentionally offended them. I will even mention a few instances of his strange confusion and forgetfulness. When he was preparing to leave England for this country, he called at the India House for a "shipping order" for himself and family. He found himself suddenly in a crowd of gay young clerks, in whose presence he was somewhat abruptly questioned as to the number and names of his children. He had only three of those inestimable treasures; but there was such an instantaneous anarchy in his brain, that he was obliged to confess he could not answer the question. Every one stared at him with astonishment, and set him down for a madman. He sneaked painfully out of the room, and had scarcely closed the door, when his memory was as clear and precise as ever. I shall venture upon another anecdote, equally characteristic. He received some time ago a pair of marriage tickets. He was eager to acknowledge the compliment, and pay his grateful respects to the young bride; but bad health, official duties, obliviousness, and a spirit of procrastination, all combined to occasion the postponement of his visit. He called at last, and experienced his usual stultification. In the presence of a number of visitors, all of whose eyes were intently fixed upon him,

he observed that he was glad to see so many persons present, as it convinced him that the honeymoon was over, and that he had not called earlier than delicacy and custom permitted. He had forgotten that a whole year had slipped away since he had received his ticket ! There was a general laugh, and the lady good-humoredly sent for a fine strapping baby, as a still stronger proof that his visit was perfectly well-timed. I cannot resist the temptation to add one more example of his occasional perplexities. He was acquainted with two brothers, of whom the one was a literary man and the other a merchant. The latter died, and a few months after that event, my friend met the survivor. He at once confounded the dead man with the living, and in the course of conversation embraced an opportunity to express his regret to the supposed merchant at the deplorably bad success of his poor brother's published poems, adding, in the freedom and plenitude of his confidence, a candid opinion (which could not now, he observed, reach the ears of the person referred to, or give him a moment's pain) that in devoting himself to literature he had sadly mistaken the nature of his own powers. My unhappy friend had hardly let fall the last word of his unconscious jest, when a light flashed across his brain, and he saw his error. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It would be difficult to say which of the two was the most severely vexed — the vain and irritable poetaster or the dreaming blunderer. I could easily multiply instances of my friend's excessive abstraction and laughable forgetfulness ; but these are enough for my purpose. I will only add that he hardly

ever addresses any person by his right name, and if suddenly called upon to introduce a friend to a strange circle, would be sure to make some extraordinary blunder, the absurdity of which would stare him in the face the moment after. He is sometimes so vexed by his almost incredible mistakes, that he vows, in his despair, he will never again attempt any intercourse with general society, however numerous or pressing may be the invitations of his friends. He knows too well, he says, that if any subject is especially displeasing to his hearers, he is sure, by some horrible fatality, to bring it prominently forward; and if he attempts a compliment, he is ruined forever. With the strongest ambition to be thought both sensible and good-natured, he often acts as if he were a perfect idiot, or one of the most malicious of human beings.

The axioms most familiar to men of the world are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely *parroted*. Some critics have thought that the advice which *Polonius*, in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, gives his son, on his going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most others of a similar nature, we find, on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakspeare's is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of *Laertes* are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his

- own soul. They have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. No one is surprised at the innumerable wise saws and proverbial phrases that issue from the lips of the most silly and ignorant old women, in all ranks of life, in town and country, in cottages and in courts. In the conversation of the weakest-minded persons, we often find, as in that of *Polonius*, both "matter and impertinency mixed." His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure,\* but reserve thy judgment."

He is indebted to his court education for this mean and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. Let us quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

*Polonius* might have picked up this marvellous scrap of prudence in some petty tradesman's shop ; not, however, in a pawnbroker's, for the sign of which it would form a very forbidding motto. It is similar in tone to the maxims of Poor Richard. There are a few precepts in the parting advice of *Polonius* of a somewhat higher character ; but they are only such as float about the world,

\* Opinion.

and are repeated on occasion by well-intentioned people. They are not of that high and original cast which Shakspeare would have put into the mouth of *Hamlet*, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage.

It seems paradoxical to affirm, that men who are out of the world know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are in it ; but it is nevertheless perfectly true, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled about in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves. They who have attained success by mere good fortune are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer, who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers.

The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. The old, indeed, are always wise in their own estimation, and eagerly volunteer advice, which is not in all cases as eagerly received. The stale preparatory sentence of "*When you have come to my years,*" &c., is occasionally a prologue to the wearisome farce of second childhood. A Latin proverb says that "experience teacheth." It sometimes does so, but not always. Experience cannot confer natural sagacity, and without that it is nearly useless. It is said to be an axiom in natural history, that a cat will never tread again the road on which it has been beaten ;



but this has been disproved in a thousand experiments. It is the same with mankind. A weak-minded man, let his years be few or numerous, will no sooner be extricated from a silly scrape, than he will fall again into the same difficulty in the very same way. Nothing is more common than for old women (of either sex) to shake with a solemn gravity their thin gray hairs, as if they covered a repository of gathered wisdom, when perchance some clear and lively head upon younger shoulders has fifty times the knowledge, with less than half the pretension. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunities of acquiring wisdom, but according to the shrewdness and activity of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune in all cases an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect\* or his knowledge of the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are perhaps better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to "the human face divine," or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures, until they have

\* There are some few professions, indeed, in which success is a pretty certain indication of learning or of genius.

made "assurance doubly sure," and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavorable opinions of their fellow-creatures; because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable, that men are very much disposed to "make themselves the measure of mankind," or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colors of their own heart.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature;—and, indeed, all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

Though I have alluded to the tendency of some particular professions to indurate the heart and limit or warp the judgment, I should be sorry, indeed, if the remarks

that I have ventured upon this subject should be regarded as an avowal of hostility towards any class whatever of my fellow-creatures. I should be guilty of a gross absurdity and injustice if I did not readily admit that intellect and virtue are not confined to one class or excluded from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creatures of circumstance ; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions ; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not meet with men who are an honor to human nature.

## STANZAS.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

YES — I have loved and honored thee —  
Nor guile, nor fear of guile, were mine ;  
But, oh ! since thou canst faithless be,  
I'll grieve not for a heart like thine !

Lady, when first thine azure eye  
Met and controlled my raptured gaze,  
I breathed the fond impassioned sigh  
That youthful love to beauty pays.

Could I have known, what *now* I know,  
Its beam but brightened to betray,  
In vain had shone the spurious glow  
That led a trusting heart astray.

'T is not an eye of brightest hue  
Can woman's nobler spell impart ;  
Fidelity and feeling true  
Forge the strong fetters of the heart.

The transient charm hath lost its power, —  
Indignant pride shall now rebel ;  
For, cold and false one ! from this hour,  
My soul is free — farewell ! — farewell !

## THE WANDERERS IN THE PARKS.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

“Poor wayfarers of the world!”

SHAKESPEARE.

WE think it must have struck all whose habits and tastes lead them often as visitants to the metropolitan parks, that there is a class of persons frequenting them which seems peculiar to the locality. Their prototypes are to be met with in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg at Paris,—more especially in the latter. Loiterers—loungers—wanderers; each word may designate them, yet neither embodies precisely the individuals we mean, nor presents them to the eye of the reader.

Before discoursing further of our “wanderers,” let us remark, we are not referring to the mere gaping “sight-seers” who, from London’s remotest limits, throng every avenue of the Green and St. James’ Parks on the days of her majesty’s drawing-rooms, or any announced “royal progress.” The aim and motive of these are legibly written in their gait and manner, leaving nought for the imagination to build its airy structure on. Neither do the banks of the Serpentine, the promenades of Hyde Park—when, the “season” in its full tide, congregates there the lovely, the idle, and the gay—furnish forth, amongst its countless masses, the beings we treat of.

They are not of those who follow in the wake of royalty or grandeur, or swell the ranks of pageantry and fashion. Such sights and scenes assimilate not with the "poor wayfarers of the world;" and such every external denotement of the class we write of proclaims them to be. Aimless—purposeless—with drooping aspect, vacant eye, and sorrowful bearing—who can doubt them to be "out of sorts with fortune?" They pace the walks, or, more frequently, lounge upon the benches, with the air of those to whom the world without, with its pleasures and its luxuries—its business and its interests—is but as a "passing show." They carry in their forlorn and lonely bosoms their own little world, peopled with thoughts, experiences, hopes, and fears, which have neither accordance nor sympathy with the mass without.

Amongst those I am endeavoring to sketch, my own sex are in the minority, and bear no proportion to the other. Occasionally, it is true, we see a specimen, with the same hopeless, hapless dejection characterizing their every movement. Such an one we encountered a short time since in the enclosure of St. James' Park. It was one of the gorgeous evenings this our recent golden summer has lavished on us, to cheer and gladden with its balmy influences. A light shower had but lately fallen, giving freshness to the flowers and shrubs, and verdure to the grass, and filling the air—ay, London's oft despised, oft ridiculed, murky air—with sweetness and fragrance.

"The moon was up, and yet it was not night."

for still, over the beautiful, time-honored, stately turrets

of Westminster Abbey, lingered the last brilliant sunbeam, lighting up with its vivid lustre all its architectural nobleness and grandeur. Groups of lovely, happy children, were gamboling in all directions ; their shouts of glee-some, innocent mirth mingling with the passing breeze, and filling the air, to my woman's ear at least, with music sweeter than harmony's divinest strain. Throngs of well-dressed pedestrians, looking cheerful and contented, were promenading about, and watching and feeding the pretty aquatic birds floating on the surface of the tiny lake. Altogether the scene was a pleasing and animated one. Yet amidst it, in sad and sorrowful contrast to the prevailing cheerfulness, was one poor girl ; she was an occupant of the same bench on which I was sitting, and my attention was painfully attracted towards her, not alone by the fixed sadness legible in her worn, yet still interesting face, but by the long-drawn, almost convulsive sighs, which I could not but be sensible burst from her bosom. She was evidently one of those whose ranks comprise perhaps a larger amount of mental suffering than is to be found in any other ; they who, as the phrase goes, "have seen better days." Arrayed in the faded garb of past prosperity — in an old, palpably dyed, silk gown ; a bonnet of the style and shape long exploded by fashion's mutable sway ; a little thin shawl, of the cheapest manufacture ; gloves soiled and mended ; and all the other accessories of her dress equally mean and valueless — there was yet, despite the drawback of so decayed a toilette, the air of a lady visible throughout. My mind adopted her as having possibly filled the situation of gov-

erness or companion. Now, perchance, she was without an appointment; and having exhausted the little fund gained by harder drudgery than the most laboriously tasked artizan endures, might be, alas! left to struggle in the cold, bleak, wide world, without friends, occupation, or money — almost without home. From a little bag she held in her hand she ever and anon drew forth a letter and read it. Did it contain assurances of affection, speaking balm and consolation to her desolate heart? Or was there promise of aid — hope for the future — conveyed in its written characters? Whatever its purport, a faint smile played over her poor pale face after its every perusal. I was so interested by the despairing forlornness of her *tournure*, that I could not resist accosting her — making a passing remark on the beauty of the evening. She seemed scarcely to heed my words, answering by the query — “Is it beautiful?” and immediately after, as if to check further advances on my part, rose up and quitted the seat. Poor wayfarer! whither do you go, and what has been your fate?

But, as I have already remarked, my sex are the exceptions amongst the “wanderers,” by far the greater number being men. They, perhaps, seek the parks, not alone to commune on their fate, and wrestle with it in comparative seclusion, but that, in these lesser thoroughfares of life, the chances are fewer of coming in contact with “the old familiar faces” who greeted them warmly when the sunny beams of prosperity lit up their path, but now, when the shadows of poverty darken it, pass with the chilling bow, or unrecognizing glance.



A man suddenly hurled from affluence to penury is always to me an object of far greater commiseration than a woman in a relative position. We, alas! for the truthfulness of the words, are born to suffer in all and every way; and the loss to us of "this world's goods" carries with it by no means the measure of trial and anguish—bitterness and agony—which it does to men. It is through the affections women are vulnerable. Take from them houses and land—the broad acres, which, from infancy's earliest hour, they were told and taught was theirs by inheritance—or the accumulated thousands which some tender parent, "rising up early, and late taking rest," had gathered for their use and benefit, and they will bear the bereavement with a brave heart and unquelled spirit; but wrest from them the heart where their treasure is vested, and how is the infliction borne? Loss of peace, of health, and even of life itself, is often the consequence and result. It is, therefore, the conviction that the sterner sex feel the deprivation of silver and gold as so heavy a dispensation, which makes me look on those whom I know or fancy have undergone the ordeal (and such, whether erroneously or not, I deem the subjects of my present paper have) with such pitying eyes. Oh! the misery and the anguish I have seen branded in the faces of these "wanderers" of the parks.

Perhaps one has been a merchant, who, with labor and perseverance, had amassed wealth—perilled it all in some frail venture, and lost; and now, when life is in its "sere and yellow leaf," he must begin existence again, with capital shipwrecked—faith destroyed—ener-

gies paralyzed! Another possibly is the struggling man of letters, the artist, or the sculptor, pining away in manhood's prime, from lack of the fostering patronage to develop their genius or embody some glorious creation; and they tread the shady walks, revolving how the gaunt poverty which, like a grim spectre, menaces them, is to be warded off, or confronted with. That lonely, sad-looking man, sitting on yonder bench, is, peradventure, a professional man, who, with a large family dependent on his individual exertions—how often ill-remunerated!—is forced to maintain a respectable exterior, when an undercurrent of embarrassment and debt is sapping the foundation on which he stands, leading, by stealthy but certain steps, to ultimate and engulfing ruin.

It may be any of these unfortunates who cross our path in our daily stroll, enlisting, so vividly and profoundly, our keenest sensibilities.

Whatsoever the griefs ye struggle with—whatsoever your ulterior doom and destiny be, “poor wayfarers of the world,” one sympathizing voice, in the spirit of Christian charity, when she bids you farewell, prays God to speed you in your onward course.

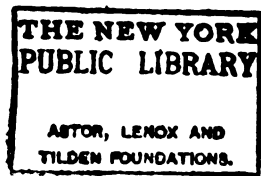
## JEALOUSY.

AND she sleeps on! —  
Sleeps like a child! whilst I must wake  
The long, dark midnight for her sake,  
With burning brow, and heart of stone!  
Oh! once 't was gentle as her own!  
Till he, the smooth-tongued spoiler, came!  
(She smiles the while I speak his name!)  
Stole its glad hopes—affections kind—  
And left but jealousy behind.

Still sleeps she on?—  
Sleeps heedless of the demon near,  
Who whispers in my throbbing ear,  
“Fool! shall he praise *her* lips and eyne,  
Who once was eloquent of thine?  
Shall her inferior, sicklier charms  
Be folded in *his* circling arms?  
Thy arm is firm, thy heart is steeled!  
Strike, and but once!—her doom is sealed!”

Let her sleep on!  
No more to wake! another gasp!  
What lies so calmly in her clasp!





His picture—*his*? . . . . No ; strange the brow  
And curling hair : I know thee now,  
Dark, tempting fiend ! A stranger's face,  
And not Enrico's, that I trace ! . . . .  
Mother of Heaven—thou all divine !  
My thankful tears shall bathe thy shrine !

## DANCING GIRLS OF EGYPT.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

AMONG the most interesting and remarkable spectacles in the modern capital of Egypt, are, or were lately, at least, the performances of the Ghawazee,\* of which many travellers have made mention, without, however, bestowing on the accomplished actresses all the praises which they appear to deserve. In reality, what is termed the “Dance of the Ghawazee” is the opera of the Orientals. All ranks, and both sexes, young and old, delight in the exhibition; and the ladies of the harem, instructed in the art by the Ghawazee themselves, perform in their own apartments for the amusement of their families. Even the wives and daughters of Europeans, who have long resided in the country, contract a partiality for this dance, and are no more ashamed to entertain their friends by the lascivious movements which it requires, than they are in Europe to waltz or execute the polka. On my arrival at Cairo, therefore, one of my first inquiries was concerning the dancing girls, who, I was told, lived apart from the profane vulgar, in the little rural village of Sha’arah—the Eleusis of modern Egypt—where the mysteries of Athor, the Mother of the Universe, were, until lately,

\* Ghazeeyeh, *sing.*, a dancing girl: ghawazee, *plural*.

celebrated by those youthful priestesses. Traversing nearly the whole of the city, we issued forth into the fields, through one of the most ruinous and unfrequented suburbs ; and, in about half an hour,

*"Facilis descensus Averni,"*

arrived at the village, which consists of a small collection of mud huts, huddled together without order, though less poor and more cleanly than any of the other villages we had seen ; so that sin, in Egypt, cannot be reproached with the gorgeousness of its appearance, the Mahommedan saints and hermits being, in general, better lodged than the Ghawazee. On our arrival, a number of the dancers, many of them in very elegant attire, and adorned with a profusion of ornaments, came forth to meet and welcome us. They were all young—none, perhaps, exceeding twenty, and the majority between ten and sixteen years old. Some few would have been considered handsome, even in London ; but the greater number, though fairer than the Caireen women usually are, had little beside their youth and the alluring arts of their profession to recommend them. When they were told that we desired to witness their performances, they proceeded to conduct us to the coffee-house, where the greater part of their time was apparently consumed in sipping coffee, singing, and that sort of piquant conversation which becomes their calling.

In the great saloon there were, perhaps, a hundred dancing girls assembled, all intent on the enjoyment of the moment, pupils of that sage school whose motto is,



“*Carpe diem, quam minime credula postero.*” Not being habituated to wine, coffee appeared to produce in them the same excitement and petulant gayety to which Champagne or Burgundy sometimes gives birth among European women; and having no motives for concealment, they expressed the subject of their meditations with a cynical intrepidity worthy of a Lais or a Phryne. Two or three—the handsomest of all—were elegantly, or rather sumptuously, dressed, in short embroidered jackets, fitting close, and showing the whole contour of the form; with long, loose trousers of half transparent silk, a bright-colored shawl round the waist, and small graceful turbans of muslin and gold; their hair, which escaped in long black tresses from beneath the head-dress, was ornamented with strings of gold coins, strung like pearls, which, in some cases, depended in barbaric profusion over the forehead. Considerably the greater number were below the middle size, like the generality of their country-women, with clear brown complexions, oval face, fine teeth, and beautiful large dark eyes. Their dress, when not purposely discomposed, is by no means indecent; but, proud of the native grace of their forms, they seem daringly heedless of appearances, and continued, with affected negligence, to display in succession every hidden charm which nature had bestowed upon them. Not having as yet stepped beyond the threshold of youth, their bosoms were exceedingly beautiful, and their limbs exquisitely round and tapering. Though evidently disposed to exhibit all their arts of allurements, and overflowing with animal spirits, there was a quiet, easy voluptuousness about

their manner, inimical to extravagant gayety. They sang, they smoked, they sipped coffee, or conversed in soft tones with each other, indulging, from time to time, in petulant movements and speaking glances, which revealed the color of their thoughts. Shakspeare, in his off-hand portrait of Cressida, a thorough member of this sisterhood, has given an excellent idea of their bearing and appearance : —

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip ;  
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirit looks out  
At every joint and motion of her body."

The principal Ghazeeyeh now prepared to dance. She was a fine Arab girl, in the flower of her age—an Oriental would have thought her beautiful—with a form resembling that of the Venus Kallipyga. Her ordinary dress, perhaps regarded as too prudish, was exchanged for a light and more tantalizing costume, which, for exhibiting every beauty and contour of the figure, undoubtedly equalled the Coan robes, celebrated by Horace, or those transparent Amorginian garments which Lysistrata, in Aristophanes, counsels the Athenian ladies to assume, for the laudable purpose of putting an end to the Peloponnesian war. The whole business of the toilette was performed in public ; and when her dress had been arranged so as to expose nearly the whole front of the person, she fastened round her waist a broad, variegated belt, as thick as a horse's girth, without the support of which many of the postures required by the nature of the dance would be impossible. Throwing off her slippers, she then commenced the pantomime, her movements being accompanied

by the music of the Egyptian pipe and drum, the songs of two or three of her companions, and the wanton sounds of the castanets. Many travellers affect to have been much disgusted by the performances of the Ghazeeyeh, and perhaps, when the dancers are ugly, the exhibition may have but few charms; but, in general, it is not beheld without pleasure, and I fear that a company of accomplished Ghazeeyeh, engaged by an opera manager, would draw crowded houses in Paris or London. The dance, which is *κατ' εἰσοχὴν* mimetic, represents a tale of love — at least, as love is understood in the East. Laying the scene in the desert, the fair one first appears as if standing, in the twilight, at the door of her tent, expecting her lover. Pensive, restless, tortured by delay, by suspicion, by jealousy, she casts a wistful glance over the waste, on which the shadows of evening are gathering, but beholds not her beloved, hears not the resounding hoofs of his steed; while the rising moon, wont to light him to her impatient arms, mingles its light with that of the retreating day, and rapidly acquires the ascendancy. In a reproachful, despondent tone, which gradually becomes impassioned, as memory places before her fancy the picture of past delights, she has recourse to the aid of song, in order the more completely to depict her feelings. The words, in the Arabic, are imbued with all the ardor which consumes her soul; but in the following imitation, or rather paraphrase, much, I fear, of the erotic fire is lost: —

## SONG OF THE GHAZEEYEH.

"The night, the night, oh heaven! the night  
Which brings thee, Hassan, to my arms!  
When those dear eyes, so mild, so bright,  
Bewitch me with their magic charms.

"The moon is up — each bush, each grove,  
Is vocal with the night-bird's song;  
Therefore, oh, wherefore, then, my love!  
Tarry thy bounding steed so long?

"Some dark-brown tent; — some rival fair,  
With ruddy lip, and flashing eye,  
Hath cast around thy heart a snare —  
While here alone I weep and sigh.

"She hears thy dear, deluding voice,  
Flowing like some melodious river;  
And deems the moment's fickle choice  
Will charm thy wayward heart forever!

"Ah, no! — the wronged, the loved one, comes!  
I see him bounding o'er the plain.  
Allah! where'er my Hassan roams,  
I ne'er will doubt his love again."

The lovers being now together, the pantomime proceeds. At first, notwithstanding the earnestness with which she desired his presence, the damsel behaves coyly and bashfully; repels his advances with becoming decorum; plays the coquette; retires while he pursues —

"Fugit ad salices, at se cupit ante videri;"

but all the while betrays, by looks of complacency, and the humid sparkling of the eyes, that her feet and heart are running different ways. By degrees the dance assumes a more voluptuous character. The imagination of the bayadère, wrought upon by the comedy which she performs, kindles to flame; her whole form is agitated by passion! her eyes close, her head drops backward, her

arms are pressed against her bosom ; while the music and the song—for the whole is accompanied by words—exhibit the same characteristics, and carry forward your ideas to the same goal. Lady Montague, who witnessed the exhibition in the harem, has ably and forcibly described the dance and its effects upon the imagination ; but many other exhibitions—comedies, operas, farces, waltzes—are open to the same objections, and yet are tolerated, though the only difference seems to be, that the latter are the *irritamenta cupidorum* of civilized nations, the former of barbarians. Vice, however, in whatever climate it is found, sooner or later conducts its votaries to the bitter waters of repentance. Even the pantomime of the Ghawazee has this moral ; for, the paroxysm of passion over, we observe the fallen fair one a prey to the stings of remorse ; melancholy, dejected, humiliated, a fugitive from her home, recalling, amidst the hollow enjoyments of sin, the pure delights of her days of innocence, when her soul was untainted, and her person the object of an honorable love.

All the nations of the East have, from the remotest ages, delighted in this species of exhibition, which from them passed into Greece and Rome, where it furnished the poets with an agreeable theme for satire. Horace, whose Divus Augustus had doubtless helped to introduce it, laments that the young ladies had acquired a taste for the Oriental style of dancing, which was evidently popular at Rome.

And Juvenal, who had travelled in Egypt, at a later period, makes mention of the Roman dancing-girls.

The Bayadères, or Nautch-girls of Hindostan, know no other kind of dance ; and from paintings preserved in the grottoes of Eilithyias, and in the tombs of Thebes, we find that the ancient Egyptians had likewise their Ghawazee, who were employed in their domestic entertainments to heighten the effect of the song and the bowl by their voluptuous movements. At the time of which I am speaking, the ladies who practise these arts were divided into three or four classes, according to their beauty, and paid annually a tax to the Pasha, who, like his most Christian majesty, farmed out the vices of his subjects. They were placed under the superintendence of the Pezawink Bashi ; and when a party was sent for to perform in the evening at any private house, they were first required to repair to their chief, give in their names, and pay a large extra sum.

This honorable personage, after a lengthened delinquency, was at last convicted of the most nefarious practices, among which was that of inserting, in the list of these women, the names of several respectable ladies, the wives or daughters of his superiors. His punishment quickly followed, and was severe ; but I forget in what it consisted ; probably he was thrown into the Nile. The music which accompanies the dance cannot, it must be acknowledged, challenge much commendation ; but the Orientals generally appear to be exceedingly deficient in musical taste and science, and, like many persons in Europe, prefer noise and the clamor of numerous instruments to the concord of harmonious sounds. But the singers are chiefly women, and the female voice, however

untutored, has always perhaps the power to cast a spell over the judgment, more particularly when impassioned gestures, melting looks, and a certain dithyrambic enthusiasm, transport the singer beyond herself, and render her, like the Mænades or Bacchantes of old, unmindful of everything but the ideas and desires which possess her soul, and of which every corporeal movement is an external manifestation. And this is not so much art as nature; she becomes what she would seem, *fœmina simplex*—uncurbed by that restraint, and moral discipline, and religious principle, which, in Christian countries, more especially in England, subdue and purify the passions, and elevate woman into the most chaste and perfect of created things.

About fifteen years ago the Egyptian government came down upon the whole body of the operatic profession with a sweeping measure of reform. It issued an order, one fine morning, that all women known and licensed as professional dancers, singers, &c., who are to be found in Cairo or its vicinity, should be seized forthwith and transported to Upper Egypt. On arriving there they were disposed of in marriage among the soldiery; from which auspicious union doubtless some new heroic race is destined to arise. We take the following account from a German traveller who visited Cairo in 1841.—(Hackländer, ii., 239.)

It was a great disappointment to us that we could not witness any of those dances of which we had heard so much. That many of the performers still lived secretly in Cairo was known to everybody; but the police kept

such a sharp watch upon them that it was no easy thing to get them to dance, particularly before Christians. A German, however, whose acquaintance we happened to make, and who was pretty well naturalized in the place, promised to do what he could for us; and at last he called one evening to say that with the help of some Egyptian friends he would try next day to arrange for us an entertainment of the kind we desired.

Next evening he came to us according to appointment, and accompanied by another German, to whom and to the strenuous exertions of his Copt wife, we were to be more immediately indebted for the promised *fantasia*. Our new friend had wedded his amiable lady after the customary manner of her people, that is to say, for such time as he should be pleased to retain her; for which privilege, and inasmuch as the lady was not remarkable either for beauty or youthful bloom, he paid down to her parents the moderate sum of ten dollars in cash, and covenanted to pay a further sum of ten dollars on returning her upon their hands, whether with or without children. While the wedlock lasted, he was bound to provide suitably for her dress and maintenance, and to treat her well in all other respects; while she was to make a due return to her dear lord and spouse by love, constancy, and sedulous care of his domestic concerns. This exemplary lady had successfully exerted her interest to procure us admission into the harem of the Armenian director of the mint, which lay in a sequestered quarter of the town.

The house had all the requisites which the case demanded. It was so remote from the populous part of the



town that the screeching of the fiddles was not likely to attract attention, and it was surrounded by high walls that effectually shut out all prying eyes. We entered a room very prettily arranged in the Oriental style, where we found some twenty persons already assembled, and were very cordially welcomed by the master of the house in the usual forms. Three sides of the room were furnished with the indispensable divan, on which the Armenian's family and some of his acquaintances reclined. Somewhat less than half the party consisted of ladies. On the side of the apartment where there was no divan three Arab musicians sat on the floor; their instruments were tambourins and two-stringed cocoa-nut violins, which they played with tolerable skill, and now and then accompanied with their voices. A couple of chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and the floor was covered with handsome carpets.

After we had saluted on all sides by laying our hands on our hearts and then on our heads, pipes and coffee were handed to us by the ladies, after which one or another was continually plying us with small glasses of brandy, an incredible number of which were emptied. Between sips we had dates and olives offered us; and as we had to fish the latter out of the liquor with our hands, they were always followed by a gold embroidered cloth, on which we wiped our fingers. Things went on in this way, with short pauses, all through the evening; and politeness required that there should be as little refusal as possible on the part of the guests.

The females present, the first in the country we had

seen in a state of tolerable ease and freedom, wore rich Oriental garments, wide silk trousers, gold and silver embroidered jackets, and cachemir shawls round their waists. The person most worthy of note amongst them was Bamba, the youngest daughter of the house, a pretty girl of fourteen, whose face beamed with cheerfulness and good-nature. Another interesting person was the Armenian's daughter-in-law, a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, of a remarkably fine figure, dignified deportment, and noble bearing. But what particularly attracted me was an expression of deep melancholy that pervaded her whole being, a characteristic so seldom found among the Orientals. Lastly, I must mention another pretty but extremely stout lady of like age, who seemed to use a sort of black silk veil she wore over her head, for no other purpose than to set off the snowy whiteness of a bosom of rare amplitude and very scantily clothed, by covering it with the veil at regular intervals for a moment only. She continued this coquettish manœuvre all the evening, sitting in one spot, and now and then smoking a pipe. The faces of the elder women were very uninteresting and commonplace, and there was a general flabbiness about them that showed itself still more strongly in the pendant under-lip almost always exhibited by Turkish women.

I have not much to say of the men. Our entertainer was a punchy Armenian, who showed us all the attention in his power, and none of the others were at all remarkable. Bamba seated herself beside me, and tried to entertain me by all sorts of little attentions. Sometimes she clapped her little hands and called to the negro to

bring me *nahr*, (fire,) thinking my pipe had gone out ; sometimes she pressed upon me a small glass of date brandy ; and as she was too pretty to be put off with a refusal, I took whatever she offered me.

Suddenly the musicians, who had hitherto gratified us only with fantasias of various kinds, and Arab melodies, struck up a dancing measure ; the door was opened, and two Arab dancers entered. They were girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty, tall and admirably proportioned. They wore wide white silk trousers embroidered with gold, not gathered together below, but hanging loose over their small feet, which were without stockings, and covered only with rose-colored silk shoes. The upper part of their persons was clothed in a kind of vest of yellow silk, open very low in front, and adorned on the breast with gold tassels. Both garments were connected together by a crimson silk girdle folded very tight round the loins. They had jackets of red silk embroidered with silver, with loose white sleeves hanging down over the fingers, which fell back with every motion, and showed the well-formed arms glittering with gold and silver spangles. There was something lady-like in their not very dark faces ; especially their sharply-cut eyebrows, arching finely over their sparkling eyes ; and their delicately-formed mouths were full of grace and witchery.

The dance began ; and at first their movements, which were performed only with the body and arms, were easy and regular, but soon became more animated, and exhibited a more and more impassioned character as the dance proceeded. The eyes shot fire ; their bosoms heaved

and panted, and their bodies assumed the most varied attitudes and inflexions. They twined round each other, snake-like, with a suppleness and a grace such as I had never seen before. Now they let their arms drop, and their whole frames seemed to collapse in utter exhaustion ; then might you see how a new thought arose within them, and strove to express itself in impassioned gestures. All this while, the music continued to play, and in its very simplicity was like a pale background to the picture, from which the glowing figures of the girls stood out in so much the stronger relief. Like the Spanish women, they wore a sort of silver castagnette on the thumb of each hand, with which they beat time to the music. The more strikingly the peculiar meaning of the dance was embodied in the performance, the warmer were the applauses of the company, and especially of the females. Bamba alone leaned back sometimes on the divan, and looked in my face with a smile and a glance of singular inquiry.

After a pause, the second dance began. One of the Ghawazee took a little glass, filled with rose-water, between her teeth, and held it so without spilling a drop, whilst she executed the most rapid and difficult movements. She repeated nearly the whole of the preceding dance, and it was certainly no trifling effort of skill to go through it without emptying the glass. At last, she stepped up to one of the male spectators, and clasping him round the middle with both arms, she bent backwards, and continued her gesticulations without ceasing ; at last, she leaned forward, and slowly poured the rose-

water over his clothes, let the glass drop, kissed his lips, and bounded back into the middle of the room.

The second girl now came forward, and began again with an indescribable *pas*, stooping and sinking lower and lower ; and the nearer she approached the floor, the gentler, I might almost say the more faint and dying, were her movements. Suddenly she sank down completely on the carpet, and lay quite still in a picturesque attitude. Thereupon, her companion sprang to her, grasped her round the waist, and strove by the tenderest caresses to recall the beloved being to life ; her features, at the same time, exhibiting the most perfect and life-like expression of anguish and distraction. Gradually the seemingly insensible girl recovered animation, first raising herself up slowly and languidly ; but with every succeeding second her frame grew more vigorous, her gestures more assured ; until at last, both performers, as if to signify their joy, concluded the dance with still more glowing vivacity than before, and were greeted by the company with reiterated *mashallahs* !

In another *tour*, one of the girls went up to an old Copt, who was seated on the divan, and made him a pantomimic declaration of love, which, however, he seemed to reject, whereupon she put forth all her powers of fascination to soften the callous heart of the old gentleman. She hovered round him with looks of longing entreaty, bent down her head till it nearly rested on his breast, gazed at him with an upshot glance, sometimes closing her eyes, whilst her lips were parted with an indescribable smile that half displayed her snow-white teeth ; at length, he

could resist no longer, and raised the suppliant from the ground. Sometimes gold pieces were laid on the cheeks of the dancers, and between their lips, by the male guests; and in the intervals between the dances they played on their tambourines, and sang a melancholy monotonous air.

The company, too, were not altogether idle; now and then one of the ladies jumped up from the divan, and mingled in the dance; and we, too, were once obliged to take part in it. Later in the evening, the whole party enacted a pantomime, or rather a tableau, the men assuming attitudes with the Ghawazee, which, it must be owned, were not all of them quite decorous, according to our European notions. Others placed themselves on the divan, and formed, with the ladies, the most picturesque and fantastic groups, which were frequently changed with prompt and orderly facility, and, as it appeared to me, by previous concert. Our German friend told us, afterwards, these were scenes from the Arabian Nights; and an old Copt recited passages from them, accompanied by music, in explanation of each scene.

At last, pipes and coffee made their appearance again, and the German told us some more particulars of Oriental domestic life, which went to show, as we thought, that it is almost wholly material. Among other things, he counted up to us the cost of his wife's rich vest and shawl, and earnestly expatiated on the great advantages we should find in doing as he had done, and contract a temporary marriage, each of us, with a Copt lady. To me, he proposed that I should take little Bamba in that fashion, and the poor girl did not seem at all averse to the match.

The man was a capital hand at building very pretty castles in the air.

It was now two o'clock, and we took our leave of our kind host, who had this day afforded us an interesting glimpse of Eastern life, such as it falls to the lot of few travellers to enjoy. As we left the house, the moon was shining down on Cairo. The town, usually so busy, was now still as death; and as we rode along towards the gate, between the yellow tombs of the caliphs, which, with their minarets and domes, form a small suburb, we heard nothing but the howling of the jackals in the desert of Suez, which spread out its interminable length before us in the moonlight. The night was fine; we cast a last look back at the Armenian's house, and saw light still streaming through the latticed windows. No one spoke a word. Yonder, the wild scene of nightly revelry, in which we had just been partakers; here the Nile and the pyramids in their quiet grandeur:—What a contrast!

## THE DISTANT GRAVE.

BY J. H. PRINGLE.

Si ciascun' l'interno affanno  
Sur il fronte scritto fu  
Quante mai che invidia fanno  
Ci farebbero pietà.

METASTASIO.

'T WAS near the close of Naples' carnival,  
I lean'd against St. Carlo's gilded wall :  
Italia's dark-haired women glided by,  
And glitter'd in the mazes of the dance.  
The stoic's soul had soften'd at the sight :  
A cloudless heaven of dark beaming eyes  
Wrapped the lost spirit in a splendid dream.

Love lurketh in young beauty's floating robe :  
The light steps of fair women in the dance  
Are passion's wildest music ; and will leave  
An echo that returns, in after years,  
Athwart the din and bustle of the world.  
The hearts, that feel its magic, learn too late  
Such syren music cannot soothe the soul. —  
But this is after wisdom. Then I deem'd  
That woman was an idol to survive  
The wreck of all the mind's imaginings,  
And charm us to the portals of the tomb.



Fond hearts beat wildly in that festal throng;  
Young, happy bosoms heav'd beneath the spell  
Of first affection; lips, on fire with love,  
Breath'd burning raptures.—Are they wiser now?  
Or only graver, more imbued with guile?  
Whilst life's horizon beam'd without a cloud,  
And fancy sketch'd a thousand rosy forms,  
Hope well might dwell in such a sparkling scene.

There, near me, stood a friend of riper years:  
And he too gaz'd upon the glitt'ring throng.  
Nor wrinkled discontent, nor lean regret,  
Had marr'd his visage. His broad, Jove-like brow  
Disclos'd the mansion of a lofty mind  
Philosophy had arm'd against the world.  
Yet, o'er his settled aspect, sometimes came  
The shadow of deep sorrows; as a cloud  
That sudden gathers upon summer's brow.

I turned to greet him with some sportive theme;  
And he, as wont, responded by a smile.  
Some sudden impulse prompted me to ask  
Whither his fancy wander'd;—he replied,  
“Around a distant grave—It is enough;  
The subject is a sad one.—Let it pass.”  
Struck by his solemn melancholy tone,  
I urged him to impart to me his grief.  
He yields consent, and passing through the throng,  
We issued forth, and thus he told his tale.

“Where rise the pine-topped mountains, far away,  
Their blue sides sloping to the sunny sea ;  
Where the gay vine entwines the poplar bough,  
There stood my home ; there never human voice  
Approach’d mine ear but in the tones of love :  
There only would my one companion sigh  
When words sufficed not to express her fondness.  
'T was a fair dream ! and, dream-like, passed away.

“I call to mind the aspect of that hour  
When the world lur’d me from my paradise.  
The mountains glitter’d in the golden morn ;  
The leaves, around my casement, gleam’d with dew.  
There, as I gaz’d, I heard a joyous laugh ;  
And hail’d an infant sporting on the green.  
His auburn tresses, floating from his brow,  
Shone like a veil of gold against the sun :  
Light in his smile, and joy upon his lips,  
Grace in his limbs, health in his downy cheek,  
That tiny mortal stole each gazer’s heart.  
Hope’s gay to-morrow dawn’d upon his brow ;  
The future’s brightness sparkled in his eye.

“The fairy heard my step upon the stair ;  
And bounded like a fawn to my embrace.  
I kiss’d his downy cheek, and rais’d him up ;  
And felt the flutter of his buoyant heart  
Beat like a wild bird’s. But his gay smile faded ;  
For one upon the sward led forth a steed.  
I set the darling boy upon the ground ;

He bent his head, and sobb'd a sad adieu.  
I sprang into my saddle, and departing,  
Became an exile from my heart's own home ;  
A restless captive to the world I scorn'd.

“Dost ask what circumstance compell'd me there ?—  
That, now were vain and painful to relate.  
But think upon the thousand subtle modes  
With which the world allures us to its feet  
As willing vassals ; and her gilded chains  
Binds round us ; till resistance is too late.  
By various modes I strove to stifle thought.  
My boon companions might have deem'd me gay ;  
And so I was—for sorrow can be gay.  
My lone heart craved for woman's sympathy ;  
And forms I met, whose glorious beauty flash'd  
Like day athwart the darkness of the world.  
I bow'd in adoration as they pass'd.  
The vision faded ; and, again alone,  
Grief's tide set in more darkly on my soul.  
E'en when I mingled with the glitt'ring throng,  
Where glowing beauty lights the gay saloon,  
E'en whilst I felt that England's daughters shed  
A sunbright glory round her cloudy clime ;  
A voice, a step, would make my spirit sink.  
I heard an echo ; such, as once, would sound  
In the green hills around my happy home.  
Then, battling with the rush of trouble's tide,  
I struggled for forgetfulness—in vain.  
Fill pleasure's brightest bowl to overflowing :

The heart aches still. If drown'd the sense of pain,  
The draught leaves fire upon the drinker's brain.

“There gleam'd no goblet that could drown one image;  
No splendid vision could supply the smile  
That lit each object in my heart's own home.  
Time brought much change; but not forgetfulness.

“Again I press my horse against the hill;—  
That same sweet hill!—dismount upon the green;  
Pass through the flower-bed, where my darling boy  
Once wove gay chaplets for his sunny brow.  
All shines as bright as ever round my home;  
There waves across my path that orange tree,  
Which he so dearly loved to call his own.

“I reach the house; the portal stands unbarr'd;  
I cross the threshold; hasten up the stair;  
Enter the chamber where my darling's voice  
Once roused me with the early beams of day.  
There stood his bed. I drew the curtains back.  
There lay his little form; but oh! how chang'd!  
Those bright eyes, whose gay beams were happiness,  
Now fix'd and dim; those soft and rosy lips  
Had lost their pouting beauty, and turn'd pale.  
The smooth round limbs, that foil'd the sculptor's art,  
Lay motionless and stiff. 'T was death:—not sleep.

“The merry breezes of the morn no more  
Shall lift the bright curls from his joyous brow!

Death's icy tongue had whisper'd in his ear  
The unknown language of another world.  
All, all was over ! All our sorrows vain !  
But not less bitter. There the dead child lay !  
A single mourner bathed his limbs with tears ;  
She was not clothed in mourning ; but she mourn'd  
In the wan livery of a broken heart.  
I gaz'd in silence on her faded brow,  
Bent vainly o'er her infant's breathless form.  
I gaz'd upon her, till my depth of gloom  
Darken'd all objects ; and I ceased to feel.—

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“The morning's golden pinion fann'd the earth ;  
The birds were on the wing ; the world was gay ;  
But, up the valley, came a solemn sound ;  
A measured, mournful strain ; and slowly forth  
From out the forest's shadowy path there wound  
A slow procession ; whilst the priest's deep voice  
Spoke blessings on a being which had been.

“The sad procession paused. There stood the priest,  
And waved his hands above a sleeping child,  
Who soon was hidden in his narrow home.  
I heard the gushings of a breaking heart ;  
The pale wan mother sank upon his grave ;  
And murmur'd in the dust, ‘Thy will be done.’

“They raised her ; and they bore her languid form  
Unto that home ; so long a home of joy.

The leech was call'd, but all his skill was vain.  
Her pale form languish'd, like a blighted rose ;  
Till death, that broke her heart, forbade its pain.

“ There, all is now as she had never been :  
Upon that spot no habitation stands ;  
None speak of that fond mother or her child ;  
And save their shadows, settled on my soul,  
One only record of their life remains. —  
O'ercanopied with flowers, a simple urn  
Contains their ashes. On the stone is traced  
This brief, but oh ! most bitter epitaph :  
' Too fondly loved ! too early lost ! —farewell ! ' ”

## THE WAYFARING TREE.

BY JAMES SMITH.

MORNING and evening, in the hour of prime, and at that uncertain time when twilight's banner still floats flauntingly along the sunless west, and night pushes a slender cohort of dim and distant stars above the purpling uplands in the east — have we not greeted thee, O! many centuries and reverend friend, with this continually-recurring verse? And through years of change (years that have wrought so little change in thee) have we not come to love thee as a dear companion; to reckon thee among the "old familiar faces" we should grieve to miss; to invest thee with a life and sentiment appertinent rather to the moral and the inward, than the physical and outward world; and to note thy varying aspect as minutely as lovers watch the changeful countenance of those they dote upon?

Spring weaves for thy aged limbs a subtle drapery of vivid green; summer deepens its hues; and autumn dyes the woof with russet, gold and crimson — "motley, your only wear," until the tattered garb falls piecemeal to the ground, and the cold, keen skies of winter glitter above a mighty maze of leafless limbs and branches bare. But in all seasons we must claim for thee the attributes of majesty and beauty, suffering no change with changing

vesture, and knowing no abatement with the diminution of thy commingling leaves.

As century after century, in solemn sequence, marshalled by memory, glides shadow-like before the eye, we seem to recognize a thousand stirring episodes and "auld warld tales," linked with the history of this myriad-leaved and antique oak — this green and living temple now jubilant with song; and there are "modern instances" recalled to mind by the "Wayfaring Tree," which we would fain record before they, too, become inurned among the partially remembered or totally forgotten things of yesterday. We could wish to show there is a literal and obvious, as well as occult and poetic, meaning in the often-quoted verse of Wordsworth —

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

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"Good-bye, Kate, dear Kate; let us part at the old Wayfaring Tree. We both have cause to love it well; nor will this parting make us love it less. Nay, Kate; no tears. Think of my prospects, think of the aid which I shall now be in a position to render to our mother; think, too — There, there! I thought my bonny Kate would smile again." And the young man thrust back a cloud of jetty ringlets from his sister's forehead, and pressed his lips upon its smooth expanse, with an earnestness and warmth, which seemed to indicate the fervor and the fulness of his love.



"I know these tears are childish, Harry; but I know, too, or at least have read, that commerce with the world soon deadens a young man's heart—effaces the images impressed upon it in his earlier years, and fills the mind with evil fantasies and feverish desires. Not that I distrust you, my brother," she continued, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and lifting up her quivering eyes to his, "but I do fear, I do distrust, the weakness of our common nature."

"A grandame's tale, Kate; a grandame's tale, and nothing better—fit only for a school-boy, and not," he added, drawing himself up to his full stature—"not worthy to be told to *men*."

"That very gesture—that impressive emphasis—adds some confirmation to its truth and value, Harry," rejoined the maiden, in tones of mingled archness and reproach. "It is a spark struck out from smouldering pride, that only waits the accession of a little fuel, to kindle it into a consuming blaze. Devoutly do I hope, however, that the event may prove your sister Kate no true prophetess."

"Amen! my moralizing Kate. Let us not cloud our parting with any more such sombre sermons. Harry Salter shall be a great man yet, and you, my pretty one, and our mother—Heaven keep her!—ladies both. And so, another kiss, Kate, and then good-bye."

And straining his sister in his arms, not without mingling a tear or two with hers, the young man bade her an affectionate adieu. He loitered awhile upon the summit of the hill, until the receding figure of his sister disap-

peared behind an angle of the sloping lane ; then glancing hurriedly at the gray church-tower, the clustering chimneys and fantastic gables of the hall, and the row of poplar trees which grew hard by his mother's cottage, he struck into the fields, gained the main road, and in another hour had taken his seat upon the coach which bore him towards ———.

If, at that moment, when the pang of parting was mingled with a host of good resolves, both tempering his sanguine expectations, the youthful traveller could have analyzed his feelings, it is probable that he would complacently have pronounced them unselfish and disinterested in the extreme. And for the nonce, the estimate would not have been erroneous. Yet, it must not be concealed, that in general there was a strong tincture of selfishness, and a strong desire for self-aggrandizement interwoven with the better principles of his nature ; nor was the new sphere of life into which he was about to be inducted, one precisely calculated either to conceal or to obliterate these blemishes upon his character.

His father had been master of the village school, and, dying, bequeathed two children to the care, and a very slender pittance for the maintenance of, his widow. Of these two children Henry was the elder, having just attained his majority ; whilst his sister was his junior by four years. The interest of a family connection had procured for him a situation in the only banking-house in ———, and thither we have already seen him on the road.

Of his subsequent career brief mention may suffice.

Habits of unwearied application and industry, combined with much self-taught and practical knowledge of the minutiae of his business, contributed materially to aid the advancement of his prospects, and to push his fortune to a height, which even he, sanguine and ambitious as he was, had never dreamed of reaching half so rapidly. His letters home were brief and business-like. Distance and increasing duties prevented him, he said, from paying them a visit, and moderate remittances were enclosed as substitutes, occasionally accompanied by the gratuitous tender of much sound worldly advice. Of the latter, more especially, there was a liberal donation when Kate intimated her intended marriage to a fellow-villager, the bailiff of an absentee esquire. Something like dissidence, too, was hinted on the brother's part, which failed, however, in shaking the already settled purpose of his sister, who became the wife of Edmund Sible in the very week in which Henry Salter became the son-in-law and partner of the wealthy banker, his old employer.

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Twelve years had elapsed since the date of the parting previously described, when, towards the close of an autumnal day, a carriage halted at the foot of the Wayfaring Tree, and a man of gentlemanly exterior and prepossessing mien alighting from it, directed the postilion to proceed leisurely towards the "Royal Oak," at the same time indicating with his cane its position in the village, which lay bosomed in the trees below. As the carriage disappeared, the stranger, folding his arms, stood with the immovability of a statue upon the green ring of turf which

enviored the aged tree ; while his eyes wandered *excur-*sively, and with an interest that was evidently heightened by mental associations, over the valley which lay in gathering shade and deep tranquillity beneath. The sun, dipping behind a clump of trees upon a western eminence, yet glowed in fiery broken fragments between their black and interlacing stems. A pile of glittering clouds, some purple and massive, shaped like islands floating on a pearly sea ; others crimson and plumed, like the pinions of an oriental bird ; and others lambent and wreathing as a wind-fed flame, embossed the heavens above. Here and there a misty exhalation wound upwards from between dark masses of luxuriant foliage, and seemed to indicate the presence of a rivulet in the sward below. White gables gleamed spectrally through leafy orchard trees, and where the gray church-tower rose up, the hovering smoke from neighboring cottages hung like a vapory crown around the antique pile. There was that, both in the hour and prospect, which might almost have "created a soul under the ribs of death ;" and the absorbed and motionless aspect of the stranger acknowledged to the full the influences of the season and the scene.

"Another half-hour so consumed," at length exclaimed the stranger, "would absolutely transform me to a boy again. I suppose all men have their weak moments, and this is mine. But whom have we here ? Kate, as I live, and that respectable clodhop is my brother-in-law, and her husband, I presume. Umph !" And the banker (since it will be readily surmised that it was he) slowly advanced

toward the individuals, whose approaching footsteps had so abruptly put an end to his soliloquy. Though unexpected, their interview elicited but a moderate display of cordiality. Upon the part of Katharine Sible there was a continual struggle between her old affection for her brother, and a certain sense of deference extorted by the consciousness of his superior wealth and elevated station. The deportment of her husband was respectful, but self-possessed, while his greeting was acknowledged by the banker with a stiff and ceremonious condescension.

When the inquiries of the latter, with reference to his mother's health and welfare, had been answered, and minor questions satisfied, he claimed his sister's private ear upon a matter of particular importance, on which, indeed, his present visit hinged ; and, taking her aside, engaged with her in close and earnest conversation.

As their colloquy continued, there was a degree of warmth and even of asperity infused into it, which plainly intimated that the turn it had assumed was as distasteful as unexpected to the sister.

During the preceding week, Kate had written to her brother, soliciting a somewhat heavy loan, in order to enable her husband to enter upon the occupancy of a farm then vacant. Unwilling, from a variety of motives, to concede to the request, and equally unwilling to decidedly refuse it, the banker had resolved upon a personal interview as the most fitting medium through which to communicate his disinclination to grant the favor sought.

Accordingly, with much prolixity and needless verbiage, he urged upon his sister, as his reasons for refusal,

the scarcity of money, his inability to withdraw any portion of his floating capital from the channels in which it was employed, and last, though certainly not least, the disinclination which he felt to advance so considerable a sum upon mere personal security. It is scarcely necessary to intimate that the two former were mere fictitious obstacles, the whole pith of his objections being concentrated in the latter. Kate remonstrated, mildly at first, then angrily, then grew indignant, reproached him bitterly, and the conversation eventuated in a serious rupture.

The following morning Mr. Salter took his departure from the village, poorer in self-respect, poorer in the affection of his kindred. Before the advent of another year, Katharine Sible and her husband were located in the Red-hill farm, not, however, through the instrumentality of the banker, but by the friendly and munificent assistance of the bailiff's late employer.

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Twelve more eventful years have flown, and a man still in the prime of life, clad in a plain and unobtrusive garb, accompanied by a graceful girl of seventeen, with a countenance remarkable for its mirthful, sweet expression, pause in their ramble, and seat themselves upon a bench erected round the trunk of the old Wayfaring Tree. The relationship which subsisted between them cannot be that of parent and child, for he himself is childless, but their affinity is evidently close. Some minutes they spend in silent admiration of the scene, and then the elder thus addresses his companion : —

“While we tarry for a space beneath the shadow of our sheltering friend, you shall hear the narrative, Kate, which I have often promised you.”

“A kind thought, uncle, and I will promise you, in return, that you shall ‘find fit audience though few;’” archly rejoined the maiden.

“Your mother may have told you how at this tree we parted first, and how at this tree we met again. You must have heard, too, how my avarice and selfishness laid a temporary ban upon the prospects of your parents, and — as my conscience whispers me — a heavier ban upon my own. Not avarice alone, but pride, impelled me to refuse. I had become the associate of men of wealth and title, and felt a species of contempt (you may well frown, Kate) for the alliance which your mother had, contrary to my suggestions, formed; I was unwilling, therefore, to give my new relation further prominence in the world. Often and often, in after years, has that refusal to perform an act of kindness — nay, of positive duty — sat heavily upon my heart, retributively followed, as it was, by the death of her, through whom the wealth so prized originally became my own. Three years alone elapsed between my second parting from your mother and my wife’s decease. As yet, Kate, there are trials which you have never known, and this is of them. Another and another followed it. My patron and benefactor, and indeed my second father, drooped from the moment of his daughter’s death, and followed her within a year or something less. He was a man of large and liberal heart — his mind more comprehensive and expanded than that of most mere

money-changers ; and gratitude, affection, reverence—all these I owed and freely rendered him. In his last hours I was unceasingly beside his bed, and closed his dying eyes. And when from that dim room I issued out once more into the glare of day and noisy haunts of men, I found I had emerged from it an altered, and, I hope, a wiser man.

Hackney'd in business, wearied at the oar  
Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,  
But which when life at ebb runs weak and low,  
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego, —

I relinquished those active occupations which my circumstances no longer rendered it imperative on my part to follow up, and with my mind's eye filled with pictures of the green valley and secluded village in which my earlier years were spent, I determined once more to make my home where I had first drawn breath. Without equipage, without attendants, in humble garb and altered mien, I appeared upon the threshold of your father's house. It was my whim to represent myself a beggared bankrupt, friendless and penniless. The artifice was perfectly successful, attended only by a far different result from what I could have relied upon. Your parents both received the ostensible outcast with a welcome by him most unmerited. The evil he had done was recompensed by good, and thrifty competence was lavish of the liberality which niggardly wealth had avariciously withheld. You know the rest, Kate. It is a history pregnant with profitable matter for reflection ; do not forget it, dear."

" And what may the moral be which you would deduce



from it, uncle, since I have heard you say that every history has its moral ?” inquired the niece.

“It is this,” he rejoined, drawing a small volume from his pocket, and folding back a page that had been doubled down ; “ Read it, Kate.”

And the maiden, with musical emphasis, read the following lines : —

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know that pride,  
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness ! that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he hath never used ; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,  
The least of Nature's works, one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou !  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.

The maiden closed the book, and both arose.

“A beautiful and simple truth,” she observed, as they retraced their steps ; “I shall never fail to think of it, and think of you, as often as I pass the old Wayfaring Tree.”











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